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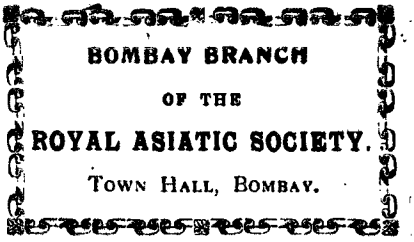

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IN PRAISE OF ALE.

In Praise of Ale

OR

SONGS, BALLADS, EPIGRAMS, & ANECDOTES RELATING TO BEER, MALT, AND HOPS

WITH SOME CURIOUS PARTICULARS

CONCERNING

ALE-WIVES AND BREWERS

DRINKING-CLUBS AND CUSTOMS

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

W. T. MARCHANT

"There's many a clinking song is made
In honour of the Blacksmith's trade;
But more for the Brewer may be said,
Which nobody can deny."

LONDON

GEORGE REDWAY, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN

1888

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PREFACE.

TIME out of mind, Beer has been the National Beverage, and its history, as embodied in songs and stories, will give a fair reflex of the manners and customs of the various periods at which they were written. I had intended originally to have classified my facts and fancies in a very severe manner, after the style of the Learned Smelfungus or Dryasdust, but I found objections to that plan. To have made my facts as bald as billiard balls, and have arranged them in parallelograms, would have deprived them of much of their charm. A book like this does not come under the hard and fast laws of editing, or the strict canons of criticism, but is rather like a song, without beginning or ending—a book to be taken up at odd moments, and opened at any page, without undue strain on the reader's consecutive attention.

When I write my great work on squaring the circle, the binominal theorem, and the hydrostatic parallax, I shall fit my facts and fancies with mathematical precision.

At the same time, I do venture to hope that the most fastidious reader will find nothing to offend, but much that may amuse and perchance instruct. I have, it is true, had to leave out very much that is excessively witty but too robust for the present day.

As a rule, I have carefully acknowledged the sources of my information in the body of the work. I must, however, express my deep sense of obligation to *Notes and Queries*, and the erudite and kindly contributors to that pre-eminently learned, chatty, and useful journal. Also to Mr Edward A. Hardy, M.A. Cantab., for his scholarly and kindly assistance; to Messrs Fred Whymper, Frank Price, John Stagg, and Robert Kempt, for many contributions. The courteous sub-librarian of the

Guildhall Library has laid me under lasting obligations, as has also the late Mayor of Dorchester, Alfred Pope, Esq.

Last, but not least, a tribute of thankfulness from every book-maker and reader at the British Museum is due to the officials of that noble Institution, from the Head of the Staff to the youngest member thereof. I have been a reader for many years, and have always received the greatest courtesy and assistance from all, and this is the more marked, inasmuch as I am scarcely known, individually, even by name to any one of them.

All the virtues of this book, therefore, do not belong to me, though, unquestionably, the faults do. Trusting, therefore, that the public and my friends will—

"Be to its virtues very kind,
And to its faults a little blind,"

I launch the venture on the wave of public opinion to sink or swim on its own merits.

W. T. M.

Balham, *January* 1888.

P.S.—*I began collecting material for the following work years ago; and in May* 1884 *commenced a series of articles in the* "Burton Chronicle." *This series ran about twelve months, and is embodied in the present work.*

During the time this book has been passing through the press, I have seen from reviews that two scholarly books—"The Curiosities of Ale" and "Beers of the Bible"—*have appeared. I have carefully avoided reading either of them. When three writers take up a similar subject, they must necessarily traverse the same ground to a great extent; and though I might have enriched my pages at their expense by "conveyancing," I trust I have avoided any charge, or even suspicion of plagiarism.*

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IN PRAISE OF ALE.

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

"*Mine host was full of ale and history.*"

"*There's many a clinking song is made*
In honour of the blacksmith's trade;
But more for the brewer may be said,
Which nobody can deny."

It is a matter of surprise that no one has hitherto made a collection of the many rich, rare, and racy songs in praise of what certainly has been the National Beverage—together with its constituents, malt and hops—time out of mind, and long before the Christian era. Of merely Bacchanalian songs we have a superabundance; but barley belongs to Ceres more than to the drunken god and his noisy satellites,—at least so says Milton, and he knew; Phillips, another classical scholar, follows the same idea in his "Cerealia." Then let old Bacchus yield the prize, or both divide the crown.

"Far hence be Bacchus' gifts (the chief rejoin'd):
Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind."

"All the hinds bend low at Ceres' shrine;
Mix honey sweet for her with milk and mellow wine.
Thrice lead the victim the new fruits around,
And Ceres call, and choral hymns resound."

Beer, however, in conjunction with mighty roast beef, has made England what it is, or rather, what it was before the introduction of "silent-stills," Hambro' sherry, prune wine, potato spirits, or chemically prepared "fizz," which resembles the real article as "champagne Charlie" does a gentleman.

Accum in his day forcibly pointed out the evils of chemically prepared and doctored wines:—"There is in this city a certain fraternity of chemical operators who work underground in holes, caverns, and dark retirements, to conceal their mysteries from the eyes and observations of mankind. They can squeeze claret out of the sloe, and draw champagne from an apple,"—would it were nothing worse. Virgil seems to have had this calling in his mind's eye when he penned that remarkable prophecy—

"Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva."

Eclogue iv., 29.

which Dryden renders—

"The ripening grape shall hang on every thorn."

The complaint that I now make of the prevalence of inferior wines and spirits was made long ago by Smollett; Squire Matt Bramble being his spokesman:—"Well, there is no nation that drinks so hoggishly as the English. What passes for wine among us is not the juice of the grape. It is an adulterous mixture, brewed up of nauseous ingredients by dunces, who are bunglers in the art of poison-making; yet we and our forefathers are, and have been, poisoned by this cursed drench without taste or flavour. The only genuine and wholesome beverage in England is London porter and Dorchester table beer; but as for your ale and your gin, your cider and your perry, and all the trashy family of made wines, I detest them as infernal compositions contrived for the destruction of the human species. But what have I to do with the human species? except a very few friends, I care not if the

whole was ——." It is, however, satisfactory to find that English brewers generally maintain their well-earned reputation abroad as well as at home.

Possibly, says a modern writer, the excessive stolidity of the German beer-drinkers may arise from deleterious drugs used in its composition, for we learn that the *Répertoire de Pharmacie* pronounces it to be coloured with sulphobenzazodimethylamin. This is certainly a good mouthful to swallow.

"The glass enjoy'd by reason's plan
The sinking heart bears up:
Heaven gave the gift for comfort—
Man put poison in the cup."

Mr. Lecky, in his History of the Eighteenth Century, points out the evils which arose when beer, as the national drink, was partially discarded:—"When the distilleries were first allowed, the country passed, much to its injury, from a beer-drinking to a gin-drinking people; the births fell off, and the deaths, especially from dropsy, greatly increased. In consequence of the excessive quantities of ardent spirits drank by the English working-classes in the reign of George I., a duty of twenty shillings per gallon was imposed on all spirits."—9 Geo. I., c. 23.

A modern versifier shows truly enough the evil effects of cheap, and, inevitably, nasty spirits on the poor, and the rich, too, for that matter:

"For the want of a drop of good beer
Drives lots to tipples more dear,
And they licks their wives
And destroys their lives,
Which they would not ha' done upon beer."

Howell, writing about 1620, stated that some doctors and surgeons, during their attendance on an English gentleman who was diseased at Paris, discoursed on wines and other beverages; and one physician, who had been in England, said:—"The English had a drink which they called ale, and which he thought the wholesomest liquor that could be drank; for whereas the body

of man is supported by natural heat and radical moisture, there is no drink conduceth more to the preservation of the one and the increase of the other than ale; for, while the Englishmen drank only ale, they were strong, brawny, able men, and could draw an arrow an ell long, but when they fell to wine and beer, they are found to be much impaired in their strength and age." And so the ale bore away the bell among the doctors.

Another early writer thus descants on the virtues of English ale and beer:—"The usuall and naturall drink of the country is beer, so called from the French word *boire*, (for wines they have not of their own growing;) which, without controversie, is a most wholesome and nourishing beverage; and being transported into France, Belgium, and Germany, by the working of the sea is so purged, that it is amongst them in highest estimation, and celebrated by the name of *la bonne Beere d'Angleterre.* And as for the old drink of England, ale, which cometh from the Danish word *oela*, it is questionless in itself, (and without that commixture which some are accustomed to use with it), a very wholesome drink."

The *Quarterly* (vol. xcvi. p. 485) states:—"That the porter and stout of the Metropolis have long been famous, the virtues of the latter drink are celebrated all over the world; and a Royal Duke, not many years ago, ascribed the great mortality of the Guards in the East to the want of their favourite beverage."

There always will be some men of perverted tastes who prefer coarse spirits to wholesome beer for the sake of keeping up appearances. Such men are only fit to drink potato spirits, *á la Punch's* recipe:—

"A pound of potatoes come peel, peel for me,
Give those who prefer it pure gin;
No matter what sort, so potatoes they be
Divested with care of their skin.
For oh, when the cares of the day are gone by,
And a man is disposed to grow frisky,
A pound of potatoes at once let him buy
To make him a 'go' of good whisky."

To take a still more recent example from the Paris correspondent of *Truth* :—"Drunkenness used not to be a French vice; but what with the destruction of the vines by the phylloxera, the manufacture of brandy out of beet root and potatoes, the beer devoid of malt and hops which floods the cafés, and the drugged wine, the race is going to the dogs in the towns."

I am convinced that the evils of drunkenness have increased since the fashion of cheap "goes" of spirits came into general vogue some years ago.

It is so easy to order another round when it is "only tuppence a go." If men would remember that good ale is far more wholesome and nutritious than cheap and necessarily inferior spirits or doctored wines, they would be better in purse, person, and animal spirits themselves.

I would that I could also (even at the risk of being stigmatised as an apostle of Beer) induce all brewers to concoct the genuine beverage and discard such unknown compounds as hop or malt substitutes. I fear that many brewers have not always been free from blame. They should remember the dignity of their calling, as embodied in the following ancient epigram :—

"AD. M. BREWER MEDICUM.

"This phrase to drink a health is only trew
Of drink which men of your profession brew."

Of a similar character also is the following :—

"Such maltsters who ill measure give for gain,
Are not mere rogues, but also rogues in grain."

Before leaving this branch of the subject it may be as well to inquire what beer is. Mr. H. S. Carpenter, F.I.C., F.C.S., of the Society of Public Analysts, answers this question comprehensively in the following letter to the *Times* :—

"So much nonsense has recently been written about 'hop-substitutes' that I am tempted to write a few lines in the hope of clearing away some of the fog that prevails on the subject.

"First, then, What is beer? At the present time it can only be defined as 'a fermented liquid containing some wholesome bitter.'

"It will be seen that this definition includes any form of saccharine matter, together with such bitters as gentian, quassia, calumba, chiretta, &c., while such ingredients as picrotoxin, being notoriously pernicious, would be excluded.

"The question to be decided, it appears to me, is whether it is fair to put the brewer who uses honest malt and hops on the same level as another who uses starch saccharified by acid and 'hop-substitutes.'

"The public should decide this for themselves by insisting on finding out from their brewer what kind of a decoction he is supplying them with."

Sir Arthur Bass (Baron Burton), however, speaking on behalf of the firm of which he is the head, and also for all the Burton brewers, assured the French brewers that the excellence of the English beer was solely due to the quality of the malt, hops, and water, which formed the sole ingredients. If therefore I could persuade the public to revert back to the National Beverage, instead of coarse fiery spirit, I feel confident that I shall have done something towards promoting real temperance, and that in a natural and rational manner.

> "I think that some have died of drought,
> And some have died of drinking."

I know for certain, however, that the happy medium is the golden rule of life. I can and do honour those who abstain, from conscience' sake, as an example to their weaker brethren; but I cannot look upon a reformed drunkard as the highest type of humanity, though I sincerely respect the motives that led to his new departure.

I should be sorry indeed to write anything that would unsettle any man's moral or religious convictions. It is far easier to sneer at and shake a man's faith than it is to implant a newer and better one; and the writer who attempts to do the former incurs a grave responsibility. I agree heartily with Mr. G. A. Sala,

who wrote from Australia:—"I do not believe in total abstinence, nationally. I am inclined to fear lest a total abstaining nation should become a gluttonous, grasping, selfish, tyrannical, morose, and intolerably conceited nation; but I do believe in the practicability of a traditionally hard-drinking nation—we have been drinking hard for twelve hundred years—growing gradually less drunken, and I hope to have ere long occasion to show that the habits tend very conspicuously indeed in the direction of moderation in the use of strong drink."

"An' he that scorns ale to his victual
Is welcome to let it alone;
There's some can be wise wi' a little,
An' some that are foolish wi' noan;
An' some are so quare i' their natur',
That nought wi' their stomachs agree,
But he that would liefer drink wayter
Shall never be stinted by me."

I would allow every man the fullest license to please himself; and this amount of toleration I claim from the abstinence party,—every one to his taste:—

"'Tis sweet the nectar of the gods to quaff,
And very pleasant is the rosy wine,
Refreshing is the taste of half-and-half,
But of all drinks, cold water shall be mine."

Americans of the present day are showing themselves to be wiser than their immediate forerunners, since beer is rapidly replacing the fantastic "drinks" for which the United States have earned a reputation, and is in a fair way to become their national beverage. The quantity of beer now consumed is, in proportion to the population, eleven times as great as it was forty years ago. An author who writes with authority from the same country, states confidently that tobacco is silently and insidiously undermining the constitutions of more young men than liquor.

Water drinkers are not free from danger; even when imbibing the so-called pure and limpid element, there are—

DANGERS:

"And if from man's vile arts I flee
And drink pure water from the pump,
I gulp down infusoriæ,
And quarts of raw bacteriæ,
And hideous rotatoræ,
And wriggling polygastricæ,
And slimy diatomaceæ,
And hard-shelled ophryocercinæ,
And double-barrelled kolpodæ,
Non-loricated ambœdæ,
And various animalculæ,
Of middle, high and low degree,
For Nature just beats all creation,
In multiplied adulteration."

On the other hand, for those who sell adulterated beer, malt, or hops, no punishment can be too great. In the olden days, the hurdle and pillory swiftly overtook the evil doers, and the then "Adulteration of Food and Drugs Act" was quickly enforced in a telling manner.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.*

"Those were the days of old,
When Britain's sons so brave and bold,
Their noble hearts to cheer,
Could quaff John Barleycorn tax free,
Scorning Souchong and black Bohea,
They'd drink of the bright, the home-brew'd beer—
There's nothing so good the heart to cheer.
No! ambrosia fine 'tis as good as wine,
Clear, strong, and richer than good Rhine wine.
Hurrah! nothing like beer, like old English beer, hurrah!

* Printed by permission of Messrs. Ashdown & Parry, Hanover Square. Words by Mr. W. West.

What is it that makes an Englishman brave,
Sooner than spirits that send to the grave?
Barley drink divine!
Better than all your meagre wine,
Weakening stuff your poor thin wine;
Then fill up a cup with hearty cheer,
There's nothing like beer the heart to cheer.
No! ambrosia fine 'tis good as wine,
Clear, strong, and richer than good Rhine wine.
Hurrah! nothing like beer, like old English beer, hurrah!"

We hear a great deal now of the degeneracy of the times, the drunken habits of workmen, and so on, as we hear, *per contra*, of the good old days when George the III. was King, the Augustan Age, the Georgian Era, and the golden days of Good Queen Bess, &c. &c. Now, the golden age never leaves the world; it exists still, and shall exist till love, health, poetry, valour, and patriotism are no more. The Victorian Age will shine as brightly in history as did ever any epoch of our country. We cannot always realise the fact, because we are in it and surrounded with the mists and turmoils of the present, which obscure our mental vision. We see the evil which exists, but we cannot fully realise the good. One thing I should like to see revived, and that is the patriarchal relationship which formerly existed between masters and men. Those were the times when both parties had bonds and sympathies in common; and these mutual feelings existed almost to the present day, ere political economy set class against class, and severed the connection. The poor and rich, or rather the yeoman class, had their work and pleasures in common. Scott puts it:—

"A Christmas gambol oft would cheer,
The poor man's heart through half the year;"

but these reunions occurred much more frequently. There were Whitsun Ales, Sheep-Shearings, Hay Harvest, Harvest Home, Michaelmas, and other periodical rejoicings that lightened the labours of the poor. The writings of Tusser and Herrick abundantly prove this, and show how the enjoyments at different

seasons were celebrated. On the other hand, the masters did not shirk their share of hard work; they took their "nuncheons" and "nammits" in common; and the mutual sympathy thus evolved, brought both classes closely together.

"They did not ride Blood horses as varmers' wives do now,
The daughters went a milken, and the sons went out to plough,
Such as I have heard my parents say was ninety years ago."

Respecting the subject of feasts, fairs, mops, ales, and amusements of the poor of a by-gone age. In the olden days these festivals had a religious element, and the reverence attached thereto kept their wakes and feasts pure. In latter times the reverence became a thing of the past, and license or unlicense succeeded harmless enjoyment and innocent fun.

"Ye church-ales and ye morrises
With hobby-horse advancing,
Ye round games with fine Jim and Sis
About the May-pole dancing,
Ye nimble joints, that with red points
And ribbons deck the bridal,
Lock up your pumps, and rest your stumps,
For you are now down cried all."

"We hundreders of Nibley" (in the Cotswold district), says old John Smith, whose writings are preserved in the Berkeley manuscripts—"We hundreders," and he was proud of the term, "are disposed to look on the cheerful side of things, and to countenance the hilarity of wakes and fairs and village festivals in opposition to Puritan dislike of these popular customs." The custom of Cowley Pike, an eminence in his neighbourhood, was pleasant to him, "where to behold younge men and maids ascendinge and descendinge and boies tumbling down, especially on communion dais in the afternoones what times the resort is greatest, bringeth no small delight to many of the elder sort, also delightinge therein."

Mr. Tom Hughes has hit the right nail on the head in his inimitable work, "Tom Brown's Schooldays." I prefer to quote

his words rather than my own, though I know the district to which he refers, and can heartily endorse every word he has written. Speaking of the annual "veast" and hiring, or "Statty" fairs in the Vale of the Whitehorse as held some forty years since:

"They are much altered for the worse, I am told. I haven't been at one these twenty years, but I have been at the statute fairs in some west-country towns, where servants are hired; and greater abominations cannot be found. What village feasts have come to, I fear, in many cases, may be read in the pages of *Yeast* (though I never saw one so bad—thank God!) Do you want to know why? It is because, as I said before, gentlefolk and farmers have left off joining or taking an interest in them. They don't either subscribe to the prizes, or go down and enjoy the fun. Is this a good or a bad sign? I hardly know. Bad, sure enough, if it only arises from the further separation of classes consequent on twenty years of buying cheap and selling dear, and its accompanying over-work; or because our sons and daughters have their hearts in London club-life, or so-called society, instead of in the old English home duties; because farmers' sons are aping fine gentlemen, and farmers' daughters caring more to make bad foreign music than good English cheeses. Good, perhaps, if it be that the time for the old 'veast' has gone by, that it is no longer the healthy, sound expression of English country holiday-making; that, in fact, we as a nation have got beyond it, and are in a transition state, feeling for and soon likely to find some better substitute. Only I have just got this to say before I quit the text. Don't let reformers of any sort think that they are going really to lay hold of the working boys and young men of England by any educational grapnel whatever, which hasn't some *bona fide* equivalent for the games of the old country 'veast' in it; something to put in the place of the back-swording, and wrestling, and racing; something to try the muscles of men's bodies, and the endurance of their hearts, to make them rejoice in their strength. In all the new-fangled comprehensive plans which I see, this is all left out; and the consequence is that your great Mechanics' Institutes end in intellectual priggism, and your Christian Young Men's Societies

in religious Pharisaism. Well, well, we must bide our time. Life isn't all beer and skittles—but beer and skittles, or something better of the same sort, must form a good part of every Englishman's education. If I could only drive this into the heads of you rising parliamentary lords, and young swells who 'have your ways made for you,' as the saying is—you, who frequent palaver houses and West End clubs, waiting always ready to strap yourselves on to the back of poor dear old John, as soon as the present used-up lot (your fathers and uncles), who sit there on the great parliamentary-majorities' pack-saddle and make believe they're guiding him with their red-tape bridle, tumble, or have to be lifted off!"

Then, again, the speech of young Brook, the cock of the school, to the boys, is one which older men, and especially youths, would do well to lay to heart:—

"Bullies are cowards, and one coward makes many; so good-bye to the school-house match if bullying gets ahead here—(loud applause from the small boys). Then there's fuddling about in the public-houses, and drinking bad spirits, and punch, and such rot-gut stuff. That won't make good drop-kicks or chargers of you, take my word for it. You get plenty of good beer here, and that's enough for you; and drinking isn't fine or manly, whatever some of you may think of it."

Bravo, Mr. Tom Hughes! Those lines were written before the civilisation of the 19th century had evolved "the smart youth," "the pushing young man," the "cutting tradesman," "the infant Stockbroker," and other by-products of gin and bitters, "Hambro' sherry," "prune wine," and such-like elements of demoralisation.

The difference between the old and the new style of treatment are well expressed in the 2nd verse of the following song:—

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

Leveridge.

"When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,
It ennobled our hearts and enriched our blood,
Our soldiers were brave and our courtiers were good.

O ! the roast beef of old England !
And O ! for old England's roast beef !

" Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,
And kept open house, with good cheer all day long,
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song—
O ! the roast beef of old England !
And O ! for old England's roast beef !

" When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
Ere coffee, or tea, or such slip-slops were known,
The world was in terror if e'er she did frown.
O ! the roast beef of old England !
And O ! for old England's roast beef ! "

Possibly there has been too much dragooning and lecturing the poor, too much "organising" of their pleasures and charities, and above all, utilising them for political purposes; and the real bond of union between master and man has become weakened, if not severed entirely. The whole-hearted Christian and witty Canon of St Paul's foresaw this when he penned these lines :—

"What shall the poor drink? How shall they drink it—in pint cups or quart mugs—hot or cold—in the morning or the evening. Whether the Three Pigeons shall be shut up, and the Shoulder of Mutton be opened. Whether the Black Horse shall continue to swing in the air, or the White Horse, with animated crest and tail, no longer portend spirits within. All these great questions depend upon little clumps of squires and parsons gathered together in alehouses in the month of September—so portentous to publicans and partridges, to sots and sportsmen, to guzzling and game. There are two alehouses in the village, the Red Horse and the Dun Cow. Is it common sense to suppose that these two publicans are not desirous of gaining customers from each other? —and that the means they take are not precisely the same as those of important inns—by procuring good articles, and retailing them with civility and attention. We really do not mean to accuse English magistrates of ill-nature, for in general there is a good deal of kindness and consideration among them, but they do not

drink ale, and are apt to forget the importance of ale to the common people. When wine-drinkers regulate the liquor and comfort of ale-drinkers, it is much as if carnivorous animals should regulate the food of graminivorous animals—as if a lion should cater for an ox, or a coach-horse order dinner for a leopard. There is no natural capacity or incitement to do the thing well—no power in the lion to distinguish between clover and cow thistles—no disposition in the coach-horse to discriminate between the succulence of a young kid and the distressing dryness of a superannuated cow. The want of sympathy is a source of inattention and a cause of evil. The immense importance of a pint of ale to a common person should never be overlooked; nor should a good-natured justice forget that he is acting for Liliputians, whose pains and pleasures lie in a very narrow compass, and are but too apt to be treated with contempt and neglect by their superiors. Public-houses are not only the inns of the travelling poor, but they are the cellars and parlours of the stationary poor. A gentleman has his own public-house, locked up in a square brick bin: *London Particular—Chalier* 1802—*Carbonell* 1803—*Sir John's present of Hock at my marriage; bought at the Duke's sale—East India Madeira—Lafitte—Noyau—Maraschino.* Such are the domestic resources of him who is to regulate the potations of the labourer. And away goes this subterraneous Bacchanalian, greedy of the grape, with his feet wrapped up in flannel, to increase, on the licensing day, the difficulties of obtaining a pot of beer to the lower orders of mankind!—and believes, as all men do when they are deciding upon other persons' pleasures, that he is actuated by the highest sense of duty, and the deepest consideration for the welfare of the lower orders. In an advanced state of civilisation, there must be always an advanced state of misery. In the low public-houses of great cities very wretched and very criminal persons are huddled together in great masses. But is a man to die supperless in a ditch because he is not rich, or even because he is not innocent? A pauper felon is not to be driven into despair and turned into a wild beast. Such men must be, and such men must eat and sleep, and if laws are wise and police vigilant we do not conceive it to be any evil that the haunts of such men are

known, and in some degree subject to inspection. What is meant by respectable public-houses are houses where all the customers are rich and opulent. But who will take in the refuse of mankind, if monopoly allows him to choose better customers? There is no end to this mischievous meddling with the natural arrangements of society. It would be just as wise to set magistrates to digest for mankind, as to fix for them in what proportion any particular wants of their class shall be supplied. But there are excellent men who would place the moon under the care of magistrates, in order to improve travelling, and make things safe and comfortable."

William King puts the foregoing in a neat epigram :—

"Where love of wealth and rusty coin prevail,
What hopes of sugar'd cakes or nut-brown ale."

Respecting the future consumption of the National Beverage, a writer in a well-informed Trade Journal remarks, that :—

"There are some people in the ranks of the various self-styled Temperance Societies and Associations, who are so sanguine as to believe, or so foolhardy as to express the belief, that in some not very distant future the practice of beer-drinking in England will give way to the practice of water-drinking, or, at all events, that what they admit is now the National Beverage will some day be superseded, by one or other of the numerous deleterious concoctions, aërated and otherwise, which are now offered for sale at the coffee 'palaces' and other teetotal establishments. They profess to found their hope upon the undoubted falling off, during the first portion of the present year, in the consumption of beer, as proved by the Excise statistics. But an examination of these statistics will not, we think, lead an impartial observer to the conclusion that the brewing trade, if left to itself, will cease to be a profitable investment, or that Englishmen and women are prepared to abandon the wholesome stimulant at the dictation of those who, somewhat late in the day, have made the astounding discovery, that the beverage upon which our forefathers feasted and throve for centuries, is nothing more nor less than deadly poison."

This consummation will occur when the following "News" is confirmed. These news items were retailed in 1660, and appear in Ritson's collection, and are a fair specimen of the then humorous style.

"Now, gentlemen, if you will hear,
Strange news as I will tell to you,
Where'er you go, both far and near,
You may boldly say that this is true.

"When Charing Cross was a pretty little boy,
He was sent to Romford to sell swine;
His mother made a cheese and he drunk up the whey,
For he never lov'd strong beer, ale, nor wine.

"When all the thieves in England died,
That very year fell such a chance,
That Salisbury Plain would on horseback ride,
And Paris-Gardens carry the news to France.

"When all the lawyers they did plead,
All for love and not for gain,
Then 'twas a jovial world indeed;
The Blue Boar of Dover fetch'd apples out of Spain.

"When landlords they did let their farms
Cheap, because their tenants paid dear;
The weather-cock of Paul's turned his tail to the wind,
And tinkers they left strong ale and beer.

"When misers all were grieved in mind
Because that corn was grown so dear,
The man in the moon made Christmas pyes,
And bid the seven stars to eat good cheer.

"But without a broker or coney catcher,
Paul's Churchyard was never free;
Then was my Lord Mayor become a house-thatcher,
Which was a wondrous sight to see.

"When Bazing-Stone did swim upon Thames,
And swore all thieves to be just and true,
The sumnors and bailiffs were honest men,
And pease and bacon that year it snew.

"When every man had a quiet wife,
That never would once scold or chide,
Tom-Tinker of Turvey, to end all strife,
Roasted a pig in a blew cowes hide."

Those people who seek to lead the fashion by aping Royalty in dress, drinking, and eating, would do well to remember that good ale was erstwhile the staple beverage at royal and noble banquets, long before Autolycus gave currency to a then old proverb,—

"A quart of ale is a dish for a king;"

and it was certainly a dish for a queen too, in the time of Elizabeth, when she and her maids of honour had one quart each as their breakfast allowance; and at what period of our history did fairer women or braver men exist? From the time of King Arthur downwards, history has recorded the names of kings who fought well and governed wisely, and yet loved their jolly good ale and old. King John is said to have died of a surfeit of new ale and peaches; but then he drank not wisely, but too well. Sir John Barleycorn was the strongest knight in the lists; and the solitude of Mary Queen of Scots was solaced by a barrel of Burton, which was always kept on tap. In our own time we have the memory of that historic glass of bitter, which that *beau ideal* of an English gentleman, the Prince of Wales, called for, and which formed the turning-point of his long and dangerous illness. Whereupon the mighty heart of the nation beat with an exceeding great joy.

Drummond of Hawthornden cared not who made the laws so long as his wise friend had a hand in the ballads, when the nation would be governed rightly. I know not whether Drummond drew the long bow or not, but I know that a collection of the songs of a country give complete and truthful

pictures of the various times in which they were written, and reflect the habits, manners, and modes of thought, then prevailing, and so form the true basis of history; and such a collection I have endeavoured to bring together. To quote the learned and accomplished Mr. Ebsworth, editor of the Bagshaw, and other collections of ballads—

> "He who would trace the ages pass'd away,
> And see old English homesteads round him rise,
> Fill'd with the men and women of their day,
> Must list these echoes of their melodies."

As Drake very properly says of ballads in his "Life and Times of Shakespeare,"—"If some little prejudice in favour of these compositions be given by the association in our ideas of their antiquity, if we connect some reviviscence and some increased force with expressions which were in favourite use with those who for two centuries have slept in the grave, the profound moral philosopher will neither blame nor regret this effect. It is among the most generous and most ornamental, if not among the most useful, habits of the mind."

Fielding and Smollett were both lovers of good beer, for, as a modern writer points out, beer overflows in almost every volume. There never was a hero who had a more healthy relish for a cool tankard than Tom Jones. There is an incident which all will recollect in the story of Booth's Amelia, that positively elevates brown stout into the region of the pathetic. As for Smollett, the score which Roderick Random and Strap ran up with the plausible old schoolmaster, fancying all the while he is teaching them, is, perhaps, too rural an incident for our present purpose; but the pot of beer with which Strap made up the quarrel with the soldier, after the misadventure which attended his first attempt to dive for a dinner, was of genuine London brewing.

I take it that the first songs in praise of ale and the customs associated therewith were the early Christmas carols. This was only following a natural sequence. The Christian's feasts and rejoicings came at the same periods as did the heathen celebrations, and as the Basilica came to be transformed into a Christian place

of worship, and the recognised form of church architecture, so the heathen observances became purified and sanctified to a higher form of worship, whilst still engrafted on old observances. To show the vitality of such customs, I have many a time seen countrymen, before quaffing of the tankards themselves, pour a modicum of liquor on the floor or the ground "for luck." They would have been probably surprised to learn that they were perpetuating the worship of mother earth by pouring out her due libation.

Of the carols which will appear in due place, the phrase nowell, nowell, is of frequent occurrence. The learned Mr. Hunt, in his drolls or legends of the fairies of Cornwall, defines this greeting to be a corruption of the words, "Now well, now well," as being the words used by the angel in announcing the Nativity—

> "Now well! Now, well! the angel did say,
> To certain poor shepherds who in the fields did lay."

In the Percy Society's publications, this greeting, transcribed from the Sloane MSS., reads :—

> "Nowell-el-el-el-el-el-el-el-el-el-el, Mary was gret with Gabriel."

These words certainly do not appear in the authorised version of the first Christmas carol, the grandest pæan in this or any other language under the sun, "Glory to God in the highest—on earth peace, good will towards men."

The later carol writers lost this sublimity of thought and grandeur of language, and became what to our minds is somewhat profane, in their treatment of the carol—

> "Bring us in good ale, bring us in good ale,
> And for our blessèd Lady's sake, bring us in good ale."

This was the burden of some of these carols; but we must not judge either the writers or the singers by the modern standard of taste or the canons of criticism. They did the best according to their lights. Whilst on the subject of religious observances, I cannot refrain from making the following extract of an article

which appeared in the *Morning Advertiser*, May 14, 1885, from the pen of a well-informed writer :—

"The trace of brutality which hangs about so many of our English practices finds unpleasant expression in this matter. Originally this custom was a graceful and almost poetical one. It began in the early days of Greece as a festival in honour of spring, when processions were formed, and rhythmic hymns chanted as a species of recognition of the unseen powers—'the unknown gods' of St. Paul—who presided over the growing crops and sprouting vines and olives. From Greece it passed to Rome, where the Ambarvalia, or festival in honour of Ceres, became mixed up with the Terminalia, or feasts of Terminus, the protecting divinity of boundaries and landmarks. In Rome the celebration of these festivities was always in February, but when they were removed to Britain the colder climate and later seasons made it expedient that they should be postponed to May. When in course of time England became Christian, the churchmen very wisely refused to abolish the pretty custom, and so at a very early period indeed the feasts of Ceres and Terminus were replaced by what our Anglo-Saxon ancestors (with apologies to Mr. Freeman for the use of so heterodox a word) called 'Gange days,' during which the clergy and people perambulated the parishes and laid down the limits of their respective territories. As the church grew stronger more was made of this season. The Sunday before Ascension Day was called Rogation Sunday, and the three days intervening Rogation Days. Before the Reformation it was usual for the greater part of the populations of the various parishes to walk in procession with cross and banner from one to another of the wayside crosses which were set up partly as landmarks and partly as objects of devotion. On their way they would sing litanies, and at each cross there would be special prayers and sermons on the duty of thankfulness for the kindly fruits of the earth. The 104th Psalm was chanted to the ancient plain song, and at each station the curate repeated the comminatory clause, 'Cursed be he who translateth the bounds and doles of his neighbour,' or as it stands in the Commination Service, 'Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's landmark.' At the Reformation

the whole proceeding lost much of its religious character, and though it was some time before the English people quite made up their minds to accept the unlovely yoke of German Protestantism, the change came eventually, so that in the 17th century the processions which had formerly been universal during the three Rogation Days and on Ascension Day, and had always had more or less of a religious character, became strictly official, and were confined to Thursday only. The old names of the week were lost at the same time. Here and there in remote country districts old people may be found who speak of the week as 'Rogating (rogation) week,' from the fact of the Rogation Days occurring in its course; as 'Cross week,' because the cross used to lead the processions; or as 'Grass week,' because when the Rogation Days were treated as fasts vegetable food was generally consumed. It does not seem, however, that there was anything much more terrible in the fastings of this week than in those of Lent as commemorated by Mr. Pepys and, of all people, Sir Thomas More. Says the latter—'Some wax drunk in Lent of wygges and cracknels,' which is explained as meaning that the 'wygge,' a bun of the period, usually served as the 'shoeing-horn' for one or two cups of ale. 'Home,' writes Pepys again on April 8, 1664, 'to the only Lenten supper I have had of wiggs and ale.' The perambulations were naturally provocative of both hunger and thirst, and it is not surprising, therefore, to find that such wants were supplied by endowments. Some of them are curious enough. Thus at Edgcott, in Buckinghamshire, there is an acre of land which bears the name of 'Gang Monday land'—the name alone shows the extreme antiquity of the endowment—which is let for £3 a year in order to supply the processionists of this week with beer and bread. This endowment has, however, we believe, been swallowed up for educational purposes. At Clifton Reynes, in the same county, the processionists are refreshed with 'a small loaf and a piece of cheese and a pint of ale to every married man, and half a pint to every unmarried.' At Hurstbourne Crawley, in Bedfordshire, a very small 'estate'—a corner of land, that is to say—produces £4 in seven years, which is spent in food and drink for the processionists. A still quainter

custom prevails in some of the churches of the City of London—unless the Charity Commissioners have seized upon these small endowments for educational purposes. In these churches various small doles are given, the oddest being that of St Magnus the Martyr, where the churchwardens annually present the clergy on their return to the vestry from 'beating the bounds' with 'ribbons, cakes, and silk stay-laces.'"

When first I took my pen in hand thus for to write, I did not understand how intimately beer and beer-drinking customs have been associated with the inner religious and domestic life of the nation from times whereof the memory of man goeth not to the contrary. Taking the carols as the first class of the songs, or beer ballads, there is a goodly collection; their annual recurrence and their religious or semi-religious character would naturally lead to their preservation by the Monkish chroniclers and scribes. Of the more jocund or profane class, many of these are and have no doubt been as hopelessly lost as is the memory of their authors, the minstrels and jongeliers who composed and gave them currency; whilst others, more fortunate, have floated down the stream of time on tradition until the art of printing became popular, and rescued them from oblivion. And who wrote all these chief treasures of a song-loving nation? No one knows, or ever will know; and their words no one ever will forget until there is no more poetry left in men's hearts, no more memory left in their minds for great deeds and great words. Commencing about the middle of the fifteenth century, we have a rich and varied choice of song and ballad. During the Protectorate, and especially afterwards at the Restoration, political rancour ran high and found expression in popular song. Some of the songs at this time were unusually full flavoured; Cromwell had gone down and the king's head had gone up, especially in the way of tavern signs, when loyalty, strong drink, and sports were synonomous. The mughouse and political clubs perpetuated this feeling as did the songs of the Jacobites and Anti-Jacobites. The sentiments that prevailed in town were transmitted to the country by travelling musicians, who were newsmen of their respective periods.

From the early times, and, well, almost to the present, the political influence of a pot of beer as a political persuader was unequalled, except by the opposing power of a rotten egg, which has nipped many a brilliant oration in the bud. Of course we are much above those pro and con arguments at present, and county elections are very different from what they were in the days—

> "When the Duke's grandson for the county stood,
> His beef was prime and his October good."

The irritation which the monetary and fiscal impositions that have from time to time been imposed upon the national drink, found vent and a safety-valve in song:—

> "Let ministers shape the duty on Cape,
> And ordain that port shall be dear;
> But damn their eyes if ever they tries
> To rob a poor man of his beer.
> For I likes a drop of good beer, I does,
> I be mortally fond of beer, I is.
> Then loudly sing, Live Billy the King
> For bating the tax upon beer."

The converse of this was found in last year's proposed *Budget* (1885), when a proposal to increase the duty on beer was the means of turning out the then Government:—

> "Oh, you! who failed to understand
> That beer was dear throughout this sea-girt land."

Again:—

> "O! think ye, high rulers, ere time bears away
> The labourer's strength thro' the laws of our day,
> How hard 'tis they toil to replenish your store;
> O! tax not the liquor which cheers up the poor."

The points which I have barely touched upon in this introductory chapter will be dealt with more fully in due course; meanwhile, I trust that the reader will be grateful for the

necessarily imperfect collection of occasional verse, satires, epigrams, humorous narratives, trivial ditties, and ballads which fill our collections with sketches of the time so lively, that we should deeply regret to lose, as history, what is rarely of much value as song. These, like the fables, represent less the advancing and the moral elements than temporary feelings, or belong to the style which was passing away. They are valuable for illustration of manners and for indications of the progress of thought, but except for such purposes, their slumber is little likely to be broken. Indeed, the general knowledge that the mass exists, and fills long shelves, and so is buried in the vast collections of the British Museum and other libraries, has been a serious cause of the indifference of the general public to this peculiar class of literature, which is doubly valuable inasmuch as it holds the mirror up to human nature for many generations past. Poets, dramatists, fugitive writers, novelists, and historians have all written in praise of ale; and their works have been impartially mixed in the compilation of the following pages. The reader will therefore find no lack of variety of expression or style.

I have gathered my material partly

> "From old records
> Of antique proverbs, drawn from Whitsun lords,
> And their authorities at cakes and ales,
> With country precedents, and old wives' tales."

The theme has been one that has inspired the best writers of our language. I am not aware that Still was a worse bishop for having written, or rather adapted, his well-known song, "Jolly Good Ale and Old," from an earlier version; or still more that Reginald Heber was less earnest in his life-work because, in his earlier days, he wrote two or three of the best Brazenose orations in praise of ale. The witty dean who wrote, "The Night Before Larry was Stretched," missed his bishoprick in consequence; but then he did not write upon beer.

Again, was Archdeacon Rolleston the worse for having written one of the most erudite works in the language, showing the great

antiquity of barley wine? I firmly believe that Prince Bismarck, beer lover as he is, can twist our milk-and-water statesmen round his little finger. Pope was not famous for veracity, so we can set aside his combined sneer at beer and Welsted.

"Flow, Welsted, flow, like thine inspirer, beer,
Though stale, not ripe; though thin, yet never clear:
So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;
Heady, not strong; and foaming, though not full."

Sir John Denham's original of the above parody is far more applicable to ale:—

"O, could I flow like thee and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong, without rage, without o'erflowing full."

The annexed is anonymous; but the truth of the lines constitute their beauty:—

"Ale is stout and good,
Whether in bottle it be or wood:
'Tis good at morning, 'tis good at night—
Ye should drink while the liquor's bubbling bright;
'Tis good for man, for woman, and child,
Being neither too strong nor yet too mild."

As the sentiments I have endeavoured to express have been embodied in songs, I cannot do better than bring this chapter to a close harmoniously.

The Beer-Drinking Briton.

Sung by Mr. Beard in Harlequin Mercury.

[From the *Gentleman's Magazine*, May, 1757, given with music.]

Ye true, honest Britons, who love your own land,
Whose sires were so brave, so victorious, and free,
Who always beat France when they took her in hand,
Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me.

Join in chorus, join in chorus with me,
Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me,
Let us sing our own treasures, old England's good cheer,
The profits and pleasures of stout British beer.
Your wine-tippling, dram-sipping fellows retreat,
But your beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.

The French, with their vineyards, are meagre and pale,
They drink of the squeezings of half-ripen'd fruit;
But we, who have hop-grounds to mellow our ale,
Are rosy and plump and have freedom to boot.
Let us sing our own treasures, &c.

Should the French dare invade us, thus arm'd with our poles,
We'll bang their bare ribs, make their lanthorn-jaws ring;
For your beef-eating Britons are souls
Who will shed their last drop for their country and king.
Let us sing our own treasures, &c.

Here is another patriotic stave:—

IN PRAISE OF OLD ENGLISH BEER.

Set by Mr. Leveridge, 1734.

Of good English Beer our songs let's raise,
We've right by our freeborn Charter,
And follow our brave forefathers' ways,
Who lived in the time of King Arthur.
Of those gallant days loud Fame hath told,
Beer gave the stout Britons spirit;
In love they spoke truth, and in war they were bold,
And flourish'd by dint of merit.

Chorus—Then like them crown our Bowls,
Our plenteous Brown Bowls,
And take 'em off clever,
To all English souls,
To all English souls,
And Hurrah, Old England for ever.

The Glory in Love or war they won,
By fighting, Retreats, or Sallies,
Was from the production of their own
Good Beer and Roast Beef in their bellies.
All Foreign attempts they did disdain,
So fired with Resolution,
For Liberty then they would bleed every vein,
To keep their old Constitution.

Chorus—Then like, &c.

Like them let us fill, let us drink and sing,
To all who our State are aiding,
So Commerce that all our Wealth does bring,
And every Branch of our Trading,
By Commerce all Grandeur we sustain.
That makes us a powerful nation;
Then let us agree, and with vigour maintain,
Our Trade and our Navigation.

Chorus—Then like, &c.

CHAPTER II.

HISTORY.

"*O, ale ab-alendo, thou liquor of life.*"

"*To the praise of Gambrinus, that old British king,*
Who devis'd for the nation (by the Welchman's tale),
Seventeen hundred years before Christ did spring,
The happy invention of a pot of good ale."

—THOS. RANDALL.

BEFORE going further, it may be as well to take a retrospective glance at the early history of ale; and though Archdeacon Rolleston was not the first writer on the subject by any means, his dissertation "Concerning the Origin and Antiquity of Barley Wine," published in 1750, is the most scholarly and erudite compilation on this subject in the English language. He proves conclusively, from the writings of the learned of all ages, that ale or barley-wine is of far greater antiquity than has generally been supposed. "It is very remarkable," says the Archdeacon, "that of all creatures in the universe whose nature and actions we are at all acquainted with, man is the only one which is hypochondriacal—that is, which is subject to lowness of spirits—and wants, as it were, physic in a state of health. There are none of us who can live comfortably upon what we call the necessaries of life only, but all stand frequently in need of other recruits. Other creatures can labour and toil and still continue their cheerfulness without anything but what is just necessary to support their beings and keep them alive. This is not the case with men: they cannot hold out without some spirituous refreshment, some liquor to cheer them, that is stronger than simple water. I cannot think that Noah was the inventor of wine, but imagine he was taught to make it by the

antediluvians who were eating and drinking and enjoying themselves when the flood came. The same need of refreshment which caused the invention of wine in that part of the world where man was first placed did very soon after in other countries produce other liquors which might have the same effect. Men located in countries that did not produce the grape, extracted liqours from numberless things, and succeeded very well, finding there were but few fruits or grains of which they could not make something that would cheer the spirits. Pliny reckons up 195 different kinds of drink which men had invented. St. Jerom makes mention of ale, cyder, mead, and palm wine, as strong liquors able to make men drunk. Amongst all this variety there was none made use of in more countries than what was extracted from barley, which Xenophon and Aristotle (as he is quoted by Athenæus) call barley wine. This is undoubtedly a liquor of very great antiquity, but I cannot think it was invented before wine, though an old scholiast upon Æschylus, whose judgment we have no great reason to regard, is of a different opinion, and tells us that the Egyptians had invented ale before wine was known. According to some, 'sabarum,' or 'sabara,' is another name for barley wine among the Dalmatians and Parmonians. That the people of those countries used to make a strong drink of barley we learn from several authors. The word sabarum is certainly of Hebrew origin.

"The ancient names which we meet with are in the Egyptian. Bouzy, then undoubtedly our English word Bowse, or booze, which is properly us'd of drinking ale heartily, for we never say of a man who is used to drink wine that he is a bowsing fellow. The word Bouzy is derived from *Busiris*, the name of a city in Delta."

Ned Ward, in one of his peregrinations, relates, that "Old Pharaoh" was a recognised name for some specially strong ale that he met with. This confirms Rolleston as to the Egyptian origin of ale.

"The oldest name which we meet with of this liquor is what Moses makes use of more than once in the Pentateuch—Leviticus x. 9, Numbers vi. 3—שכר, Schekar. The Hebrew

word may indeed signify any other strong liquor as well as beer or ale, for it is derived from שכר, inebriavit, and implies any kind of inebriating liquor whatsoever, as we learn from St. Jerom. But seeing it is mentioned, not only by Moses but the prophets, as a liquor distinct from wine, and likewise of the inebriating sort; and as it is most certain that *beer* or *ale* was in use among the Jews, and that it was common for them to get drunk with it, it is very probable that this is the liquor to be understood by the word *Schekar*. It was in the barley-fields that Boaz first met Ruth."

The learned author is in doubt as to the origin of the word Zythos, clearly a Greek word, but he states that the Greeks proverbially lived well; and we must not think it a wonder, when they found a new liquor which they greatly liked and approved of, and gave it a name which they took for the *Liquor of life*. From which is derived the phrase, *ale ab-alendo*.

Sabarum, or Sabara, is another name for barley wine among the Dalmatians and Pannonians. That the people of these countries used to make a strong drink of barley, we learn from several authors. The word Sabarum is certainly of Hebrew extraction; from whence also is derived Sabazius, a name for Bacchus in some countries, mentioned more than once by Aristophanes.

Though I prefer to look to Ceres as the patroness of barley bree, barley-wine, beer, or any other form of our National Drink, the name of Bacchus occurs so often in these pages, that a few words anent the Drunken God may not be out of place.

An old proverb describes—

> "Gowell-bellyed Bacchus, giant-like,
> Bestryd a strong beere barrel."

In Bellamy's "History of all Religions" we find the following parallels drawn between Moses and Bacchus, or rather as to the origin of the Greek deity:—"It is said in the mythology that Bacchus dried up the rivers *Orontes* and *Hydaspes*, by striking them with his Thyrsus, and passed over them; Moses divided the *Red Sea* and the river *Jordan* with his rod, and passed through

them. That an ivy stick thrown on the ground by Bacchus crept like a *dragon:*

> "'Strange to relate! here ivy first was seen;
> Along the distaff crept the wond'rous green.
> Then sudden springing vines began to bloom,
> And the soft tendrils curl'd around the loom.'
>
> EUSDEN.

So, by the command of Moses, the rod of Aaron was cast down, which became a serpent. That the enemies of Bacchus once were all covered with darkness, while those who were with him enjoyed perfect day; the same is recorded concerning Moses. A dog was given to Bacchus as a constant companion; so Moses had his Caleb, which in Hebrew signifies a dog. The ark was one of the most sacred symbols given to Moses. All the writers I have seen," continues Bellamy, "agree in stating the Greeks to have had one supreme and eleven subordinate gods. These, in after ages, appear to have been worshipped by them. The truth is, they were neighbours to the Hebrews, and heard how the twelve tribes were delivered, and by what mighty power they conquered the land of Canaan; which was, no doubt, the reason why they committed it to the pages of their mythology, and which, in after ages, were personified, applied to their principal leaders, and worshipped. Thus did the history of the twelve tribes of the Hebrews lay the foundation of twelve sects among the Greeks, each sect having their idol."

To return to Rolleston and barley-wine.

"The next name of this barley liquor is *Brutum;* thus it was called in particular among the Paronians. We learn from Athenæus that this word was to be found in several ancient authors. I cannot but think that the word Brutum comes from Βρῦγ, which was thought among the ancient Greeks to be the natural cry of children when they wanted drink. We have both these words in Aristophanes, and from hence, to be sure, are we to derive our English word *Brew*, and also *Beer.*"

Then the author treats of the word *Curmi*, but he cannot give

the exact origin thereof. It is used by Dioscorides, who has a chapter thereon; and Ulpian raises a curious legal question: If a testator bequeaths to anyone all the *wine* in his cellar, will the executor be obliged to give the legatee all the *beer* and *ale* which shall be found, as it is wine made from barley? and the same authority decides, that neither ale or beer is bequeathed, neither zythiun, curmi, nor cervisia. As for the derivation of the word *Curmi*, I make no doubt but that it comes from the Hebrew *Vinea*, for it was the wine of the country where there was not plenty of grapes. In Spain, we are told by Pliny, this liquor was called *Celia* and *Ceria*.

Cerevisiæ is another word used by the ancients for this barley wine. Pliny, if I am not mistaken, is the first who mentions this name for it, and he says it was so called in Gaul.

From these authorities the author proves that in such countries that were not fit for vineyards, there was a pleasant and strong liquor made of barley. That this was originally invented to supply the place of wine is plain from the nature of the thing, as it is likewise attested by several authors of antiquity. Athenæus tells us, from "Dio, the Academic," that it was invented for the benefit of the poor, who were not in circumstances to buy wine. But it did not always continue a liquor amongst the poor only, for in time, when improvements were made in malting and brewing (and no new art is presently brought to perfection), it came to be esteemed by the richer sort of people, who could have afforded to drink a dearer liquor, and persons of best fashion and taste drank it, and that sometimes to excess. That this was the case amongst the Jews is, I think, clear from several passages in the Old Testament:—"*Do not drink wine nor strong drinks when ye go into the tabernacle*"—*Levit.* x. 8.

For this excellent liquor, then, the world is indebted to an old Egyptian king (for there was a time when kings studied arts and sciences, and were very useful to the nations they governed by consulting the good of their people). His name was Osiris, who was, after his death, for the great good he had done his country, and mankind in general, worshipped as a god. The learned author assigns the time at which this benefactor ruled and flour-

ished to be a little after that of Mizraim; and, having proved conclusively enough that the ancients made an excellent liquor of barley, he winds up sensibly with the following remark:—"If, in treating upon so many useful particulars, I have been too tedious, I have only to ask pardon, and to promise that I will never give myself any further trouble about *ale* or *beer*, unless for my own drinking."

Dean Swift was in thorough accord with Archdeacon Rolleston when he wrote:—"There is no nation yet known in either hemisphere where the people of all conditions are more in want of some cordial to keep up their spirits than in this of ours." Bishop Earle, again, showed true and generous appreciation of the wants of the poorer classes, in writing:—"A tavern is the busy man's recreation, the idle man's business, the melancholy man's sanctuary, the stranger's welcome, the inns-of-courts man's entertainment, the scholar's kindness, and the citizen's courtesy."

Dr. James Mackenzie wrote his history of health in 1758, and confirms Rolleston as to the antiquity of beer, in the order of diet which was observed from the creation to the time of Moses: fruit, seeds, herbs, bread, milk, fish, flesh, wine, and *ale*.

Mr. James Samuelson, in his "History of Drink," inclines to the belief that the Chinese were not only acquainted with and practised the art of fermentation, but also of distillation, and quotes from the *She-King*, or book of Chinese poetry, written about 1116 B.C., and the *Shoo-King*, or prose history of the period. In the latter we learn that "strong drink is intended to be used in offering sacrifices and entertaining guests: such employment of it is what Heaven has prescribed." The poetical history contains numerous allusions to the drinking habits of the then Celestials:—

"See the mighty cups of horn
Round their ranks in order borne!
Full of spirits soft and good,
It excites no conduct rude;
Surely blessings haste to greet
Lord of virtues so complete."

Mr. Samuelson fortifies his belief in the Chinese knowledge of distillation from the same work:—

"I've strained and made my spirits clear,
The fatted lamb I've killed,
With friends whom my own surname bear,
My hall I've largely filled."

This shows that hospitality was an ancient virtue; though, if the host's patronymic happened to be Smith, Brown, or Jones, or the Chinese equivalent for those tribes, his resources would be heavily taxed.

Two lines from Pope's version of the "Iliad" seem to bear somewhat on the question of malt beverage, and are peculiar:—

"For this my spouse of great Aëtion's line
So oft has steep'd the strength'ning grain in wine."

Of modern writers, Lord Neaves is one of the most graceful, versatile, and scholarly; and by the kind permission of Messrs. W. Blackwood & Sons, I am enabled to enliven this historic chapter with an apposite poem:—

Old Noah's Invention.

We read that old Noah, soon after the flood,
Found out a new liquor to quicken the blood:
Of water grown tired in his long navigation,
He hit on the process of vinification.
It doesn't appear that he took out a patent,
But the wondrous discovery wasn't long latent;
For Noah, though such might not be his intention,
Got drunk on this very stupendous invention.

And ever since then, we have evidence ample,
Mankind has been following Noah's example:
Sometimes they get drunk, and sometimes they do not;
But the business of drinking is seldom forgot.

They drink when they're merry, they drink when they're sad;
They drink whensoever good drink's to be had.
What marriage or christening would meet with attention
If you didn't still practise this wondrous invention?

The Wine-Cup may Poetry claim as a daughter,
Though a poet or two have been drinkers of water:
Good wine to the wise is a swift-wingèd steed,
While abstainers in general come little speed.
Would Homer or Horace have written a line
Without plenty of Greek and Falernian wine?
What were North without Ambrose? or who would e'er mention
A Socratic repast without Noah's invention?

Old Plato, the prince of political sages,
For the uses of drinking his credit engages:
When pleasure invites, if you'd learn self-denial,
A convivial meeting will serve as a trial.
Should you wish to find out if a man's a good fellow,
His virtues and faults will appear when he's mellow:
To whatever good gifts he may e'er make pretension,
The truth you can test by old Noah's invention.

Some folks would persuade us from drink to abstain,
For they trace every crime to that terrible bane;
But if drinking's a sin, yet I cannot help thinking
Mankind have had sins independent of drinking.
The Antediluvians were free from that curse,
But their lives were no better—in fact, they were worse;
And at least you can't prove any moral declension
Since the date when old Noah made known his invention.

Then wisely partake of the generous juice,
But don't forfeit the boon by excess or abuse;
At your board let the muses and graces be found,
And the light-hearted virtues still hover around.

And let this, I beseech you, be one of your rules—
Never show any folly in presence of fools;
For the wise man alone has a due comprehension,
And can make a right use—of old *Noah's invention.*

Apropos of the above song and other writings I have collected together, the following from the pen of Dean Ramsay deserves to be printed in letters of gold: "No one, I think, need be ashamed of his endeavours to cheer the darker hours of his fellow-traveller's steps through life, or to beguile the hearts of the weary and the heavy-laden, if only for a time, into cheerful and amusing trains of thought."

Mr. Samuelson's views are confirmed by Morewood in his "Essays on the Inventions and Customs of the Ancients," in which is shewn that the Chinese came to love ale not wisely, but too well:—"Under the government of the Emperor *Yu* or *Ta-yu*, before Christ 2207, the making of ale, or wine, from rice, was invented by an ingenious agriculturist named *I-tye*, and that, as the use of this liquor was likely to be attended with evil consequences, the emperor expressly forbid the manufacture or drinking of it under the severest penalties. He even renounced it himself, and dismissed his cupbearer, lest, as he said, the princes, his successors, might suffer their hearts to be effeminated with so delicious a beverage. This, however, had not the desired effect, for having once tasted it, the people could never afterwards entirely abstain from the bewitching draught. It was, even at a very early period, carried to such excess and consumed in such abundance, that the Emperor *Kya*, the Nero of China, in 1836 before Christ, ordered 3000 of his subjects to jump into a large lake which he had prepared and filled with it; while *Chin-vang*, in 1120, thought it prudent to assemble the princes to suppress its manufacture, as the source of infinite misfortune in his dominions. The cultivation of the vine has been known and practised in China from the most remote period. Indeed, all the songs which remain of the early dynasties down to that of *Han*, which commenced 206 years before the Christian era, confirm this opinion. Might not," continues

Morewood, "this I-tye be one of the immediate descendants of Noah? Dr. Hales, in his Analysis of Chronology, is of opinion that it was the family of Shem that peopled China; but the writers of the Universal History think that Noah himself, being discontented with the party that had been formed to build the tower of Babel, separated from the main body, and, with some followers, travelling eastwards, at last entered China, and laid the foundation of that vast empire.

"Some think, that by the invention Pliny mentions, 'that water was made to intoxicate,' is meant distillation. It would certainly appear to be something very different from the ordinary mode of obtaining liquors by fermentation; but as this cannot be done with propriety, it means nothing more than the intoxicating power or strength acquired by water in the fermenting process of the grain. 'Heu mira vitiorum solertia! inventum est quemadmodum aqua inebriaret.'—'Oh, wondrous craft of the vices! by some mode or other it was discovered that water also might be made to inebriate.'—Pliny, b. xiv., s. 29.

"Mr. Murphy, in one of his notes on Tacitus, understood Pliny as if he spoke of distillation in the above passage. 'Pliny, the elder,' says he, 'observes that the Egyptians had their intoxicating liquors distilled from grain, which their country produced in great abundance.'—'De Morib., German,' vol. iv., p. 268.

. . . . . .

"Poncet tells us, that in many parts of Ethiopia there are excellent grapes, but that no wine is manufactured; mead is the chief drink. In the making of this, several ingredients are employed; the barley which forms the basis of it is malted to a certain degree, and then dried, as we do coffee, and pounded fine; while an indigenous root called taddo is bruised and mixed with the barley. These are put with water into a well-varnished vessel, and mixed with a fourth part of honey; and to ten pounds of this water are put two ounces of barley, and two ounces of taddo. The whole is blended together, and left in a warm place to ferment; it is stirred occasionally, and in three or four days it becomes excellent mead, pure and clear, of the colour of Spanish white wine. (Lockman's 'Travels of the Jesuits.') It is

said to be a delightful beverage, and of great strength. In Abyssinia, brandy, not inferior to that of France, is distilled from it. According to Bruce, their beer is of an inferior description, drawn from teff, a grain common in Abyssinia; or from barley. One or other of these grains being ground, is first baked into cakes, and then broken into small particles in a large well-covered jar, which is set by the fire, and stirred frequently, for several days. After being allowed to settle for three or four days more, it acquires a sourish taste, and what the Abyssinians call Bouza. (Bruce's 'Travels to Discover the Source of the Nile,' vol. vi., p. 94.) Of this, as well as of the mead already mentioned, they drink largely when they visit one another; and, if Lobo is to be credited, there cannot be a greater offence against good manners than to let the guests go away sober. The liquor on such occasions is always presented by a servant, who drinks first himself, and then gives the cup to the company, in order, and agreeably to their rank or station.

"The inebriating drinks used by the other rude tribes of the African continent, whether Mahometan or pagan, are so much alike, that to describe them all would be tedious, and, were it possible, useless; a few of the most interesting may suffice.

"The beverages of the Negroes are, according to Park, beer and mead; the latter we find to be a species of drink very common in Africa, owing to the great abundance of honey, while the former is made wherever any farinaceous grain is cultivated. ('Park's Travels,' p. 284., Lond. Edit. 1807). When Dalzel was at the coast of Dahomy, he observed a species of liquor called Pitto, manufactured by the ladies of the palace, of an agreeable flavour and heady quality. It was prepared from grain regularly fermented, and very much resembled the liquor drawn from the date-tree by the people of Fezzan. From the latter a revenue of some consequence arose, which, Ben Ali says, his Fezzanic majesty has collected by a tax on the trees, and not on the quantity produced.

"The practice of drinking buza, or bouza, prevails to a considerable extent in Sudan, or Dar Fur. The Sultan Abdelrahman, a rigid Mahometan, published an ordinance in 1795,

prohibiting the use of it altogether under pain of death. Even the unfortunate women who made it had their heads shaved, and were exposed to every possible degradation, but as the habit of using it was of older standing than the profession of Islamism, companies are yet known to sit from sun-rise to sun-set, drinking and conversing till a single man will sometimes carry off with him two gallons of this liquor. ('Brown's Travels,' 4to., p. 222, 248, 333.) The bouza having a diuretic and diaphoretic tendency, precludes the danger usually attendant on such excesses.

"The leaves and flowers of milfoil or yarrow, inebriate, and are used by the Dalecarlians to render their beer intoxicating. Clary and saffron have the same effect. The last exhilarates the spirits to such a degree, that when taken in large doses, it occasions immoderate mirth and laughter. Darnel, or lolium timulentum, which is vulgarly known under the name of *sturdy*, when malted with barley, a process which the seeds of it often undergo, causes the ale brewed from it to be speedily intoxicating. It produces the same effect when mixed with bread and eaten hot. Many stories are told of its effects, some of which are sufficiently amusing, but not exactly suited to this essay. Among these inebriants the inspissated milky juice of the common garden lettuce is considered as powerful in its operation as opium itself."

To come nearer home, beer was the national drink in England and Scotland as early and, doubtless, prior to the time of Ethelred. An early Scotch historian who flourished long before the art of distillation was introduced into that country, wrote: "The Caledonians seem to have delighted greatly in strong exhilarating liquors, called in the poetical language of the Bards, 'the spirit of the shell,' because they drank it out of shells." Ossian has sung the praises of strong ale in still stronger language, probably under the inspiration of the beverage itself:—

"Now on the side of Mora the heroes gather to the feast,
A thousand oaks are burning to the wind—
The strength of the shell goes round
And the souls of the warriors brighten with joy."

The tone of the foregoing is certainly elevated; but as the *beau ideal* of heavenly enjoyment among our Danish ancestors was the drinking of fermented liquors out of the skulls of enemies slain in battle, we must allow them a little extra indulgence. In the course of a long "spread" or feast of the period, they would refer to their individual powers over and over again—

> "Thrice they routed all their foes,
> And thrice they slew their slain."

It must have given rise to a little uneasiness on the part of visitors, to think that his neighbours were speculating on the capacity of his skull as a beer-drinking vessel; and questions as to the rights of proprietorship of the said brain-pan occasionally marred the harmony and good fellowship of the feast.

That their faith is not dead, is shown by the following newspaper extract which I recently read, though I cannot state my authority more exactly. It shows, however, how history repeats itself, since the happy hunting-grounds of the good Hanaques is more luxurious even than the Valhalla of Odin. The extract shows the survival of old faiths:—

"The paradise of gluttons is a heaven believed in by a Sclavonic tribe of Moravia, the Hanaques. In the regions of future bliss they picture an immense mountain of crumbled gingerbread, surrounded at the base by a river of melted lard. The happy Hanaques will recline full length on the shore, lying on their faces, with the chin supported on their hands, and into their wide-open mouths will fall balls of flour, which have been cooked by angels in the crater of the mountain. Meanwhile angels will chant the national airs, and there will be a perpetual downpour of beer and brandy, which will not wet the Hanaques, but will only fall into their mouths when they are thirsty."

It requires one to believe hard in order to picture an angel pouring beer down a drunkard's throat, however.

Beer, says Chambers, is a popular drink prepared from malt and hops; the word is Saxon, formed from the German *bier*, of the Latin *bibere*.

Nathrolus takes the zythum and curmi of the ancients to be

the same with the beer and ale of our days; and thinks the only difference between zythum and curmi to have consisted in some circumstances of the preparation, which rendered the one stronger than the other.

Brewers were operators who professed the art of brewing. Brewers were variously called in the middle ages by writers—brasiatores, braciatores, braxionarii, brasiatrices, braxatrices, and cambarii.—*Ducange's Glossaries.* Bailey derives the word from the Dutch word *bronwen.*

The drinking customs of our Gaelic ancestors are thus described by Diodorus Siculus, and quoted by Dr. Henry in his "History of England." Henry adds that the love of drink was introduced by the Scotch into England. "The excessive coldness and badness of the climate is the reason that Gaul produceth neither grapes nor olives. The Gauls, being destitute of these fruits, make a strong liquor of barley, which they call zithus. They also make a kind of drink of honey, diluted with water of wine, which is imported to them by merchants; they are fond of it to distraction, and drink it to excess, until they are either overpowered with sleep, or inflamed with a kind of madness. Quarrels often arise amongst them when they are over their cups, and they start up and fight in the most furious manner, without the least regard to safety or even life." A somewhat later writer gives the following account of the drinking customs in the Western Highlands of Scotland:—"The manner of drinking used by the chief men of the Isles is called, in their language, streak, *i.e.*, a round, for the company sat in a circle, the cup-bearer filled the drink round to them, and all was drank out, whatever the liquor was, whether strong or weak. (No heeltaps, gentlemen.) They continued drinking, sometimes twenty-four, sometimes forty-eight hours. It was reckoned a piece of manhood to drink until they became drunk; and there were two men with a barrow attending punctually on such occasions. They stood at the door until some became drunk, and they carried them upon the barrow to bed, and returned again to their post as long as any continued fresh, and so carried off the whole company, one by one, as they became incapable. The truth is, continues Henry, that mankind, in all

ages, especially in cold climates, have been at great pains to secure for themselves exhilarating and intoxicating liquors, which cheered their spirits, warmed their hearts, and filled their minds with joy."

Sobriety was a virtue among the Normans, but at the time of William of Malmesbury they had accustomed themselves to the manners of the country, in which a day and night were spent in feasting without intermission. The custom of drinking to pegs, which had been introduced by a law of Edgar, the peaceable, still continued at this period, for, by a canon of the Council of Westminster, A.D. 1101, the clergy were prohibited to frequent ale-houses, or to drink to pegs.

Originally the Welsh and Scots had two kinds of ale, called *common* ale and *spiced* ale; and their value was thus determined: —"If a farmer hath no mead, he shall pay two casks of spiced ale, or four casks of common ale, for one cask of mead." By this law, a cask of spiced ale, nine palms in height, and eighteen in diameter, was valued at a sum of money equal in efficacy to £7, 10s. of our present money; and a cask of common ale of the same dimensions, at a sum equal to £3, 15s. This is a sufficient proof that even common ale in this period was an article of luxury among the Welsh, which could only have been obtained by the great and opulent.

Mr. W. Sandys, in his collection of festive songs, says:— "The principal liquors in use amongst the early inhabitants of our country were ale, beer, and mead. In some of the earliest Welsh laws, we find the steward of the king's household had as much of every cask of plain ale as he could reach with his middle finger dipped into it; and as much of every cask of ale with spiceries as he could reach with the second joint of his little finger. The Welsh, as at present, were famed for their ale; the Anglo-Saxons dividing the classes of that liquor into mild ale, clear ale, and Welsh ale. Ale, indeed, may be considered a national drink, and has preserved its reputation to the present time, although not so aristocratic as formerly. Several places in the kingdom have, for a long series of years, preserved the reputation of peculiar skill in making this liquor. In ancient times it stood forward

boldly at the royal tables, but now modestly retires to the side-board; often has it been the subject of parliamentary attention and interference; and the ale-brewer in the 15th century could not sell his ale, without the fear of the 'cukkyng stole' and pillory, until the ale-taster had pronounced it good, and 'abill for mannys body.'"

This liquor is of such antiquity in England, that we find mention of it in the laws of Ina, King of Wessex. But the first assize of *ale* was fixed by the famous statute 51 Henry III.

Chaucer constantly alludes to the draught of London ale, and the nappy ale of Southwerke; and Milton follows in the footsteps of the father of English poetry, in praising the spicy nut-brown ale. Mr. Austin Dobson, in his charming collection of verses, yclept "The Sign of the Lyre," hits off the manner of the London Maltworm, and has caught the true spirit of the earlier singers:—

THE MALTWORM'S MADRIGAL.*

I drink of the ale of Southwark, I drink of the ale of Chepe:
At noon I dream on the settle; at night I cannot sleep;
For my love, my love, it groweth; I waste me all the day;
And when I see my Alison, I know not what to say.

* * * * *

The sparrow, when he spieth his dear upon the tree,
He beateth to his little wing, he chirpeth lustily;
But when I see sweet Alison, the words begin to fail;
I wot that I shall die of love—ere I die not of ale.

So I drink of the ale of Southwark, I drink of the ale of Chepe;
All day I dream in the sunlight; I dream and eke I weep,
But little lore of loving can any flagon teach;
For when my tongue is looséd most, then most I lose my speech.

Ale Cerevisia is also a denomination given to divers medicated liquors or diet drinks, whereof ale is the basis or vehicle. The

* Reprinted from "The Sign of the Lyre," by permission of Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co., Paternoster Square, E.C.

medicated ales make a large article in our old dispensations. Such are the *cerevisia oxydorica*, for the eyes; *cerevisia anti-arthritica*, against the gout; *cerevisia cephalica* for the head; *cerevisia epileption*, &c., &c. We meet in some dispensations with syrup of ale made by boiling that liquor to a consistence; this is used against obstriction in the kidneys, &c. &c. Ale berry is ale boiled with bread and mace; sweetened, strained, and drunk hot.

"In modern usage, the distinction between *ale* and *beer*," says a well-informed writer in *Notes and Queries*, "is different in different parts of the country. But I apprehend that, originally, the distinction was very clearly marked:—

"*Ale* being a liquor brewed from *malt*, to be drunk fresh.

"*Beer*, a liquor brewed from *malt* and *hops*, intended to keep.

"And hence it is, that, even at the present day, when malt liquor gets stale, it is said, in popular language, to be *beery*.

"The distinction that I have pointed out is clearly observed in Johnson's Dictionary, where *ale* is defined: 'A liquor made by infusing *malt* in hot water, and then fermenting the liquor.' *Beer*: 'Liquor made from *malt* and *hops*;' distinguished from ale, either by being older or smaller."

Reverting again to Samuel Morewood's exhaustive work, we find that "water-mills were introduced into the country about the year 500, by which the inhabitants were enabled to grind their grain, and to render it more easily subservient to domestic purposes. *Ale* at that time was in common use and home-made. *Wine* was used on some occasions, but that was imported; and ornaments of gold, made from the ore found in the mountains, were by no means uncommon; in the manufacture of them the artists displayed no inconsiderable share of skill and taste.

"The ancient inhabitants, at their ordinary entertainments, sat down in a ring on rushes, or beds of grass, instead of benches or couches. Three-legged wooden tables were set before them, after the manner of the ancient Gauls, covered with victuals, such as bread baked on a gridiron, or under the ashes, milk-meats, flesh and fish both broiled and boiled. The waiters, in the meantime, handed about the drink, in cups made of wood or horn, and sometimes of brass. When festivities were held at night, 'the

lights were made of the pith of rushes, twisted together with a small part of the skin to preserve cohesion. This substance was saturated with unctuous matter, and formed into a taper about the size of a man's waist, from which issued a splendid flame, visible at an immense distance.' Ware relates, that 'the ancient and peculiar drink of the Irish, as also the Britons, was *ale*. Dioscorides takes notice of this drink in a passage, where he says that the Britons and Irish (whom he calls Hiberi) instead of wine use a liquor called *curmi*, made of barley. But Camden observes, that *curmi*, in that place, is corruptly written for the old British word, *cwrw*, which signifies *ale*, which last name it took from the Danes, who called it *oel*; this is the liquor which Julian, the apostate, in an epigram, calls, *The offspring of corn, and wine without wine*. The Irish have no name for this drink, that I know of, but *leann*, which signifies liquor in general, but they understand by it, *ale*. Beer, or *ale*, brewed with hops to preserve it long, is a liquor of no great antiquity. The Irish had also in ancient times another beverage, or mixture of water and honey, now called *mead*, but by them *miodh*, and *mil-fion*, that is *honey-wine*, as appears in the life of St. Berach, who flourished in the seventh century, and in the annals of Ulster, under the year 1107.'"

A writer in the *Antiquarian and Bibliographer*, gives a somewhat different rendering of the word ale, to that which we have transcribed:—

"The word *ale* is peculiar to the English language, and has long been erroneously supposed to have originated in the Saxon *a lan*, to kindle, to inflame, because of the intoxicating qualities of the liquor so called. But ale has not that quality, in excess of other liquors, and in its origin simply meant drink, from the Celtic *ol*, drink, or to drink, and *olaidh*, the act of drinking; *olar*, drunken, addicted to drink; and *olarachd*, habitual drunkenness. Draper, as used in the passage in 'Kind Hart's Dream,' is the Celtic *druapair*, one who pours out, or retails liquor in small quantities; also a tippler; whence *ale-draper* would signify one who retailed drink, whether wine, beer, ale, or spirits. Nares, ignorant of this derivation, cites *Ale*, the name

of a rural festival, and adds, 'where, of course, much *ale* was consumed.'

"In the fifteenth chapter of Jonas's 'Life of St. Columbanus' (who flourished in the sixth and seventh centuries, between 589 and 610) there is the following curious passage, illustrative of this subject:—'When the hour of refreshment approached, the minister of the refectory endeavoured to serve about the *ale* (cervesiam), which is bruised from the juice of wheat and barley, and which, above all, the nations of the earth, except the Scordiscæ and Dardans, who inhabit the borders of the ocean, those of Gaul, Britain, Ireland, and Germany, and others, who are not unlike them in manners, use; he carried to the cellar a vessel which they called *typrus*, and placed it before the vessel in which the ale was deposited, when, having touched the *spigot*, he suffered it to run into the *typrus*.'

"It is a tradition prevalent in the north of Ireland, that the Danes, when in possession of the country in the ninth century, brewed beer from heath, but it is certain that this shrub would yield a very unpalatable drink without the addition of some saccharine matter. This may have been effected by the application of honey, the flower of the heath being used as a substitute for hops, since it is well known that, before the introduction of the latter plant, broom tops, wormwood, and other bitter herbs have been so employed.

"According to usual practice, in ancient times, of fermenting worts for the purpose of making beer, the yeast was preserved by means of a furze, or whin-bush, kept over in the chimney until the next brewing. This, when dipped in the wort, caused the liquor to ferment. Beer, formerly, according to a manuscript dated 1498, 'bere,' differed from ale in being 'hopped.'

"Wormus speaks of the drinking of heather-beer, as one of the pleasures which the souls of departed heroes enjoyed in the society of the gods. A gentleman, some years since, tried the manufacture of heather-beer in the county of Donegal, but he did not find it to answer to the palates of his northern friends, who had long been accustomed to good Ennishowen; broom, bay-berries, and ivy-berries—sorry enough substitutes! Ale was almost certain

to get 'eager' before it was ripe. Nor was this all: in the minute and specific directions for brewing, which are to be found in Hollinshed, it may be seen that it was the custom to eke out the malt with a liberal admixture of unmalted oats. From the trial of Beau Fielding, it would appear that an inferior sort of liquor, called oat-ale, was in use in families."

The art and mystery of brewing is doubtless of very remote origin, though the time of its introduction into the country is unknown. Malt liquor is said to have been used in Britain as early as the fifth century; and it is pretty certain that considerable breweries were in operation in London before the Norman Conquest.

The ale of Southwark was famous in Chaucer's time:—

> "The nappy goode ale of Southe werke
> Keeps many a gossip from the kirk."

The brewers of "Chepe" were also famous in their day, as we find in the City Archives, 19 Edward III.

These, however, appear to have been confined to the production of ales of different qualities and strength, the prices of which were regulated by the magistracy at least as early as the year 1256. In the 31st of Henry III., it was determined by authority that when a quarter of barley was sold at 2s., then ale might be afforded 4 quarts for 1d.; and when barley was at 2s. 6d. per quarter, then ale was to be 7 quarts for 2d.,—and so to increase and decrease at the rate of 6d. the quarter.—*Fleetwood's Chronicle.*

In 1302, ground malt was sold as low as 3s. 4d. the quarter; yet, within thirteen or fourteen years after, it rose to 13s. 4d. and upwards, owing to the great dearth which then prevailed. The price of ale partook of the general dearness, and the best sort rose to 3d. and 4d. a *lagend* (flagon or gallon). A proclamation was issued restraining the price to *one penny*, and commanding also that no wheat should be malted. In *Arnold's Chronicle*, 1521, the following receipt for making beer occurs:—"x quarters of malte, ii quarters wheete, ii quarters ootes, xi pounds weight hoppys, to make xi barrels of sengyll beere."

It seems probably, says Bragley, that the use of beer was not generally introduced till about the reign of Henry VII., in whose time the breweries which then stood on the banks of Thames, at St Catherine's, Wapping, and are distinguished by the name of *Beer-House* on the map given in the Civitatis Orbis, were twice spoiled by the king's officers, either for sending too much abroad unlicensed, or for brewing it too weak for home consumption. In Rymer's Fœdera, under the date 1492, is a license granted to John le Merchant, a Fleming, to export fifty tons or butts of beer (quinquaginta dolia servitar bere); and we find that one of the king's attendants in France in that year was Petrus Vanek, a beer-brewer of Greenwich, in Kent. In 1504, the ale of London was sold at £1 10s. per dolium, and the beer at £1 3s. 4d. "Dolium," says Fleetwood, "does here, I believe, signify a pipe or butt, which contains 126 gallons; so that the ale comes to near 3d. per gallon, and the beer to rather more than 2¼d. for the same quantity." In the twenty-third year of Henry VIII., the brewers were restrained by statute from making any more sorts or kinds of beer than two, the strong and the double; and it was ordered that the same should be sold after the rate of and price of 6s. 8d. the barrel of the best, and 3s. 4d. the barrel of double beer or ale, and not above.

Beer, though now popular abroad, was not always so, but amongst the Normans it was different, as is shewn by the copy of a song of the thirteenth century, under the name of Letabundus, in which this stanza occurs :—

"Or hi parra
La corveyse vos chanteres :
Alleluia
Qui que aukes en beyt,
Si tel seyt comme estre doit :
Ros Miranda."

At the assessment of the prices to be paid for the ale and beer supplied to the English army besieging Rouen (6 Henry V., 1418), "It was ordered that the brewers of ale that was presented to our Lord the King, at the siege of the city of Roan, should

have for every tun of 200 tuns of ale 30 shillings; and that the same brewers should pay for the vessels holding such ale, and for the hooping of such vessels—making in all £300. And that the brewers of bere should have 13s. 4d. for every tun of 300 tuns, making £200." By the 13th Edward II., 1320, five "regrators" (retailers) were forbidden by the mayor and aldermen to sell ale upon London Bridge on the perils which pertain thereto.

In the churchwarden's accounts of Allhallows Staining, in which parish the Ironmongers' Hall stands, the following entry occurs for the year 1494:—"Payd for a kylcherkyn of good ale wech was drunkyn in the Irynmongers' Hall, all charges borne, 12s. 2d." These prices seem to be low enough, but the relative value of money must be taken into consideration.

In 1606 the brewers were ordered "not to brewe any beere but good beere, and wholesome for man's bodie," and to sell their "doble beere" at 3s. 4d. the barrel, and their "ordinarie beere" at 2s. per barrel. They were also forbidden to carry their "beere" in "iron-bound carts," because "it tendeth to make it worke up in such a sorte that though the barrells seem to be full when they are brought, yet when they are settled, they lack some a gallon of beere, to the enriching of the brewer, and the great defeat and hindrance of the town."

Mr. Henry W. Taylor, writing in *Notes and Queries*, says:—"The question of the relative value of ale and beer in the present day receives some illustration from a comparison of the terms in use for the same article by our forefathers, as shown in our municipal records four hundred years since; for in the corporation accounts for this town, *temp.* Hen. VI. & VII., occur the following entries:—

"'1432. *Item*, payd to Davy, bere brewere, for a pyp of bere that was droncke at the Barryeate when the ffurst affray was of the ffrenshemen, . vjs. viijd.'

"Among the expenses of the 'law day' feast at 'Cutthorne

Crosse,' on the official perambulation of the boundaries, will be found :—

"'1497.	Half a barrell of doble bere, .	xxd.
	Half a barrell *fyne* dobyl beere, .	xijd.
	Ten galons *peny* ale, . . .	xd.
	Ale and Bere, ...	ijs. viijd.'"

The similarity of these distinctions to those in use in our own day (double and treble X) is somewhat remarkable. Among the Eglinton papers, published by the Historical Manuscripts Commission, are many which bear on social life and manners. In illustration of the drinking habits of the seventeenth century, Dr. Fraser quotes from the household account of the sixth Earl of Eglinton an entry of the consumption of ale on Thursday, November 26th, 1646 :—"To your Lordship's morning drink, a pynt; for my Ladie's morning drink, 1 pynt; to your Lordship's denner, 2 pynts; mair, 3 pynts; to the letter meal, 2 pyntis; efter denner, 1 pynt; at four houres, 1 pynt; ane other pynt; to your Lordship's supper, 3 pyntis," &c.

A.D. 1345, the following ordinance that brewers shall not waste the water of the conduit in Chepe, appears:—"At a hustings of Pleas of Land, holden on the Monday next before the feast of St. Margaret the Virgin (20th July), in the 19th year of the reign of King Edward the Third, &c., it was shown by William de Iford, the common sergeant, on behalf of the commonalty, that whereas of old a certain conduit was built in the midst of the City of London, so that the rich and middling persons therein might there have water for preparing their food, and the poor for their drink; the water aforesaid was now so wasted by brewers and persons keeping brew-houses, and making malt, that in these modern times, it will no longer suffice for the rich and middling, or for the poor, to the common loss of the whole community. And, for avoiding such common loss, it was by the mayor and aldermen agreed, with the assent of the commonalty thereto, that such brewers, or persons keeping brew-houses, or making malt, shall in future no longer presume to brew or make malt with the water of the conduit. And if anyone shall hereafter presume to

make ale with the water of the conduit, or to make malt with the same, he is to lose the tankard or tyne with which he shall have carried the water from the conduit, and 40d. the first time, to the use of the commonalty; the tankard or tyne and half a mark, the second time, and 10s., and further, he is to be committed to prison, at the discretion of the mayor and aldermen, there to remain."

It is interesting to note the alteration of meaning which the word tankard has undergone since the foregoing order was promulgated; in those days the tankard was a large pail or tub, containing about three gallons, like the frustum of a cone, and hooped around. It had a small iron handle at the upper end, and being fitted with a bung, or stopple, was easily carried on the shoulders.

The brewers were not always such a peaceable law-abiding set as they now are; for, in consequence of certain disturbances, which took place in and about the year 1298, Edward I. issued a mandate to the effect, that—"Forasmuch as we have heard that the bakers and brewsters, and millers, in the city aforesaid, do frequently misconduct themselves by night, going about the city with swords and bucklers, and other arms, &c., we of our counsel wishing to apply a fitting remedy to all the premises, and strike both them and others with fear of so offending, do command you, and strictly enjoin, that you will so chastise such bakers, brewsters, and misdoers, with corporal punishments, and so visit other offences, at your discretion, that they may excite in others a like fear of so offending," &c.

Except on these filibustering expeditions, there was great rivalry and jealousy between the baker and the brewer as to precedence, except when they were each condemned to the pillory, and pelted impartially with rotten eggs, dead cats, and other election favours—then fellow-feeling made them wondrous kind.

"The Baker says, 'I've the staff of life,
And you're a silly elf;'
The Brewer replied, with artful pride,
'Why, this is life itself!'"

The old proverb of "taking a roll out of the brewer's basket" explains itself.

Our forefathers regarded ale with as much solicitude as bread; they were equally valued as necessaries of life; and for the better regulating their prices, various statutes or assizes (*assisa panis et cerevisiæ*) were from time to time passed.

By a statute of the Pillory and Tumbrel, 51 Henry III., st. 6 (1267), brewers were fined for the first, second, and third offences, not over-grievous against the law of assize; but if the offence was often, or over-grievous, the brewer was condemned to the tumbrel, or some other correction. The trade of brewing, in the City of London, was at one time confined almost wholly to women; hence the general name of "ale wives," by which they were known. In London, none but freemen were permitted to keep ale houses; and they, equally with those in the country, were subject to the periodical visitations of "ale conners" or *kenners*, whose duty it was to inspect the measures, and taste the quality of the ale sold, and see that it was in accordance with the statute. Four ale conners were appointed for the metropolis, duly chosen each Midsummer Day by the livery men in Common Council Hall assembled, at which time the price was regulated for the ensuing year—*e.g.*, by James I., cap. 9, one full quart of the best or two quarts of small ale were to be sold for one penny.

In the old Court Rolls the ale-tasters or ale-founders are designated *gustatores cerevisiæ*, the terms commonly used in the records of the Court-Leet. During the Commonwealth, when the Rolls of the New Buckingham Leet Court were kept in English, these officers appear under the name of ale-founders; and this term is again used when the English language is reintroduced into the English Law Courts. In the country these officers were appointed by the Court-Leet. Their duties and fees are indicated in the following paragraph from Dr. Langbaine's collections, January 23, 1617:—"John Shurle had a patent from Arthur Lake, Bishop of Bath and Wells, and Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, for the office of ale-taster [to the University] and the making and assizing of barrels of beer. The office of ale tasting requires that he go to every ale-brewer that day they brew,

according to their courses, and taste their ale; for which, his ancient fee is one gallon of strong ale and two gallons of small wort, worth a penny."—*Reliquæ Hearnianæ*, i., 38.

Later on we find some of these officers had greatly scandalised the good people of Glasgow, who, determining to make a dead set against the town officers getting more buns and ale at the expense of the public, issued the following proclamation on the 12th April 1757:—"The whilk day, and considering that the town officers have been in use to get buns and ale upon the day on which the Lords of the Council come to town, by which sundry abuses have happened, and for remedying whereof, in time coming, the Magistrates and Counsell ordain, that for hereafter, the officers be allowed one shilling sterling at each time the Lords come to town at the Circuit."

"When we reflect," says Dr. Strang, "on the notoriously bibulous faculties of these functionaries, we may conclude that this enactment must have proved to them of no light grievance."

The following charges appear in the household expenses of King Henry VIII.:—"The queen's maids of honour to have a chet loaf, a manchet, a gallon of ale, and a chine of beef for their breakfast." The brewer is informed not to put any hops or brimstone in the ale. In Elizabeth's time, beer was divided into single beer, or small beer, double beer, double-double beer, and dagger ale, which was particularly sharp and strong. Dagger ale was in great request, and was sold at a house in Holborn, in the same manner as the ale of Burton was, about the same period, at the Peacock, in Gray's Inn Lane. The "Dagger" was for many years a celebrated ordinary and public-house; it was frequented in the day, like most places of the kind, by the better class, but at night was the resort of low gamblers and cozeners.

> "My lawyer's clerke I lighted on last night
> In Holburn, at The Dagger."
>
> BEN JONSON, *Alchymist*, a. 1, s. 1.

The pies, the furmenty, and other dainties provided for the guests at "The Dagger," were in high repute. "A Dagger pie" was always spoken of with much relish; but the ale, here drawn, was

celebrated for its strength:—"This thy description of Dagger ale augmenteth my thirst until I taste thereof."—Ulp. Fulwell.

"Sack makes men from words
Fall to drawing of swords,
And quarrelling endeth their quaffing;
Whilst Dagger ale barrels
Bear off many quarrels,
And often turn chiding to laughing."

There was also a choice kind brewed, principally by the higher classes, called March ale, from being brewed in that month, and was scarcely fit for table until two years old. A cup of choice ale, with spices and sugar, and sometimes a toast, stirred up with a sprig of rosemary, was a draught for a queen. Decker, in his "Satiromastix," mentions these various kinds of ale:—"But we must have March bere, dooble, dooble bere, Dagger ale, Rhenish."

Up to this time we have ample records in the "Buttery Rolls" of many a noble house, where herrings, and beef, and ale formed the sound substantial morning meal of ladies of rank and their families, when "nerves" were unknown, and "vapours" never heard of.

During this period we find beer was rising in estimation. Alarmed by the increase of alehouses, the Lord Mayor, aided by the magistrates of Lambeth and Southwark, suppressed above two hundred of them within their jurisdiction in 1574; and the example was followed by Westminster, and other places round London.

According to the Hospital Records of St. Thomas, dating from 1570 to 1574, we find that in consideration of the "hote tyme of the year the poor shall have allowed, every one a day, three pyntts of bere for two months—a quart at dinner and a pint at supper—and at the end of two months their olde ordinary allowance, which is one quarte."

During the Protectorate the brewers were held up to great ridicule by the Cavaliers, in consequence of Cromwell having been the son of a brewer; whilst Pride had followed the same trade, and Hewson and Scott, two prominent servants of the

Lord Protector, had also been brewer's clerks. The "Songs o' the Rump," in consequence, contain innumerable sarcastic allusions to the trade.

An anonymous writer, in the "Annual Register" for 1760, enables us to trace the progress of the London beer-trade from the Revolution down to the accession of George III. In the beginning of King William's reign the brewer sold his brown ale for 16s. per barrel; and the small beer, which was made from the same grains, at 6s. per barrel. The customers paid for their beer in ready money, and fetched it from the brewhouse themselves. The strong beer was a heavy sweet beer: the small, with reverence be it spoken, was little better than the washings of the tubs, and had about as much of the extract of malt in it, as the last cup of tea which an economical housewife pours out to her guests has of the China herb. A change came over the character of the London beer in the reign of Queen Anne, owing to two very different causes: the duty imposed upon malt and hops, and taxes, on account of the war with France on the one hand, and the more frequent residence of the gentry in London on the other. The duty on malt exceeding that on hops, the brewers endeavoured at a liquor in which more of the latter should be used. The people, not easily weaned from the sweet clammy drink to which they had been accustomed, drank ale, mixed with the new-fashioned bitter beer, which they got from the victualler.

From an early period ale was sold to the people in houses of entertainment, as it is at present; a priest was forbidden by law to eat or drink at *ceapeale the tum*, or places where ale was sold.

The designation "ale-house" first occurs in the laws of King Ethelred. Malpractices arose, and the then existing regulations not being sufficient, 11 Henry VII., c. 2 (1495), an Act against vagabonds and beggars placed ale-houses under the jurisdiction of justices of the peace. In consequence of abuses and disorders in "common ale-houses and tippling-houses," a more stringent enactment was made by 4 and 5 Edward VI., c. 25 (1552); and this statute furnished the basis of future legislation on the subject.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1757 we find that in Scotland an ale-house keeper was an important personage:—"An ale-house is called a *change*, and the person who keeps it a gentleman; nor is it uncommon to see a lord dismount from his horse, and taking one of these gentlemen in his arms, make him as many compliments as if he were a brother peer; and the reason is, that the ale-house keeper is of as good a family as any in *Scotland*, and perhaps has taken his degree as Master of Arts at the University."

Hospitality has always been an English virtue. As early as 1170, Negel Wircker records the doings of the English colony of students in Paris, of whom he was one, in elegant Latinity, of which the following translation will suffice:—

"The English most attrack his prying eyes,
Their manners, words, and looks pronounce them wise.
Theirs is the open hand, the bounteous mind;
Theirs solid sense with sparkling wit combin'd.
Their graver studies jovial banquets crown;
Their rankling cares in flowing bowls they drown."

This hospitable virtue was continued to a much later period, and was so generally practised that taverns or inns where payment was to be made were unknown. Indeed, what were known as inns were the houses of the nobility, who kept open house for all. For the poorer class, those who entertained a traveller had a right to a similar reception at his hands. James I. of Scotland, however, tried to alter this by establishing recognised taverns by Act of Parliament, A.D. 1424:—"It is ordanit, that in all burrow townis, and throuchfairis quhair commoun passages and resettis, havand stables and chalmers; and that men find with same bread and aill and all uther fude; alsweil for horse as men for reasonable price." But travellers had been so long accustomed to generous hospitality that they declined to patronise taverns on compulsion. The inns were neglected, and those who kept them presented a petition to Parliament complaining "that the liegis travelland in the realme quhen they cum to burrowis and throuchfairis, herbreis thame not in hostillaries, bot with their acquaintance and freindis."

This petition brought forth an enactment prohibiting travellers to lodge in private houses where there were hostillaries, under a penalty of 40s.

I have now dealt so fully with beer and ale, which is the apotheosis of barley, malt, and hops, that I cannot do better than go back to the first principles.

John Taylor, the water poet, who flourished 1584-1626, and kept a public in Phœnix Alley, Long Acre, was one of the most prolific and graceful writers on beer of his age, so I cannot do better than draw this chapter to a close with his panegyric on ale:—

"Ale is rightly called nappy, for it will set a nap upon a man's threadbare eyes when he is sleepy. It is called merry-goe-downe, for it slides down merrily. It is fragrant to the scent; it is most pleasant to the taste; the flowing and mantling of it (like chequer work), with the verdant smile of it, is delightful to the sight; it is touching or feeling to the braine and heart; and to please the senses all, it provokes men to singing and mirth, which is contenting to the hearing. The speedy taking of it dothe comfort the heavy and troubled minde; it will make a weeping widow laugh and forget sorrow for her deceased husband; it is truly termed the spirit of the butlery, for it puts spirit into all it enters. It makes the footman's head and heeles so light that he seems to fly as he runnes; it is the warmest lining of a naked man's coat; it satiates and assuages hunger and cold; with a touste it is the poor man's comfort; the shepheard, mower, plowman, and blacksmith's most esteemed purchase; it is the tinker's treasure, the pedlar's jewell, the beggar's joy, and the prisoner's loving nurse; it will whet the wit so sharp that it will make a carter talk of things beyond his reach; it will set a bashful suitor a wooing; it heats the chill blood of the aged; it will cause a man to speak past his owne or any other man's capacity of understanding; it sets an edge upon logick and retorick; it is a friend to the muses, it inspires the poore poet that cannot compasse the price of Canarie or Gascoigne; it mounts the musician above Ecla; it makes the ballad-maker rime beyond reason; it is a repasser of decaied colour in the face; it puts eloquence into the oratour, it will make the

philosopher talk profoundly, the scholar learnedly, and the lawyer acutely and feelingly. Ale at Whitsuntide, or a Whitsun church ale, is a repairer of decayed country churches; it is a great friend to the truth, for they that drink of it (to the purpose) will reveale all they knowe, be it never so secret to be kept. It is an emblem of justice, for it allows and yields measure; it will put courage into a coward and make him swagger and fight; it is a seale to many a goode bargaine; the physician will commend it; the lawyer will defend it; it neither hurts nor kills any but those who abuse it unmeasurably and beyond bearing; it doth good to as many as take it rightly; it is as good as a paire of spectacles to cleare the eyesight of an old parish clarke; and, in conclusion, it is such a nourisher of mankinde, that if my mouthe were as bigge as Bishopsgate, my pen as long as a may-pole, and my inke a flowing spring or a standing fishpond, yet I could not, with mouth, pen, or inke, speake or write the true worthinesse of ale."

This is certainly a pretty good prose epic in laudation of ale on the part of the water poet.

The popularity of beer is shown by the variety of endearing terms by which it is known in various parts of the country. Here are a few, but the list is far from being an exhaustive one.

According to the D'Urfey songs we have the following favourite ales: Lambeth ale, mum, stitchback, cyder, college ale, North Down, Old Pharaoh (which betrays the Eastern origin of ale), March beer, October, China ale, radish ale, Darby, Canterbury, winding up with "a pint of purl for Harrison;" then "Humming Ale," Huff Cup, nippitate, supernaculum.

> "*Pompiano.* My father oft will tell me of a drink
> In England found, and nipitate call'd,
> Which driveth all the sorrow from your hearts.
> "*Ralph.* Lady 'tis true; you need not lay your lips
> To better nipitate than there is."
>
> —*Knight of the Burning Pestle.*

In "The Weakest goes to the Wall," we have: "Well fare England, where the poore may have a pot of ale for a penny; fresh ale, ferine ale, nappie ale, nippitate ale."

In addition to D'Urfey, *yil* in Scotland and *yell* in the south of England, swanky and swipes for small beer, pongelo, stingo, October, barley bree, and barley broth—as Shakespeare puts it:—

> "Can sodden water, their barley broth,
> Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?"

Bloomfield celebrates the "Horkey" beer:

> "And Farmer Cheerum went, good man,
> And broach'd the *Horkey beer*,
> And *sitch a mort* of folks began
> To eat up our good cheer."

Jeannie Deans, in the "Heart of Midlothian," says to her father: "I learned from a decent woman, a grazier's widow, that they hae a cure for the muir-ill in Cumberland, whilk is ane pint, as they ca't of *yill*, whilk is a drabble in comparison of our gawsie Scot's pint, and hardly a mutchkin, boil'd wi' sope and hartshorn draps, and toomed down the creature's throat wi' ane horn."

In his "Pennyless Pilgrim," written in 1618, Taylor enumerates some varieties of ale he sampled at Manchester.

> "How merry Manchester did use me well,
> Their lives to me on tenter-hooks did rack;
> Roast, boiled, baked, too-too-much white claret sack,
> Nothing they thought too heavy or too hot,
> Can followed can, and pot succeeded pot.
> But what they could do, all they thought too little,
> Striving, in love, the traveller to whittle.
> We went into the house of one John Pinners
> (A man that lives among a crew of sinners),
> And there eight several sorts of ale we had,
> All able to make one stark drunk or mad.
> But I, with courage, bravely flinched not,
> And gave the town leave to discharge the shot.
> We had at one time set upon the table
> Good ale of hyssop—'twas no Æsop's fable:
> Then had we ale of sage; and ale of malt,
> And ale of wormwood, that could make one halt;

With ale of rosemary, and betony,
And two ales more, else I needs must lie.
But to conclude this drinking-aley-tale,
We had a sort of ale called scurvy ale."

Medieval writers frequently mention the word Domingo in connection with ale. Bratwaithe (Drunken Barnaby) says:

"There he sat and took some stingo,
Next a Butcher and Domingo."

The few words of the song which Silence sings in company with Justice Shallow and Falstaff do not throw much light on the meaning of the above word. The refrain Shakespeare makes use of is from a song which appears in "Letting of humours blood in the head vain," 1600:—

"Monsieur Domingo is a skilful man,
For much experience he hath lately got,
Proving more physic in an alehouse can
Than may be found in any vintner's pot:
Beere, he protests, is sodden and refin'd,
And this he speaks, being single penny lin'd.

"For when his purse is swolne but sixpence big,
Why, then he swears—Now, by the Lord, I thinke
All beere in Europe is not worth a figge;
A cup of claret is the only drinke.
And thus his praise from beere to wine dothe goe,
Even as his purse in pence doth ebbe and flowe."

CHAPTER III.

CAROLS AND WASSAIL SONGS.

"Carol, carol gaily, carol on our way."

THE earliest ale and beer songs were the Christmas carols, and those songs that celebrated the most important Christian festival in the whole year, when the religious and secular festivities were kept up frequently beyond Twelfth Day, even until St. Distaff's Day, when work was partially resumed.

"Partly work and partly play
You must on St. Distaff's Day—
From the plough soon free your teame;
Then come home and fother them.
If the maids a spinning goe,
Burn the flax and fire the tow,
Scorch the plackets, but beware
That ye singe no maiden hair.
Bring in pails of water, then
Let the maids bewash the men;
Give St. Distaff all the right,
Then bid Christmas sport good-night,
And next morrow every one
To his own vocatione."

The guests departed, and the lights were turned down until Whitsuntide; meantime the burthen, troubles, and routine of daily life were resumed.

Pope Gregory was anxious to convert the heathen feasts into Christian festivals, as is shown by his letter to Melitus, a British

Abbot — "Whereas the people were accustomed to sacrifice many oxen in honour of dæmons, let them celebrate a religious and solemn festival, and not slay the animals diabolo, to the devil, but to be eaten themselves, ad laudem Dei, to the praise of God, and to celebrate the feast with thanksgiving and prayer."—Bede's "Eccles. History."

A modern version of Herrick embodies that sentiment:—

"'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltlesse mirth,
And giv'st me wassaile bowles to drink,
Spiced to the brink:
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
That soiles my land;
And giv'st me for my bushell sowne,
Twice ten for one."

The Wassail, New Year, Twelfth Night, and Handsel Monday observances, all became affiliated to the Christmas festivities, which were kept up with vigour by all classes for about a fortnight, and carol and wassail songs were in full swing. Beckwith, writing in 1784, states, that "in Yorkshire the festival of Christmas was held for twenty days, and some persons extended it to Candlemas." Of course the Wassail observances are included in these Christmas festivities of which this formed a part. In the Glossary to the Exmoor Dialect, Wassail is defined as "a drinking song on Twelfth Day eve, throwing toast on apple trees in order to have a fruitful year, which seems to be a relic of the heathen sacrifice to Pomona."

In some remote place the yule-log still blazes in the chimney of the rustic at Christmas eve, under the different appellations of Christmas-stock, log-block, &c. The wassail was regularly carried from door to door in Cornwall forty or fifty years ago; and even now a measure of flip, ale, or porter, and sugar, or some such beverage, is handed round while the yule-log is burning—or stock, as it is denominated in the western counties. The wassail bowl is of Saxon origin, and merits notice on account of the well-known story. Vortigern, prince of the Silures, fell in

love with Rowena, the niece of Hengist. She presented the prince with a bowl of spiced wine, saying in Saxon, "Waes heal Hlaford Cyning," which signifies, "Be of health, lord king." Vortigern married her, and thus his kingdom fell to the Saxons. Robert of Gloucester celebrates the event:—

"Kuteshire and sitte hire adoune, and glad drink hire heil,
And that was in this land the Verst, 'Washail,'
As in the language of Saxyone that we might evere i' wite,
And so well he paieth the fole about, that he is not yet vorgute."

Waesheil thus became the name of the drinking cups of the Anglo-Saxons; and those cups were afterwards in constant use. However our ancestors carolled gaily and wassailled freely in due season. The following are some of the lays that were chanted. According to our lights, some of these appear somewhat irreverent, but they unquestionably represented the feelings of the times at which they were composed.

The first one is taken from the Cotton MS. (beginning of the sixteenth century) in the British Museum, and is there intituled "A Christenmasse Carol":—

A bone, God wot!
Sticks in my throat—
Without I have a draught
Of cornie ale,
Nappy and stale,
My life lies in great waste.

Some ale or beer,
Gentle butler.
Some liquor thou us show,
Such as thou mash
Our throats to wash,
The best were that you brew.

Saint, master, and knight
That Saint Malt hight,

Were pressed between two stones;
The sweet humour
Of his liquor
Would make us sing at once.

Master Wortley,
I dare well say—
I tell you as I think—
Would not, I say,
Bid us this day,
But that we should have drink.

His men so tall
Walk up his hall
With many a comely dish;
Of his good meat
I cannot eat,
Without I drink, I wis.

Now give us drink,
And let cat wink,
I tell you all at once,
It sticks so sore
I may sing no more,
Till I have drunken once.

The next appears in "Ritson's Collection":—

"God bless the master of this house,
The mistress also,
And all the little children
That round the table go.

"And all your kin and kinsfolk,
That dwell both far and near;
I wish you a merry Christmas,
And a happy New Year."

Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt, in his collection of Derby songs, shows that a spirit of thankfulness prevailed:—

"The morrow when Mass had been said in the Chappell,
Six Tables were cover'd in the Hall;
And in comes the Squire and makes a short speech:
It was, 'Neighbours, you are welcome all;

"'But not a Man here shall taste my March Beer
Till Christmas Carroll be sung.'
Then all clapt their Hands and they shouted and sung
Till the Hall and the Parlour did ring.

"Now Mustard, Brawn, Roast Beef, and Plumb Pies
Were set upon every Table:
And noble George Gamwell said, 'Eat and be merry,
And drink as long as you're able."

"When dinner was ended his Chaplain said grace,
And 'Be merry, my Friends,' said the 'Squire;
'It rains and it blows, but call for more Ale,
And lay some more wood on the fire.'"

And so they did. "The Trusby Hunting Song" ends with the following appropriate verse:

"Now, Gallants, I bid you Farewell,
For fear I your Patience have tyr'd;
And hie for a Glass of good Ale,
That Poetry may be admired."

Then there was the time-honoured toast:—

"A merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

The above was generally the prelude to the good things that the householder was expected to provide. The date of the next is given by Mr. Chappell as 1642.

All You that are Good Fellows.

All you that are good fellows,
Come hearken to my song;
I know you do not hate good cheer,
Nor liquor that is strong.
I hope there is none here
But soon will take my part,
Seeing my master and my dame
Say welcome with their heart.

This is a time of joyfulness,
And merry time of year,
When as the rich with plenty stor'd
Do make the poor good cheer.
Plum-porridge, roast beef, and minc'd pies,
Stand smoking on the board;
With other brave varieties
Our master doth afford.

Our mistress and her cleanly maids
Have neatly play'd the cooks;
Methinks these dishes eagerly
At my sharp stomach looks,
As though they were afraid
To see me draw my blade;
But I revenged on them will be,
Until my stomach's stay'd.

Come fill us of the strongest,
Small drink is out of date;
Methinks I shall fare like a prince,
And sit in gallant state:
This is no miser's feast,
Although that things be dear;
God grant the founder of this feast
Each Christmas keep good cheer.

This day for Christ we celebrate,
Who was born at this time;
For which all Christians should rejoice,
And I do sing in rhyme.
When you have given thanks,
Unto your dainties fall.
Heav'n bless my master and my dame;
Lord bless me and you all.

The next extract, from an old ballad, was at one time very popular. It is given in the Pepys' Collection, printed for P. Brooksby and licensed by Roger L'Estrange, entitled "OLD CHRISTMAS RETURNED, OR HOSPITALITY REVIVED; being a looking-glass for rich misers, wherein they may see (if they be not blind) how much they are to blame for their penurious housekeeping; and likewise an encouragement to those noble-minded gentry who lay out a great part of their estate in hospitalitie relieving such persons as have need thereto:

'Who feasts the poor, a true reward shall find,
Or helps the old, the feeble, lame, or blind.'"

The tune, as given by Mr. Chappell, is named the "Delights of the Bottle."

"All you that to feasting and mirth are inclin'd,
Come, here is good news for to pleasure your mind.
Old Christmas is come for to keep open house;
He scorns to be guilty of starving a mouse:
Then come, boys, and welcome, of diet the chief,
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minc'd pies, and roast beef.

"The times were ne'er good since Old Christmas was fled,
And all hospitality hath been so dead;
No mirth at our festivals late did appear,
They scarcely would part with a cup of March beer.
But now you shall see for the ease of your grief,
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, &c., &c.

"The butler and baker, they now may be glad,
The times they are mended, though they have been bad.
The brewer, he likewise may be of good cheer,
He shall have good trading for ale and strong beer.
All trades shall be jolly, and have for relief,
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, &c., &c.

"Those that have no coin at the cards for to play,
May sit by the fire, and pass time away,
And drink off their moisture, contented and free;
My honest good fellow, come, here is to thee;
And when they are hungry, fall to their relief,
Plum pudding, goose, capon, &c., &c.

"Then well may we welcome Old Christmas to town,
Who brings us good cheer and good liquor so brown,
To pass the cold winter away with delight,
We feast it all day, and we frolic all night,
Both hunger and cold we keep out with relief,
Plum pudding, goose, capon, &c., &c."

Bamfyldes' poem, though it can scarcely be called a carol, deserves a place among Christmas poetry:—

"With footstep slow, in furry pall yclad,
His brows enwreathed with holly never sere,
Old Christmas comes, to close the wained year;
And aye the shepherd's heart to make right glad;
Who, when his teeming flocks are homeward had,
To blazing hearth repairs, and nut-brown beer,
And views well pleased the ruddy prattlers dear
Hug the grey mungrel; meanwhile maid and lad
Squabble for roasted crabs. Thee, Sire, we hail,
Whether thine aged limbs thou dost enshroud
In vest of snowy white and hoary veil,
Or wrap'st thy visage in a sable cloud;
Thee we proclaim with mirth and cheer, nor fail
To greet thee well with many a carol loud."

The song of Janus also is a song of welcome. It appeared originally in "The Thracian Wonder," by Webster and Rowley:—

"Now does jolly Janus greet your merriment;
For since the world's creation
I never changed my fashion;
'Tis good enough to fence the cold:
My hatchet serves to cut the firing yearly,
My bowl preserves the juice of grape and barley;
Fire, wine, and strong beer, makes me live so long here,
To give the merry new year a welcome in.

"All the potent powers of plenty wait upon
You that intend to frolic to-day:
To Bacchus I commend ye, and Ceres eke attend ye,
To keep encroaching cares away.
That Boreas' blast may never blow to harm you;
Nor Hiems' frosts, but give you cause to warm you:
Old father Janevere drinks a health to all here,
To give the merry new year a welcome in."

"Those who at Christmas do repine,
And would fain hence despatch him,
May they with old Duke Humphrey dine,
Or else may Squire Ketch catch 'em."

According to Geo. Wither, even Justices suspended business during Christmas:—

"Now poor men to the justices
With capons make their errants;
And if they hap to fail of these,
They plague them with their warrants.
But now they feed them with good cheer,
And what they want, they take in beer,
For Christmas comes but once a year,
And then they shall be merry."

Grahame has caught the spirit of the time when he wrote:—

"Long ere the lingering dawn of that blythe morn
Which ushers in the year, the roosting cock,
Flapping his wings, repeats his 'larum shrill;
But on that busy morn no flail obeys
His rousing call—no sounds but sounds of joy
Salute the ear. The first-foot's entering step
That sudden on the floor is welcome heard,
Ere blushing maids have braided up their hair,
The laugh, the hearty kiss, the "Good New Year,"
Pronounced with honest warmth in village, grange,
And barrow town; the steaming flagon borne
From house to house, elates the poor man's heart
And makes him feel that life has still its joys.
The aged and the young, man, woman, child,
Unite in social glee—even stranger dogs,
Meeting with bristling backs, soon lay aside
Their snarling aspect, and in sportive chase,
Excursive scour, or wallow in the snow.
With sober cheerfulness the grandam eyes
Her offsprings round her all in health and peace,
And, thankful she is spared to see this day
Return once more, breathes low a secret prayer
That God would shed a blessing on their heads."

The next two or three songs are of more recent date. "England's Golden Days" is imprinted as being published by T. E. Purday, St. Paul's, which would fix the date of issue about thirty years back. Purday afterwards removed to Holborn, where I knew him about 1860.

England's Golden Days.

I sing, but 'tis an English song, for oh, I love to praise
Each custom that is handed down from England's golden days;
Let other bards praise foreign climes, 'tis not the theme for me,
Old England with her happy homes, my minstrel lay shall be;

I do not deem that minstrel theme can better form its lays,
Than singing to a merry strain, old England's golden days.

I love an English spring-time, when early flowers appear,
The soft blue-bell and all that tell the opening of the year;
When rosy girls, with chestnut curls, peep from each cottage door,
And nature in her green array, is lovely as of yore.
I do not deem that minstrel, &c.

For scenes of beauty, who the palm to foreign climes would yield,
That views in glorious summer-time an English harvest field;
Her murm'ring rills, her fertile hills, her rivers clear and free,
Oh, there is not a fairer scene an Englishman can see.
I do not deem that minstrel, &c.

But sturdy winter comes at last, and good old Christmas cheer,
In huts and halls proclaims to all the season of the year;
The peasant with his home-brew'd ale, the squire with good old wine,
In universal holiday and social mirth combine.
I do not deem that minstrel, &c.

Then who that loves old England, says her golden days are o'er;
Behold her commerce, is she not, as prosperous as before;
She has statesmen wise, and heroes brave, to fill the passing scene,
And as in England's by-gone days, a *true-born British Queen.*
I do not deem that minstrel, &c.

The next was also issued by T. E. Purday.

Merrie England.

Oh! why was England merry call'd, I pray you tell me why?
Because old England merry was in merry times gone by;
She knew no dearth of honest mirth to cheer both son and sire,
And kept it up o'er wassail cup around the Christmas fire.

When fields were dight with blossoms white, and leaves of lively green,
The maypole rear'd its flowery head, and dancing round were seen
A youthful band, join'd hand in hand, with shoon and buckles trim,
And softly rose the melody of Flora's morning hymn.

Her garlands too of varied hue the merry milkmaid wove,
And Jack the piper caprioled within his dancing grove,
Will, Friar Tuck, and Little John, with Robin Hood their king,
Bold foresters! blythe choristers! made vale and mountain ring.

On every spray blooms lovely May, and balmy zephyrs breathe,
Ethereal splendour all above, and beauty all beneath.
The cuckoo's song, the woods among, sounds sweetly as of old,
As bright and warm the sunbeams shine, then why should hearts grow cold.

The following gem is from "The Old Courtier," *temp.* Queen Anne:—

"With an old fashion when Christmas was come,
To call in his neighbours with bagpipe and drum;
And good cheer enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak and a man dumb."

Old Tusser gives similar advice:—

"At Christmas be merry and thankful withal,
And feast thy poor neighbours, the great and the small."

It cannot be denied that our ancestors prolonged the festivities vigorously at Christmastide. The fun went fast and furious, and wassail was put away—perhaps not wisely, but too well. They had a good capacity: their appetites were not vitiated and destroyed by sherry or gin and bitters, S. and B.'s, angostura, or any such compounds. The following lines were specially intended for Twelfth Night, and are taken from a black letter

collection, but no date is given. The tune is "Gallants, come away."

A Carol for a Wassel Bowl.

A jolly wassel bowl,
A wassel of good ale,
Well fare the butler's soul
That setteth this to sale;
Our jolly wassel.

Good dame, here at your door
Our wassel we begin;
We are all maidens poor,
We pray now let us in,
With our wassel.

Our wassel we do fill
With apples and with spice;
Then grant us your good will
To taste here once or twice
Of our good wassel.

If any maidens be
Here dwelling in this house,
They kindly will agree
To take a full carouse
Of our wassel.

But here they let us stand
All freezing in the cold;
Good master, give command
To enter, and be bold,
With our wassel.

Much joy unto this hall
With us is entered in;
Our master, first of all,
We hope will now begin
Of our wassel.

And after, his good wife
Our spicéd bowl will try;
The Lord prolong your life,
Good fortune we espy
For our wassel.

Some bounty from your hands,
Our wassel to maintain:
We'll buy no house nor lands
With that which we do gain
With our wassel.

This is our merry night
Of choosing king and queen,
Then be it your delight
That something may be seen
In our wassel.

It is a noble part
To bear a liberal mind;
God bless our master's heart,
For here we comfort find
With our wassel.

And now we must be gone,
To seek out more good cheer
Where bounty will be shown,
As we have found it here,
With our wassel.

Much joy betide them all,
Our prayers shall be still,
We hope, and ever shall,
For this your great good will
To our wassel.

According to the Glossary of the Exmore Dialect, "watsail is a drinking song on Twelfth-day Eve, throwing toast on the

apple-trees, in order to have a fruitful year, which seems to be a relic of the heathen sacrifice to Pomona." A similar and more universal custom prevails in the south, where the labourers pour a small quantity of beer on the ground before drinking—the libation to mother earth.

The Twelfth Night song from Herrick's "Hesperides," gives the composition of lamb's wool, and is a good description of observances kept up on that night when cakes and ale were had in combination:—

"Now, now the mirth comes,
With the cake full of plums,
Where beane's the king of the sport here
Beside we must know,
The pea also
Must revell as queene in the court here.

"Begin then to chuse,
This night as ye use,
Who shall for the present delight here;
Be a king by the lot,
And who shall not
Be Twelve-day queene for the night here.

"Which knowne, let us make
Joy-sops with the cake;
And let not a man then be seen here
Who unurg'd will not drinke,
To the base from the brink,
A health to the king and the queene here.

"Next crowne the bowle full
With gentle lamb's-wooll;
Adde sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,
With store of ale too;
And thus ye must doe,
To make the wassaile a swinger.

"Give then to the king
And queene wassailing,
And though with ale ye be whet here,
Yet part ye from hence,
As free from offence,
As when ye innocent met here."

The next wassailing song is interesting as showing local customs; but the one referred to is not peculiar to Gloucestershire, though it varies slightly in different counties. "It is still usual in many parts of England to hand round the wassail, or health-bowl, on New Year's Eve. The custom is supposed to be of Saxon origin, and to be derived from one of the observances of the Feast of Yale. The following is a universal favourite in Gloucestershire, particularly in the neighbourhood of

'Stow-on-the-Wold,
Where the winds blow co

as the old rhyme says."—*Bell.* "Wassel or wassail," says Stevens, "is still in use in the midland counties, and it signifies what is sometimes called lamb's wool, *i.e.*, roasted apples in strong beer, with sugar and spice. It is sometimes used for general riots, intemperance, or festivity. Ben Jonson personifies wassel thus: Enter *Wassel*, like a neat sempster and songster, her page bearing a brown bowl, dressed with ribbons and rosemary, before her." By the way, dog's nose is a tipple that one hears very little of at the present day, though it was once very popular.

"Wassail! wassail! all over the town,
Our toast it is white, and our ale it is brown;
Our bowl is made of a maplin tree;
We be good fellows all—I drink to thee.

"Here's to our horse, and to his right ear,
God send our measter a happy new year;
A happy new year as e'er he did see—
With my wassailing bowl I drink to thee.

"Here's to our mare, and to her right eye,
God send our mistress a good Christmas pie;
A good Christmas pie as e'er I did see—
With my wassailing bowl I drink to thee.

"Here's to our cow, and to her long tail,
God send our measter as never may fail
Of a cup of good beer: I pray you draw near,
And our jolly wassail it's then you shall hear.

"Be there any maids? I suppose here be some;
Sure they will not let young men stand on the cold stone!
Sing hey, O maids! come trole back the pin,
And the fairest maid in the house let us all in.

"Come, butler, come, bring us a bowl of the best!
I hope your soul in heaven will rest;
But if you do bring us a bowl of the small,
Then down fall butler, and bowl and all."

Here are two versions of one of the oldest wassail songs extant. For the antique edition I am indebted to *Notes and Queries* for December 1860. The modernised and fuller version appears in Mr. Chappell's Collection. It is stated that the ballad was taken from a broadside, published, without date or printer's name, about the middle of the seventeenth century.

No. I.

"Brynge us home good ale, syr, brynge us home good ale,
And for our der lady, lady love, brynge us som good ale.
Brynge us home no beff, syr, for that is full of bonys,
But brynge home goode ale y nough, for that my love alone ys:
Brynge us home no wetyn brede, for y^{t} be ful of branne;
Nothyr of no ry brede, for y^{t} is of y^{t} same;
Brynge us home no porke, syr, for y^{t} is verie fatt;
Nothyr no barly brede, for neyther love I that;

Brynge us home no muton, for that is tough and lene;
Neyther no trypys, for thei be seldyn clene;
Brynge us home no veell, syr, that do I not desyr;
But brynge us home good ale y nough to drynke by y^e^ fyer;
Brynge us home no syder, nor no palde wyne,
For and y^u^ do thow shalt have Criste's curse and mine."

No. II.

" Bring us in no brown bread, for that is made of bran,
Nor bring us in no white bread, for therein is no grain;
But bring us in good ale, and bring us in good ale,
For our blessed lady's sake, bring us in good ale.

" Bring us in no beef, for there is many bones,
But bring us in good ale, for that go'th down at once;
But bring us in, &c.

" Bring us in no bacon, for that is passing fat,
But bring us in good ale, and give us enough of that.
But bring us in, &c.

" Bring us in no mutton, for that is passing lean,
Nor bring us in no tripes, for they are seldom clean.
But bring us in, &c.

" Bring us in no eggs, for there are many shells,
But bring us in good ale, and give us nothing else.
But bring us in, &c.

" Bring us in no butter, for there are many hairs,
Nor bring us in no pig's flesh, for that will make us bears.
But bring us in, &c.

" Bring us in no puddings, for therein is all God's good,
Nor bring us in no venison, that is not for our blood.
But bring us in, &c.

" Bring us in no capon's flesh, for that is often dear,
Nor bring us in no duck's flesh, for they slobber in the mere (mire),
But bring us in good ale, and bring us in good ale,
For our blessed lady's sake, bring us in good ale."

The next is reprinted in the Percy Society's Collection, vol. xxiii. It is sung by *Dissimulation* personating Simon of Swiynsett, when offering the poisoned ale to the king, in the play of KYNGE JOHAN. The date is about 1550.

" The dayes of your lyfe never fell ye suche a cuppe,
So good and so holesome, if ye would drynke it upp:
It passeth Malmesaye, Capryck, Tyre, or Ypocras;
By my faythe I thynke a better drynke never was.

" Wassayle, wassayle, out of the milke payle,
Wassayle, wassayle as whyte as my nayle,
Wassayle, wassayle in snowe, froste, and hayle,
Wassayle, wassayle with patriche and rayle,
Wassayle, wassayle that much doth avayle,
Wassayle, wassayle that never will fayle."

Mr. Beckwith relates, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1784, that " Near Leeds, in Yorkshire, when he was a boy, it was customary for many families, on the twelfth eve of Christmas, to invite their relations, friends, and neighbours to their houses, to play at cards and to partake of a supper, of which minced pies were an indispensable ingredient; and after supper was brought in the wassail cup or wassail bowl, of which every one partook by taking with a spoon out of the ale a roasted apple and eating it, and then drinking the healths of the company out of the bowl, wishing them a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. (The festival of Christmas used in this part of the country to hold for twenty days, and some persons extended it to Candlemas.) The ingredients put into the bowl, viz., ale, sugar, nutmeg, and roasted apples, were usually called lamb's wool."

The next, said to be a corruption of a much older song, was

taken from a little chapbook printed at Manchester, entitled "A Selection of Christmas Hymns:"—

"Here we come a wesseling,
Among the leaves so green;
Here we come a wandering,
So fair to be seen.
Love and joy comes to you,
And to your wessel too,
And God send you a happy new year,
A new year,
And God send you a happy new year.
Our wessel cup is made of the rosemary tree,
So is your beer of the best barley.

"We are not daily beggars,
That beg from door to door;
But we are neighbours' children,
Whom you have seen before.
Love and joy, &c.

"Call up the butler of this house,
Put on his golden ring,
Let him bring us up a glass of beer,
And the better we shall sing.
Love and joy, &c.

"We have got a little purse
Made of stretching leather skin,
We want a little of your money
To line it well within.
Love and joy, &c.

"Bring us out a table,
And spread it with a cloth,
Bring us out a mouldy cheese,
And some of your Christmas loaf.
Love and joy, &c.

"God bless the master of this house,
Likewise the mistress too,
And all the little children
That round the table go.
Love and joy, &c.

"Good master and mistress,
While you're sitting by the fire,
Pray think of us poor children,
Who are wand'ring in the mire.
Love and joy come to you,
And to your wessel too,
And God send you a happy new year,
A new year,
And God send you a happy new year.
Our wessel cup is made of the rosemary tree,
So is your beer of the best barley."

The toast that was usually drank on these occasions ran somewhat like this:—

"A pocket full of money, and a cellar full of beer,
We wish you merrie and a happy new year."

A Carol for Twelfth Day.

To the tune of the *Lady's Fall.*

(Extracted from Chappell's Version.)

Mark well my heavy, doleful tale,
For Twelfth Day now is come,
And now I must no longer stay,
And say no word but mum;
For I perforce must take my leave
Of all my dainty cheer—
Plum-porridge, roast beef, minc'd pies,
My strong ale and my beer.

Kind-hearted Christmas now adieu,
For I with thee must part;

But oh! to take my leave of thee
Doth grieve me at the heart.
Thou wert an ancient housekeeper,
And mirth with meat did'st keep;
But thou art going out of town,
Which causes me to weep.

Come, butler, fill a brimmer full
To cheer my fainting heart,
That to old Christmas I may drink
Before he does depart.
And let each one that 's in the room,
With me likewise condole;
And now to cheer their spirits sad,
Let each one drink a bowl.

And when the same it hath gone round,
Then fall unto your cheer;
For you well know that Christmas time
It comes but once a year.
But this good draught which I have drank
Hath comforted my heart;
For I was very fearful that
My stomach would depart.

Thanks to my master and my dame,
That do such cheer afford;
God bless them that, each Christmas, they
May furnish so their board.
My stomach being come to me,
I mean to have a bout;
And now to eat most heartily—
Good friends I do not flout.

Here is a good general song for Christmas, for which I am indebted for permission to publish, to Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co.

COME GATHER ROUND THE CHRISTMAS FIRE.

Words by W. T. Hulland. Music by C. H. Gregory, Mus. Bac. Oxon.

Come, gather round the Christmas fire,
And pile the fuel high,
For Christmas comes but once a year,
Let's spend it merrily.

Away with grief, and welcome love,
Peace and goodwill to-day;
For life is short, another year
May find us in the clay.

May he, who o'er some stricken heart,
The oil and wine has shed,
Now find that every drop has brought,
A blessing on his head.

Then fill your glasses brimming high,
And let this be the toast:
"May he who loves his fellows best,
Enjoy his Christmas most."

For Christmas comes but once a year,
Let's spend it merrily.

There is no song, story, or proverb without its converse; so, while the well-to-do could rejoice over their wassail, the poor had to lament in a dirge over the memory of past drinks:—

CHRISTMAS DAY.

By a Poor Old Man.

In times far back, my Christmas fare
Was turkey and a chine:
A pudding made of things most rare,
And plenty of good wine.

When poorer grown, I still could dine
On goose or roasted pig;
A glass of grog instead of wine,
And dance the merry jig.

When times grew worse, my Christmas fare
Was beef and pudding plain;
A pot of beer in lieu of grog—
Nor did I then complain.

But now my mirth is turned to grief,
For Christmas Day is near;
No turkey, pudding, chine, or beef,
No wine—no grog—no beer.

Song of Christmas.

By Charles Dickens. Music by G. H. Rodwell (D'Almaine).

Tho' the wind blow, tho' the snow fall,
We laugh at the old care to-day,
They're laughing and singing in bower and hall,
And we'll be as merry as they, as they,
And we'll be merry as they.
The misletoe hangs on the rafters high,
Fill, fill every flagon with cheer,
For Christmas was meant for jollity,
And cometh but once a year, a year,
And cometh but once a year.
Yes, Christmas was meant for jollity,
Yes, Christmas was meant for jollity,
And cometh but once a year,
And cometh but once a year.

Bring in the haunch, let the hearth blaze,
Eat, drink, and chase every pain,
With joyous old carols of by-gone days,
We seem to live over again,
We seem to live over again.

Then what care we for a wintry sky,
Who dream but of sunshine here,
While Christmas was meant for jollity,
And cometh but once a year.
And cometh but, &c.

A Christmas Song.

The winter festival's returned,
Kill'd fatten'd ox and sheep:
The cheerful Christmas log is burn'd,
And we its vigil keep.
The pitcher's filled, come, play your parts,
In jest, or song, or tale.
See! on the board, my jovial hearts,
The spicy toast and ale.

The holly boughs with berries red,
That thro' the green leaves glow,
Around the walls and windows spread,
Look gay in frost and snow.
The misletoe delight imparts,
To pluck its berries pale.
Delight, too, flows, my jovial hearts,
From spicy toast and ale.

There waits, a midnight minstrel throng,
Their dulcet music play:
The bellman rings a loud ding dong,
And trolls his annual lay;
But fleeting night too soon departs,
When joys like these prevail,
Remember, then, my jovial hearts,
Mirth, song, and toast and ale.

Printed by J. Catnach, Monmouth Court, Seven Dials.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Look where you will, you'll neatness find t' night.
To view that neatness is a pleasing sight;
Both young and old are eager to prepare
To cheer their friends with true old English fare.
Good home-brew'd, too—I hope you will not fail
To let your bellman taste your Christmas ale.

A spirit of reverence and thankfulness is not out of place in any book, so I will close this chapter with S. Rickard's ode to

CHRISTMAS DAY.

THOUGH rude winds usher thee, sweet day,
Though clouds thy face deform,
Though nature's grace is swept away,
Before thy sleety storm;
Ev'n in thy sombrest wintry rest,
Of blessed days thou art most blest.

Nor frigid air, nor gloomy morn,
Shall check our jubilee;
Bright is the day when Christ was born,
No sun need shine but He;
Let roughest storms their coldest blow,
With love of Him our hearts shall glow.

Oft as this joyous morn doth come,
To speak our Saviour's love,
Oh, may it bear our spirits home,
Where He now reigns above;
That day which brought Him from the skies,
And man restores to Paradise!

CHAPTER IV.

CHURCH ALES AND OBSERVANCES.

"LAUNCE. *If thou wilt go with me to the alehouse, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian; because thou hast not so much Charity as to go to the alehouse with a Christian.*"—TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, act ii., scene 5.

THE Church wakes and festivals, as originally established in this country, were based upon religious principles, following the lines of the agapæ or love feasts of the early Christians, which were in turn derived from the older heathen observances. Pope Gregory encouraged these feasts and solemn festivals. Animals should not be sacrificed diabolo, to the devil, but ad laudem Dei, to the praise of God.

These festivals were primitively held upon the day of the dedication of the church in each district, or the birthday of the saint whose relics were therein deposited, or to whose honour it was consecrated: for which purpose the people were directed to make booths and tents with the boughs of trees adjoining to the churches, circa easdem ecclesias (Bede, "Eccl. Hist." lib. 1, cap. 30), and in them to celebrate the feast with thanksgiving and prayer. In process of time the people assembled on the vigil or evening preceding the saint's day, and came, says an old authority, "to churche with candellys burnyng, and would wake, and come toward night to the church in their devocion" ("Homily for the Vigil of St. John Baptist," MS. Harl.), agreeable to the requisition contained in one of the canons established by King Edgar, whereby those who came to the wake were ordered to pray devoutly, and not to betake themselves to drunkenness and

debauchery. The necessity for this restriction plainly indicates that abuses of this religious institution began to make their appearance as early as the tenth century. The author above cited goes on, "and afterwards the pepul fell to letcherie, and songs and daunses, with harping and piping, and also to glotony and sinne; and so tourned the holyness to cursydness; wherefore holy faders ordeyned the pepull to leve that waking and to fast the evyn, for of evyn they were wont to come to churche." In proportion as the festivals deviated from the original design of their institution, they became more popular, the conviviality was extended, and not only the inhabitants of the parish to which the church belonged were present at them, but they were joined by others from the neighbouring towns and parishes, who flocked together upon these occasions; and the greater the reputation of the tutelar saint, the greater generally was the promiscuous assembly. The pedlars and hawkers attended to sell their wares, and so by degrees the religious wake was converted into a secular fair. The riots and debaucheries which eventually took place at these nocturnal meetings, became so offensive to religious persons that they were suppressed, and regular fairs established, to be held on the saint's day, or upon some other day near to it as might be most convenient; and if the place did not admit of any traffic of consequence, the time was spent in festive mirth and vulgar amusements. These fairs still retain the ancient name of wakes in many parts of the kingdom.

These wakes or anniversaries of the saint to whom the church was dedicated, and the fairs which originated from them, were held in the churchyards and occasionally in churches, by which it became a matter of complaint that "Goddes house was made a tavern of Gluttons." The terms Scot ales and Give ales were occasionally used synonymously, but, generally speaking, there was a distinction between them. *Scot ales* were maintained by joint contributions. Thus the tenants of South Malling, in Sussex, which belonged to the Archbishop of Canterbury, were, at the keeping of a court, to entertain the lord or his bailiff with a drinking, or an ale, and the stated quotas towards the charge were, that a man should pay three pence halfpenny for himself and his

wife, and a widow and a cottager three halfpence. And in the manor of Terring, in the same county, and under the same jurisdiction, it was the custom for the tenants named to make a *scotale* of sixteen pence halfpenny, and to allow out of each sixpence three halfpence to find drink for the bailiff.

Common scotales in taverns, at which the clergy were not to be present, are noticed in several ecclesiastical canons. They were not to be published in the church by the clergy or the laity; and a meeting of more than ten persons of the same parish or vicinage was a scotale that was in general prohibited. There were also common drinkings, in the mentioning of which the prefix *scot* was omitted, and instead of it was inserted a word which denoted the special purpose which occasioned the compotation. *Leet-ale*, *bride-ale*, *clerk-ale*, *church-ale*, are instances in point. To a leet-ale it is likely all the residents in a manorial district were contributors; and the expense of a bride-ale was probably defrayed by the relations and friends of a happy pair, who were not in circumstances to bear the charges of a wedding-dinner. The clerk's-ale was in the Easter holidays, and was the method taken to enable clerks of parishes to collect more readily their dues, or, as it is expressed in Aubrey's MS. "History of Wilts," as cited by Mr. Warton in his "History of English Poetry," "it was for the clerk's private benefit and the solace of the neighbourhood."

Mr. Warton has likewise copied from the Dodsworth MS. the following extract from an old indenture made before the Reformation, which shows the design of a church-ale:—"The parishioners of Elveston and Okebrook, in Derbyshire, agree jointly to brew four ales, and every ale of one quarter of malt, betwixt this and the feast of St. John the Baptist next coming. And that every inhabitant of the said town of Okebrook shall be at the several ales. And every husband and his wife shall pay two pence, every cottager one penny; and all the inhabitants of Elveston shall have and receive all the profits and advantages coming of the said ales to the use and behoof of the said church of Elveston. And the inhabitants of Elveston shall brew eight ales betwixt this and the feast of St. John the Baptist,

at which ales the inhabitants of Okebrook shall come and pay as before rehearsed. And if he be away at one ale, to pay at other ale for both," &c.

The different ales above specified were, as I have already remarked, supported by joint contributions, and most of them, in a greater or less degree, compulsory. But the *giveales*, which I have principally in view, were the legacies of individuals, and from that circumstance entirely gratuitous; though some of them might be in addition to a common giveale before established in the parish.

If an adequate judgment can be formed from Stowell's "Extracts of Wills," entered in the Register's office of the diocese of Rochester, testamentary giveales must have been very numerous in England. In several clauses the word occurs; but when the bequest was of malt or of barley, the use to which it is to be converted is obvious.

A dole of bread with, now and then, a small quantity of cheese and other *corrodies*, is also mentioned in the same bequest. Charity was suggested as a pretence for collecting some of the scotales; but, in the testamentary giveales, the distribution of them to the poor was frequently enjoined, though from the largeness of the quantity brewed it must have been intended that neighbours, who were not of the indigent class, should participate in them.

The most luxurious treat of the kind, recorded in Stowell's "Extracts," was at East Greenwich, pursuant to the will of John Champuis, who bequeathed "three shillings in bread, two shillings in spice-bread, a barrel of ale, a gallon of malmesey, two pounds of comfitts, and twenty pence in cheese, six shillings and eight pence in wood and cole, six shillings and eight pence in money, and twenty pence to the Vicar, and wardens to see it donn for ever." That the poor had the spice-bread, comfits, and Malmsey wine is not so probable a surmise, as that the wardens and their friends were regaled with this choice fare.

Giveales differ likewise materially from the common scotales in their having been so much blended with notions and practices of a superstitious tendency, for the bequests were frequently to the

light, or altar of a saint, with directions for singing of masses at the obit, trental, or anniversary of the death of the testator. Lands were settled for the perpetual payment of the legacies so appropriated, and in consequence became vested in the Crown by the statute of 1 Edward VI., which will account for its now being very difficult to trace the lands infeoffed, and for the general discontinuance of the giveales, which were to be supported by the profits of them. The parish of St. John Baptist, in the Isle of Tenet, is, however, possessed of upwards of fifteen acres of land, acquired by a legacy bequeathed for a giveale by Etheldred Barrow, in the year 1513, there not having been any directions for the performance of masses. Mr. Lewis has not mentioned the special use to which the rent of this land is applied, but from the manner of writing, it may be inferred, that there is not every year on St. James's Day a "distribution of a quarter of malt, and six bushels of wheat and vitell according thereto," notwithstanding the testator willed that such a "yearly yervale should be mainteyned while the world endureth."

Scotales were generally kept in houses of public resort, but the ale at giveales was first dispensed, if not in the church (which, however, sometimes happened), yet in the churchyard; and had not this mode been adopted of inducing persons to assist at the celebration of private masses, and to repeat Ave Marias and Pater Nosters for the health of the founders and their relatives, a principal design of the institution of them would probably have been frustrated. The founders evidently had the idea of making the best of both worlds.

Evidently, then, is it, that a man in high glee over "a stoup of strong liquor" was not in former days an unusual sight within the precincts of a church; unquestionably not, as I apprehend, in Chalk churchyard, William May, of that parish, having provided a copious giveale for a very small district which had very few inhabitants. In his will, which was dated the 24th of May 1512, are some memorable items concerning his funeral which were not minuted by Stowell. To every godchild he had within the county of Kent, or elsewhere, he gave six bushels of barley; and he directed, if four of these children were able, they should

bear him to the church, and every of them have sixpence for his labour. He further willed that his executors should buy two new torches against his burial for x sh., that four poor men should be paid twopence apiece for bearing these torches, and that the three men who should sing at his burial should have for their labour threepence apiece, and as much at his month's mynd. To the highth altar he bequeathed twenty-pence, and he willed that an honest preste should synge for his soull and his friends, as shortly as he may be goten, half a yere, and have for his labour five markes. He willed at his burial there should be thirteen prestes, and every preste to have then, and also at his month's mynd, sixpence for his labor. He likewise willed that his wife make every year for his soull an obit, and to make in bread six bushels of wheat, and in drink ten bushels of mault, and in cheese twenty-pence, to give to poor people for the health of his soull; and he ordered that after the decease of his wife his executors and feoffees should continue the obit before rehearsed for evermore.

Giveales on obsequies, as well as on the anniversaries of the dedication of churches, were in other respects merrymakings, at which there was a free, perhaps a licentious, indulgence in the games and sports of the times; though playing with the ball, singing of ballads, dissolute dances, and ludicrous spectacles in churches and churchyards, subjected the frequenters of them to pecuniary penalties and ecclesiastical censures, excommunications not excepted.

I have been indebted for a great deal of the foregoing to a learned writer in the "Archæologia," vol. 12. Our ancestors had few resources and amusements, and it is not to be wondered at if they extended the strict license of sobriety, especially when the lower order of the clergy gave them every encouragement to do so. From Henry we learn that the secular clergy were no enemies to the pleasure of the table; and some of them contrived to convert gluttony and drunkenness into religious ceremonies, by the celebration of gluttony-masses, as they very properly called them. These gluttony-masses were celebrated five times a year, in honour of the Virgin Mary, in this manner. Early in the

morning the people of the parish assembled in the church, loaded with ample stores of meats and drinks of all kinds. As soon as mass ended the feast began, in which the clergy and laity engaged with equal ardour. The church was turned into a tavern, and became a scene of excessive riot and intemperance. The priests and people of different parishes entered into formal contests which of them should have the greatest gluttony-mass, *i.e.*, which of them should devour the greatest quantities of meat and drink in honour of the Holy Virgin.

It must be remembered that in Anglo-Saxon times, hospitality was the rule, and monasteries, in those times, were a kind of public-houses, where travellers and strangers of all ranks were lodged and entertained. In the Abbey of Aberbrothick, about nine thousand bushels of malt seem to have been annually expended in ale. Chaucer, in the "Ploughman's Tale," reproves the priests because they were more attentive to the practice of secular pastimes than to the administration of their holy functions, saying they were expert

> "At the wrestlynge and at the wake,
> And chefe chauntours at the nale,
> Markette beaters, and medlyng make,
> Hoppen and houters with heve and hale."

That the customs of keeping up church and other ales became greatly abused, there can be no question; and some attempts were made from time to time to restrict them. In the Records of the Court-Leet for the Manor of Manchester, 1552-1680, we find it enacted that no guest at a wedding (bride-ale) should pay for his dinner more than fourpence. The wise men of the town had good reason to know that wedding feasts whereat the guests were compelled by social custom to be present, had become a heavy tax on the community.

Probably the most peculiar of the many quaint customs which our ancestors kept up was the funeral one of sin eating. In a letter dated 1715, printed in Leland's Collection, it is stated that, within the memory of the writer's father, in those villages adjoining Wales, when a person died notice was given to an old

"sire," or village patriarch, who straightway repaired to the house of mourning and sat down on a "cricket," or stool, facing the door; then one of the family of the deceased gave the sin-eater a groat, which he put in his pocket, a crust of bread which he ate, and a full bowl of ale which he drank off at a draught. Finally, he rose from the cricket, and with a composed gesture pronounced "the ease and rest of the soul departed, for which he would pawn his own soul." In Hereford, according to Aubrey, the sin-eater ate his bread and drank his bowl of beer over the corpse, and his fee was sixpence instead of fourpence. Bishop Kennett, to whom Aubrey's manuscripts passed, added to them a note that a remainder of this custom lingered at the beginning of the eighteenth century in the parish of Amersham, in the county of Bucks. There, at the burial of every corpse, a cake and a flagon of ale were brought to the clergyman in the porch; but this refection was not served until after the interment.

Inconstancy in love has prevailed time out of mind, but it is satisfactory to find that retribution overtook Roger as surely as it did Imogene the fair at the wedding feast, even though it were a "bidden wedding." Roger has deserted his first love, whom he left in a delicate condition, fell in with and married the widow of a well-to-do butcher.

"From church the fond couple adjourn to the Crown;
The company drink, laugh, and sing;
The bacon and greens they go merrily down,
And the mugs were all frothing with liquor so brown,
When the bell of the ale-house went *ting*."

All went merry as a marriage bell, until a tipstaff arrived.

"Full stout were his limbs, and full tall was his height;
His boots were all dirty to view,
Which made all the damsels draw back in a fright
Lest by chance they should sully their petticoats white,
And poor Roger began to look blue."

In the upshot the victim was taken away, and

"Four times in each year, when, in judgment profound,
The quorum all doze on the bench,
Is Roger brought up, and is forced to be bound,
With a friend, in the sum of at least forty pound,
To provide for the child and the wench.

"The churchwardens sit round, for the treat they don't pay,
Their cares all with 'bacco beguil'd;
They drink out of mugs newly formed of bak'd clay;
Their liquor is ale, and this whimsical lay
They sing: "Here's a health to fair Peggy the gay,
And the false Roger Gray and his child."

We quote from the foregoing parody, as it shows how prevalent the custom was to have an open feast to all comers on the occasion of "a bride ale" or "bidden wedding." In return, however, for the hospitality the guests were expected to leave a tangible present behind them.

Cumberland and Westmoreland were famous for these bidden weddings. In the course of time, enterprising publicans took the organising of these public weddings in hand, and hence they came to be known as "penny weddings." After defraying the cost of the feast from the contributions of the guests, the profits were handed over to the newly-wedded couple as a nucleus towards furnishing.

In the Records of Hales Owen, an enactment is made against excesses in the brewing of bride ale in contradistinction to "church ale," or the "bid ale," which was got up for the benefit of an unsuccessful tradesman.

"*Item*, a payne is made that no person or persons that shall brewe any wedding ale to sell, shall not brewe above twelve strike of mault at the most, and that the said persons so married shall not keep nor have above eight messe of persons at his dinner within the burrowe; and before his brydall day he shall keepe no unlawful games in hys house nor out of his house, on pain of 20 shillings."

The well-to-do people, however, were above sending the hat

round, and tapped the beer barrels freely to all who chose to come. Cumberland was famous for the hospitality of these bidden weddings. Here is the form of invitation to one, taken from the "European Magazine," of July 1789:—

BIDDEN WEDDING.

Suspend for one day your cares and your labours,
And come to this wedding, kind friends and good neighbours.

Notice is hereby given that the marriage of Isaac Pearson with Frances Atkinson will be solemnized in due form in the Parish Church of Lamplugh, Cumberland, on Tuesday next, the 30th May, inst., after which the bride and bridegroom, with their attendants, will procede to Lonefoot, in the same parish, where the nuptials will be celebrated by a variety of rural entertainments.

Then come one and all,
At Hymen's soft call,
From Whitehaven, Workington, Harrington, Dean,
Hail Ponsonby, Blaing, and all places between;
From Egremont, Cockermouth, Parton, St. Bees,
Cint, Kinnyside, Cimder, and parts joining these,
And the country at large may flock in if they please.
Such sports there will be as have seldom been seen,
Such wrestling, and fencing, and dancing between,
By horses, and asses, and dogs will be run,
That you'll go home happy, as sure as a gun.
In a word, such a wedding can ne'er fail to please,
For the sports of Olympus were trifles to these.
Nota bene: you'll be pleased to observe that the day
Of this grand bridal pomp is the thirtieth of May,
When 'tis hoped that the sun, to enliven the sight,
Like the flambeau of Hymen will deign to burn bright.

Hone transcribes a somewhat different account of the Whitsun ales from the foregoing, and this is worth printing as a complement. *Whitson ales* were derived from the *Agapæ*, or love-feasts

of the early Christians, and were so denominated from the churchwardens' buying, and laying in from presents also, a large quantity of malt, which they brewed into beer, and sold out in the church or elsewhere. The profits, as well as those from sundry games, there being no poor-rates, were given to the poor, for whom this was one mode of provision, according to the Christian rule that all festivities should be rendered innocent by alms. Aubrey thus describes a Whitsun ale: "In every parish was a church-house, to which belonged spits, crocks, and other utensils for dressing provisions. Here the housekeepers met. The young people were there too, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, &c., the ancients sitting gravely by and looking on." It seems, too, that a tree was erected by the church door, where a banner was placed, and maidens stood gathering contributions. An arbour, called Robin Hood's Bower, was also put up in the churchyard. In more modern times the Whitsun ale consisted of a lord and lady of the ale, a steward, swo d-bearer, purse-bearer, mace-bearer, train-bearer or page, fool, and pipe and tabor man, with a company of young men and women, who dance in a barn.

Carey, in his topographical History of Cornwall, shows how these feasts were got up and kept up. "For the *church ale*, two young men are yerely chosen by their last foregoers to be wardens, who, dividing the task, make collection among the parishioners, of whatsoever provision it pleaseth them voluntarily to bestow. This they employ in brewing, baking, and other acates, against Whitsuntide, upon which holidays the neighbours meet at the church house, and there merily feed on their owne victuals, each contributing some petty portion to the stock, which, by many smalls, groweth to a meetly greatness; for there is entertayned a kind of emulation between these wardens, who, by his graciousness in gathering, and good husbandry in expending, can best advance the churche's profit. Besides, the neighbour parishes at those times loving visit one another, and frankly spend their money together. The afternoons are consumed in such exercises as olde and yonge folk (having leysure) doe accustomably weare out the time withall. When the feast is ended, the wardens

yeeld in their accounts to parishioners; and such money as exceedeth the disbursement is layed up in store, to defray any extraordinary charges arising in the parish, or imposed on them for the good of the countrey or the prince's service; neither of which commonly gripe so much, but that somewhat stil remayneth to cover the purse's bottom."

Aubrey, in his History of Wiltshire, says:—"There were no rates for the poor in my grandfather's days; but for Kingston St. Michael (no small parish) the church ale of Whitsuntide did the business. In every parish is (or was) a church house to which belonged spits, crocks, &c., utensils for dressing provision. Here the housekeepers met and were merry, and gave their charity. The young people were there too, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, &c., the ancients sitting gravely by and looking on. All things were civil, and without scandal."

Douce gives an account of the manner in which these feasts were conducted:—"At present the Whitsun ales are conducted in the following manner. Two persons are chosen, previously to the meeting, to be lord and lady of the ale, who dress as suitably as they can to the characters they assume. A large empty barn or some such building is provided for the lord's hall, and fitted up with seats to accommodate the company. Here they assemble to dance and regale in the best manner their circumstances and the place will afford; and each young fellow treats the girl with a riband or favour. The lord and lady honour the hall with their presence, attended by the steward, sword-bearer, purse-bearer, and mace-bearer, with their several badges or ensigns of office. They have likewise a train-bearer, or page, and a fool or jester, drest in a party-coloured jacket, whose ribaldry and gesticulation contribute not a little to the entertainment of some part of the company. The lord's music, consisting of a pipe and tabor, is employed to conduct the dance. Some people think this custom is a commemoration of the ancient Drink-lean, a day of festivity, formerly observed by the tenants and vassals of the lord of the fee within his manor, the memory of which, on account of the jollity of those meetings, the people have thus preserved ever since. The glossaries inform us that this Drink-lean was a contribution

of tenants towards a potation or ale, provided to entertain the lord or his steward."

> "Strephon, with leavy twigs of laurel tree,
> A garland made, on temples for to weare,
> For he then chosen was the dignitie
> Of village lord, that Whitsuntide, to beare."

The churchwardens were not slow to perceive that these feasts could be made into a permanent source of income. They observed that the wakes were more popular than any other holidays, and rightly conceived that by establishing other institutions similar to them they might draw together a large company of people, and annually collect from them, gratuitously as it were, such sums of money for the support and repair of the church, as would be a great easement to the parish rates. By way of enticement to the populace, they brewed a certain portion of strong ale, to be ready on the day appointed for the festival, which they sold to them; and most of the better sort, in addition to what they paid for their drink, contributed something towards the collection; but in some instances the inhabitants of one or more parishes were mulcted in a certain sum according to mutual agreement, as we find by an ancient stipulation (Dodsworth's MSS. "Bid. Bob.," vol. 148, fol. 97) couched in the following terms:—"The parishioners of Elvertoon and those of Okebrook, in Derbyshire, agree jointly to brew four ales, and every ale of one quarter of malt, between this (that is, the time when the contract was made) and the feast of St. John the Baptist next comming, and every inhabitant of the said town of Okebrook shall be at the several ales, and every husband and his wife shall pay two pence, and every cottager one penny. And the inhabitants of Elverton shall have and receive all the profits comming of the said ales, to the use and behoof of the church of Elverton; and the inhabitants of Elverton shall brew eight ales betwixt this and the feast of St. John, at which ales the inhabitants of Okebrook shall come and pay as before rehearsed: and if any be away at one ale, he is to pay at t' oder ale for both."

In the olden days there was a reverence about these feasts which kept them pure; and Shakespeare makes an appropriate allusion to these feasts—

> "Which have been sung at festivals
> On ember eves and holy eves."

In course of time the coarseness of the glutton masses tended to pervert the innocent feasts, which partook originally of the nature of a pic-nic, into a drunken bout; and moralists and the higher order of clergy denounced them in no measured terms. Wither, in 1618, denounced the Hock-tide and church-ale hypocrites of his day in good set terms:—

> "Who think forsooth because that once a yeere
> They can afford the poor some slender cheer,
> Observe their country feasts, or common doles,
> And entertain their Christmass wassaile boles,
> Or else because that for the churches' good,
> They in defence of Hock-tide custom stood:
> A Whitsun ale, or some such goodly notion,
> The better to procure young men's devotion:
> What will they do, I say, that think to please
> Their mighty God with such good things as these?
> Sure very ill."

The observance of Hock Tuesday has long been obsolete, though it was kept up at Coventry in Spilman's time, 1641, with great vigour; and the custom was universally kept up in Shakespeare's time.

Philip Stubbs, the Puritan, at a still earlier date, denounced the church-ales in his "Anatomie of Abuses," 1585:—"In certaine townes, where dronken Bacchus beares swaie, against Whitsondaie the churchewardens of every parishe, *with the consent of the whole parishe*, provide halfe a score or twentie quarters of maulte, whereof some they buy of the churche stocke, and some is given them of the parishioners themselves, every one conferring somewhat according to his abilitie, whiche maulte being made into very strong ale or bere, is sette to sale, either in the church or some other place assigned to that purpose. Then

when this is set abroche, well is he that can gete the soonest to it, and spend the most at it."

Launce has a slight sneer at the observances:—"Because thou hast not so much charity in thee to go to an ale-house with a Christian, wilt thou go?"—*Two Gentlemen.*

The Archbishop of York denounced these customs at a comparatively early period, A.D. 1363:—"Whereas some, being turned to a reprobate sense, meet in churches on the vigils of saints, and offend very grievously against God and his saints, whom they pretend to venerate, by minding hurtful plays and vanities, and sometimes what is worse; and in the exequies of the dead turn the house of mourning and prayer into the house of laughter and excess, to the great peril of their own souls, we strictly forbid any that come to such vigils and exequies, especially in churches, to exercise in any way such plays and uncleannesses. And we strictly enjoin all rectors, &c., that they forbid and restrain all such insolencies and excesses from being committed in their churches and churchyards by the sentence of suspension and excommunication according to the canon," &c.—Johnson's "Collection."

The Bishop of Winchester followed with a mandate, by which he forbids ballad-singing, the exhibiting of shows, and other profanations in the churchyard, on pain of excommunication.

For a long time, however, the ordinances of the few, being against the customs of the many, especially when the worshippers at a glutton mass had such earnest ministers as the Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst, the friar of Orders Grey, and other priests of that type, they could readily condone any excess, in which they themselves joined. This type of cleric has often been described in prose and poetry.

THE JOVIAL FRIARS.

Words by William Jones. Music by G. Herbert Rodwell. Published by B. Williams, 11, Paternoster Row.

By the river's side, where the woods stretch'd wide,
The monks would lazily rest,

94456

And many a deer would enliven their cheer,
And help to feather their nest.
And help to feather their nest.

But blyther friars, for whom our sires
Had always a trencher, a trencher laid,
And a cheerful glass as on they would pass,
Which a song or a shrive repaid,
Which a song or a shrive repaid.

And merrier were they as they jogg'd on their way,
Than the monk who doz'd in his cloisters grey;
With an ave meet the friar would greet
The traveller homeward bound,
And return with him as the eve grew dim,
Where a pasty or flitch be found,
Where a pasty or flitch be found.

The flagon of ale would prove the tale,
Of many a frolicksome, frolicksome deed;
And hearty he quaff'd, and gaily he laugh'd,
When they bade him at morn God speed,
When they bade him at morn God speed.

And merrier were they, as they jogg'd on their way,
Than the monk who dozed in his cloisters grey,
Than the monk who dozed in his cloisters grey.

Who knew not the friar with visage of fire,
And eyes that would twinkle bright,
Like the sun's broad beam on a slumb'ring stream,
Or stars in a frosty night!
With a wanton air, that cast away care,
And lips ever smiling bland,
At revel and feast, the friar at least
Was the jolliest in the land!

And merrier were they, as they jogged on their way,
Than the monk who dozed in his cloisters grey.

THE FRIAR.

A jolly fat friar lov'd liquor good store,
And he had drank stoutly at supper;
He mounted his horse in the night at the door,
And sat with his face to the crupper.
Some rogue, quoth the friar, quite dead to remorse,
Some thief, whom a halter will throttle,
Some scoundrel has cut off the head of my horse,
While I was engaged with the bottle.
Which went gluggity, gluggity, glug.

The tail of his steed pointed south on the vale,
'Twas the friar's road home, straight and level,
But when spur'd, a horse follows his nose, not his tail,
So he scamper'd due north like the devil.
This new mode of docking, the fat friar said,
I perceive does not make a horse trot ill;
And 'tis cheap, for he never can eat off his head,
While I am engag'd with the bottle.
Which goes gluggity, &c.

The steed made a stop, in the pond he had got,
He was rather for drinking than grazing;
Quoth the friar, 'Tis strange headless horses should trot,
But to drink with their tails is amazing.
Turning round to find whence this phenomenon rose,
In the pond fell this son of the bottle;
Quoth he, The head's found, for I'm under his nose;
I wish I was over the bottle!
Which goes gluggity, &c.

The Clerk of Copmanhurst, otherwise Friar Tuck, trolled out to King Richard I. an account of his good works:—

THE BARE-FOOTED FRIAR.

I'll give thee, good fellow, a twelvemonth or twain,
To search Europe through from Byzantium to Spain;

But ne'er shall you find, should you search till you tire,
So happy a man as the bare-footed friar.

Your knight for his lady pricks forth in career,
And is brought home at evensong prick'd through with a spear;
I confess him in haste—for my lady desires
No comfort on earth save the bare-footed friar's.

Your monarch? Pshaw! many a prince has been known
To barter his robes for our cowl and our gown,
But which of us e'er felt the idle desire
To exchange for a crown the gray hood of a friar!

The friar has walk'd out, and where'er he has gone
The land and its fatness is marked for his own;
He can roam where he lists, he can stop when he tires,
For every man's house is the bare-footed friar's.

He's expected at noon, and no wight till he comes
May profane the great chair, or the porridge of plums;
For the best of the cheer, and the seat by the fire,
Is the undenied right of the bare-footed friar.

He's expected at night, and the pasty's made hot,
They broach the brown ale, and they fill the black pot,
And the good-wife would wish the good-man in the mire,
Ere he lack'd a soft pillow the bare-footed friar.

Long flourish the sandal, the cord, and the cope,
The dread of the devil and trust of the pope;
For to gather life's roses, unscathed by the briar,
Is granted alone to the bare-footed friar.

Scott, in a footnote, says the holy clerk chanted this lay to a sort of derry-down chorus, and that it may be proper to state that this chorus is supposed to be as ancient, not only as the Heptarchy, but up to the times of the Druids, and to have furnished the

chorus to the hymns of those venerable persons when they went to the wood to gather. The chorus has certainly descended to our own times as an accompaniment to rural ballads. Equally popular, also, were the refrains, "Down, down, down, derry-down," and "Which nobody can deny."

Coming nearer to our own time, our clerical grandfathers had the reputation of being able to do their share on festive occasions. The song of "The Vicar and Moses" is a coarse, and doubtless grossly exaggerated, attack on the drinking habits of a former generation of the clergy of the Established Church, as it bears the impress of untruth on the face of it, and is, moreover, written in Colman's worst possible taste. Two stanzas will be sufficient:—

"At the sign of the Horse old Spintext, of course,
Each night took his pipe and his pot;
O'er a jorum of nappy, quite pleasant and happy,
Was placed this canonical sot.
Tol lol de rol lol," &c.

Then the clerk came to ask the vicar to bury a child at midnight, whereon the cleric called to the landlord—

"Bring Moses some beer, and me some—d'ye hear,
I hate to be called from my liquor;
Come, Moses, 'The king!' what a scandalous thing
Such a subject should be but a vicar.
Tol lol de rol lol, &c.

At length hat and cloak old Orthodox took,
But first cramm'd his jaw with a quid;
Each tipt off a gill, for fear they should chill,
And then stagger'd away side by side.
Tol lol de rol lol," &c.

When the clergy indulged so freely, what could be expected of the laity?

Apart from the current contributions which were collected on behalf of the Whitsun or other ales, innumerable bequests for the

purpose existed in nearly all parts of the kingdom. I have extracted a few out of many; and these bequests existed in all parts of the country :—

William Hammond, of St. Mary's in Hoo, by his will directed "his feoffees and executors see that the yeovale of St. James be kept for ever, as it hath bin hereaforetime."—Stowell's extracts of gifts to charitable uses, from wills in the Registry of the diocese of Rochester, printed in "Thorpe's Antiquities," page 41. "Hoo. Test., Thomas Beadle, of Gevall house, lying at Grenehill, prout wardens and the brethren of the Gevall."

John Devell also willed, "that the geavale of Alhallows in Hoo, have one acre of land after my wife's decease to maintain it withal, called Pilchland, and that to be done after the olde custom of olde time." Ibid., p. 46.

"Jo. Bromley, subtrahit de la gifeale xviiis. a lumine beatae Mariae apud Woldham."—Acta Archid. Rossen, 1524. Sept. 28, fol. 73, a.

"Thomas Gate et Rogerus Gilwyn, visit, apud Woldham.—Habent ad proband. quod Johannes Beauley, gen. subtraxit de la Gif Ale continuat usque diem Jovis in vigil S. Catherine; quo die comparuit Joh. Beauley, et quoad de la Gif Ale dicit, quod obtulit parochianis iiii. quarter brasei pret. Angl. quater vis. viid. et quod omnino recusabant."

John Holman. "Item, volo, &c., unam acram terræ, imperpetuum — inveniend. inde annuatim de proventibus duos bushel 'brasei, et unum bushel' frumenti pro quodam giveale paroch 'de Snodland in festo purifie.'"

Petri Sampson. "Also I will that Harrie Compton have 1 acr' et dim. land, to the intent that he keep a yevale every other year on the feast of St. Michael, at every time to be dispensed vi. bushel of wheate bread, and x. bushel of mault in ale," &c.

Tho. Tomys. "I will and give that Joane my daughter shall have house and land, with condition, that she, or else some other in her name, keep or doe a yevall upon St. James's day, and to this yevall I bind this land whoever have it without end."

Steph. Sprake. "Alsoe I will, that Alice my wife shall have my house and land, and marsh, doeing yearely the charge of a yeveale at Alhallon tide for evermore."

STEPHEN JACOB. "I will that my heires shall have five yards of land lying in Longfield, and five yards in Pettefield, upon condition that they make a yerely geveall on Trinity Sunday of 5 bushels of wheat, and 1 seame of barley, and xiid. in cheese."

JAMES WILLIAMS. "xiiis. iiiid. for ever. The churchwardens and 4 or 6 of the parishioners to be infeofed in lands to the use of his will."

THOMAS LOVE. "To his heirs male for evermore, to this intent, to keepe and maintayne in the church of Cowling to the value of 4 bushel of wheat and 4 bushel of mault, and xvid. in cheese or fish," &c.

ROB. QUIKERELL. "I will that a state be made by my feoffees of and in all my lands in Cowling, to twelve or more persons, as the wardens and parishioners of Clive will name, under condition that the said wardens shall employ for ever all the said lands and tenements, to doe an obit in Clive church, and as much bread as will be made of three bushels of wheat, as much ale of 4 bushels of mault, in cheese xxd. for ever," &c.

WILL. HAWKE. "I bequeath to John Hawke, my brother, xiii. acres of land, and to his heirs for ever, with this condition, that the said John holde and keepe, or make to keepe yearly, in the church of Shorne, an obit yearly, &c. And I will be there spent in bread 4 bushels of wheat, and a quarter of mault in drink," &c.

JOH. WINBRAY. "First, I will that A., my wife, have my house for terme of her life, and she to keep an obit every yeere, and to be spent in bread a bushel of wheat, and in ale a bushel of malt," &c.

JOH. HAWKE. "I will that an obit be kept yearly in the parish church of Shorne on Relicke Sunday, by the heir of the time being of my land, a quarterr of mault, &c., and half a quarter of wheat, for ever."

JOH. HAMOND. "Item, I will that always be kept an obit once a year in Lent, of a quarter of wheat and a quarter of malt, from heir to heir, for evermore, out of lands in Oysterland borowe."

RICH. FRANCIS. "An obit every Passion Sunday for ever of 6 bushel of wheat, and 6 bushel of mault."

JANE SMITH. "A yearly obit on Monday next after Mid-lent Sunday, viiid. to the vicar, to the clerk ivd., two bushels of wheat for bread, and peas, and 100 of white herrings, and half a seame of mault, to be brewed yearly; the bread, peas, &c., to be delt in St. Margaret's church, to poor people that will come to take it."

EDWARD PRATT. "I will that my executors shall receive and take the profits of the land I have hired of John Love, of Halstow, for the space of nine years, and they to give yearly during the said term, 9 bushel of wheat in bread, and 10 bushel of mault in drink, on Mid lent Sunday, in the church of Hoo."

The most singular bequest perhaps is that of the Biddenden Maids, who bequeathed their name to the peculiar form of twin figure gingerbread cakes, which I remember as a child. The afternoon of Easter Sunday a quantity of small flat cakes, made only of flour and water, and impressed with figures of two women, united at the side after the fashion of the Siamese twins, is distributed in the church porch to all comers. Bread and cheese, to a considerable amount, are given at the same time to the poorer parishioners. This, says tradition, was the legacy of twin sisters, called the Biddenden Maids, who lived for many years united in their bodies after the manner represented in the cakes, and then died within a few hours of each other. There is also given to the recipients of the cakes a printed paper, bearing upon it a representation of the impression on the cakes, and purporting to contain "a short and concise account of Elisa and Mary Chulkhurst, who were born joined together by the hips and shoulders, in the year of our Lord 1100, at Biddenden, in the county of Kent, commonly called the 'Biddenden Maids.'" They lived together in the above state, and when one of them died, the surviving one was advised to be separated from the body of her deceased sister; but she absolutely refused, saying, "As we came together we will also go together." By their will, they bequeathed to the churchwarden of the parish of Biddenden, and his successors for ever, certain pieces or parcels of land in the parish of Biddenden, containing twenty acres, more or less, which now let at forty guineas. There are usually made, in commemoration of these wonderful phenomena

of nature, about 1000 rolls, with their impressions printed on them, and given away to all strangers on Easter Sunday, after divine service in the afternoon; also about 500 quartern loaves, and cheese in proportion, to all the poor inhabitants of the said parish.

A contributor to *Notes and Queries*, Mr. William Spooner, wrote, in 1856—"There was a large barrel of ale stood in the High Street of Hoddesdon, Herts; with an iron pot chained to a post, for any passer by to drink. It was the bequest of a brewer in the town, named Christian Catherow. Some time after his decease, it was a cask of good ale, then it got to table beer, and, at last, done away with altogether, now (1856) about fifteen years, from what cause I cannot say."

Mr. John G. Morton, in 1856, writing to the same journal, shows that at Rickmansworth the authorities attended to the wishes of a testator.

The direction to keep a cask of ale on the public road for the free use of all travellers is still attended to at Rickmansworth (1856). The cask is placed every morning at the foot of the hill leading out of that town on the road to Watford.

I have taken the next from an old magazine:—"One of the oddest of bequests is the following: Two women left several acres of land to Paddington Church, in commemoration of a particular charity by which they had once been relieved when in distress. Every year bread and cheese were to be thrown out of the church steeple, and ale was to be distributed among the spectators. The performance of the ceremony is noticed in one of the London papers of 1740."

A correspondent to Hone's *Every-Day Book*, recorded that "Stourbridge fair was annually set out on St. Bartholomew's Day by the aldermen and the rest of the corporation of Cambridge, who all rode there in grand procession, with music playing before them; and, when the ceremony was finished, used to ride and race about the place; then returning to Cambridge, cakes and ale were given to the boys who attended them, at the town-hall; but, we believe, this old custom is now laid aside."

The *Stockport Advertiser* of August 5, 1825, contains the

following programme:—"Didsbury Wakes will be celebrated on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of August. A long bill of fare of the diversions to be enjoyed at this most delightful village has been published. The enjoyments consist chiefly of ass-races for purses of gold, prison-bar playing and grinning through collars for ale, bag-racing for hats, foot-racing for sums of money, maiden plates for ladies under twenty years of age, for gown-pieces, shawls; treacled-loaf-eating for various rewards, smoking matches, apple-dumpling-eating, wheelbarrow-racing, the best heats; bell-racing, and balls each evening. 'Quæ nunc præscribere longum est.' The honours of Didsbury festival are always well-regulated; the display of youths of both sexes vieing with each other in wealth and fashion, as well as in cheerful and blooming faces, is not exceeded by any similar event; and the gaieties of each day are succeeded by the evening parties fantastically tripping through the innocent relaxation of country dances, reels, &c., to as favourite tunes, at the Cock and Ring o' Bells Inns."

Beer, however, though associated with revelry, and the perhaps somewhat lax church feasts, has yet on other occasions been employed in the highest form of Christian worship. I remember reading, about ten years ago, that in a remote Indian station neither the missionary in charge nor the members of his congregation had any wine in their possession, and were compelled to celebrate the holy communion in the hottest weather with bottled ale. This fact is honourable both to the pastor and the worshippers, as showing the simple earnestness of their religious faith. Subsequently the colonel of a neighbouring regiment, having heard of the difficulty, had the congregation supplied with wine at his own expense. This was probably the first time that bottled ale was used to celebrate the highest act of Christian worship.

At the time of the Reformation the old order of things passed away suddenly. The monasteries, and with them the old hospitality (for they were the inns and houses of call for travellers and the wandering friars), were, at the same time as the jovial wandering friars, improved off the earth. The custom of dispensing ale, however, from long habit, reverted in a

measure to the reformed clergy, who, of course, could not be expected to distribute gratis at their own expense. The vicar's ale was always the best in the village, and the well-to-do inhabitants sent to him when they wanted something extra good. According to the proceedings of the North Riding Record Society, the clergy seemed to have had a prescriptive right to sell ale and beer. In reviewing these proceedings, the *Athenæum* says:—"The part that the clergy play in the records before us is not so discreditable as we had before reading expected to find it. Two only are presented for keeping ale-houses without licence. It may be doubted whether a licence would have been formally granted to an ecclesiastic. That the number of tippling houses was far larger than the population required is evident from many pages of these proceedings. That the justices of the peace dealt with the evil as vigorously as they could, there is the fullest proof; but we confess that it does not strike us as so shockingly scandalous as it does the editor that two clergymen were presented for brewing and selling beer without a licence. Parts of the North Riding were then in a very wild state. There must have been many places where the curate's house was the only one at which a traveller could be sure of finding refreshment. The livings were then much smaller than now. The clergy, too, were heavily taxed; they were, as is well known to all who have studied the question, taken from a much lower social stratum than has been common of late years. What wonder is there, then, that, instead of extending hospitality freely, we should have now and then an instance of a parson who turned his beer-barrel to account, and charged for the drink with which he supplied strangers?"

That many of the clergy of the day were hard drinkers at a time when all men drank, there can be no question; and Major White Melville's typical west country sporting parson, who could fight a main of cocks, drink the company blind drunk, and excel in all outdoor sports, was a not unfrequent character. Even the scholarly Dr. Syntax thought it no disgrace to get mellow.

"If I remember right,
I was most lordly drunk last night.

The hunting parson, of whom perhaps the Rev. Jack Russell was the last survivor, was the successor to the portly, ruby-nosed, three-bottle incumbent. Still even in those days the meek and earnest clergyman, of whom Dr. Primrose was the type, was to be found in many a village hamlet:

> "His house was known to all the vagrant train,
> He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain."
>
> . . . . .
>
> "Unskilful he to fawn or seek for power,
> By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour,
> For other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
> More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise."

We in the present day owe much to the self-denying labour of the ministry, and it is well to remember this even when looking back half amused at the roystering, rollicking, beer-drinking clergy of a bygone generation. Their foibles are remembered, though their virtues are forgotten.

The foregoing list is sufficient to show that in their works of charity, their provisions for masses and other religious observances, they still thought of the poor man and his beer. Funerals, again, were occasions on which special provision was made for solid comfort. In the recently published chronicles of the Yorkshire family of Stapleton, who died "full of years and honour, 25 July, 1394." The old knight, who in the Scrope and Grosvenor controversy had deposed to "fifty years in arms," had outlived his brilliant generation. The jovial though dying warrior provided by his will that the friends assembled at his funeral should have abundance of drink (*q'ils eient a boire asseth*).

LET'S HAVE A PEAL.

Let's have a peal for John Cooke's soul,
For he was an honest man;
With bells all in order, the cruse with the black bowl,
The tankard likewise with the can.

And I, mine own self, will ring the treble bell,
And drink to you every one;
Stand fast now, my mates, sing merrily and well,
Till all this good ale is gone.

—*From* Ravenscroft's "Pamela."

Major Bellenden's song would have suited the worthy old knight.

"An' what though winter will pinch severe
Through locks of grey and a coat that's old,
Yet keep up thy heart, bold cavalier,
For a cup of sack shall fence the cold.
For time will rust the brightest blade,
And years will break the strongest bow;
Was never wight so starkly made
But time and years would overthrow."

—Sir W. Scott.

Herrick, in his Hymn to the Lares, hits off the old customs:—

"It was, and still my care is,
to worship ye, the Lares,
with crowns of greenest parsley,
and garlick chives not scarcely:
for favours here to warm me,
and not by fire to harm me:
for gladding so my hearth here
with inoffensive mirth here;
that while the wassaile bowle here
with north-down ale doth trowl here,
no syllable doth fall here,
to marr the mirth at all here.
For which, whene'er I am able,
to keep a country-table,
great be my fare or small cheer,
I'le eat and drink up all here.

CHAPTER V.

WHITSUN ALES.

"Down in a vale on a summer's day,
All the lads and lasses met to be merry,
At matches for kisses at stool-ball to play,
And for cakes, and ale, and sider and perry."

NEXT in importance to the Christmas festivities come the Whitsun rejoicings, which were kept up vigorously. Here are a few of the songs applicable to that feast and May Day rejoicings, which generally fell about the same time of the year—sufficiently close, indeed, for the two sets of songs to come together.

"The West Countrymen's Delight" appears in Tom D'Urphey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy," and is reproduced from that source by Mr Chappell. The song gives a charming picture of rural life and felicity.

THE WEST COUNTRYMEN'S DELIGHT;

OR,

HEY FOR ZUMMERSETSHIRE.

In summer time when flowers do spring,
And birds sit on each tree,
Let lords and knights say what they will,
There's none so merry as we.
There's Will and Moll, with Harry and Doll,
And Tom and Bonny Bettee:
Oh, how they jerk it, caper and firk it,
Under the greenwood tree!

In summer time when flowers do spring,
And birds sit on each tree,
Let lords and knights say what they will,
There's none so merry as we.

Our music is a little pipe,
That can so sweetly play;
We hire old *Hal* from Whitsuntide
Till latter Lammas Day.
On Sabbath days and holy-days,
After evening prayer comes he:
And then do we skip it, caper and trip it,
Under the greenwood tree.
In summer time, &c.

Come play us *Adam and Eve*, says Dick;
What's that? says little Pipe;
The Beginning of the World, quoth Dick,
For we are dancing ripe.
Is't that you call? Then *have at all;*
He play'd with merry glee:
O then did we skip it, caper and trip it,
Under the greenwood tree.
In summer time, &c.

O'er hill and dales, to Whitsun-ales
We dance a merry fytte;
When Susan sweet with John doth meet,
She gives him Hit for Hit.—
From head to foot she holds him to't,
And jumps as high as he;
Oh, how they spring it, flounce and fling it,
Under the greenwood tree.
In summer time, &c.

My lord's son must not be forgot,
So full of merry jest;

He laughs to see the girls so hot,
And jumps it with the rest.
No time is spent with more content,
In camp, in court, or city:
So long as we skip it, frisk it and trip it,
Under the greenwood tree.
In summer time, &c.

We oft go to Sir William's ground,
And a rich old cub is he;
And there we dance around, around,
But never a penny we see.
From thence we get to Somerset,
Where men are frolic and free:
And there do we skip it, frisk it and trip it,
Under the greenwood tree.
In summer time, &c.

We fear no plots of Jews or Scots,
For we are jolly swains;
With plow and cow and barley-mow,
We busy all our brains;
No city cares, no merchant's fears
Or wreck or piracy:
Therefore we skip it, frisk it and trip it,
Under the greenwood tree:
In summer time, &c.

On meads and lawns we trip like fawns,
Like fillies, kids, and lambs;
We have no twinge to make us cringe,
Or crinkle in the hams.
When the day is spent, with one consent,
Again we all agree
To caper and skip it, trample and trip it,
Under the greenwood tree.
In summer time, &c.

The next, the well-known Maypole song, is similar in scope to the foregoing, though I believe of an earlier date, being generally ascribed to the time of Charles I. Mr. William Chappell prints three versions,—one a curtailed edition of the following full one, and two others. I take his authority as to the others belonging to the age of Elizabeth. They are curious as showing how the same song gets altered in the course of time by different writers and collectors. The music to these words can be had at Chappell's, in Bond Street.

THE MAYPOLE.—No. 1.

Come, lasses and lads,
Get leave of your dads,
And away to the May-pole hie,
Where every He,
Has got a She,
And the fiddler standing by.
Where Willy has got his Jill,
And Jackey has got his Joan,
And there to jig it, jig it, jig it,
Jig it up and down.
Tol de rol lol, &c.

"Begin," says Harry,
"Ay, ay," says Mary,
Let's lead up Paddington-pound,
"Oh, no," says Hugh,
"Oh, no," said Sue,
Let's dance St. Ledger round.
Then every lad did take
His hat off to his lass;
And every maid did curtsey, curtsey,
Curtsey on the grass.

"You're out," says Nick,
"You lie," says Dick,

"For the fiddler play'd it wrong;"
"And so," says Sue,
"And so," says Hugh,
And so says every one.
The fiddler then began
To play it o'er again,
And every maid did foot it, foot it,
Foot it unto the men.

"Let's kiss," says Fan,
"Ay, ay," says Nan,
And so says every she;
"How many?" says Nat,
"Why, three," says Pat,
"For that's a maiden's fee!"
But instead of kisses three,
They gave them half a score;
The men, then, out of kindness, kindness,
Gave 'em as many more.

Then, after an hour,
They went to a bower,
To play for ale and cake,
And kisses, too,
Being in the cue,
For the lasses held the stake.
The women then began
To quarrel with the men,
And told 'em to take their kisses back,
And give them their own again.

Oh, thus they all stay'd
Until it was late,
And tired the fiddler quite,
With fiddling and playing
Without any paying,
From morning until night.

They told the fiddler, then,
They'd pay him for his play,
And every one paid twopence, twopence,
Twopence, and toddled away.

"Good night," says Bess,
"Good night," says Jess,
"Good night," says Harry to Holl;
"Good night," says Hugh,
"Good night," says Sue,
"Good night," says Nimble Nell.
Some ran, some walk'd, some stay'd,
Some tarried by the way,
And bound themselves by kisses twelve,
To meet next holiday!

TO THE MAYPOLE HASTE AWAY.—No. 2.

Time of Queen Elizabeth.

Come, ye young men, come along
With your music, dance, and song;
Bring your lasses in your hands,
For 'tis that which love commands.
Then to the Maypole haste away,
For 'tis now a holiday.

There each bachelor may choose
One that faith will not abuse,
Nor repay with coy disdain,
Love that should be lov'd again.
Then to the Maypole, &c.

It is the choice time of the year,
For the violets now appear;
Now the rose receives its birth,
And pretty primrose decks the earth.
Then to the Maypole, &c.

When you thus have spent your time,
Till the day be past its prime,
To your beds repair at night,
And dream there of your day's delight.
Then to the Maypole, &c

TO THE MAYPOLE AWAY.—No. 3.

Time of Charles I.

Joan, to the Maypole away let us on,
The time is swift and will be gone;
There go the lasses away to the green,
Where their beauties may be seen;
Bess, Moll, Kate, Doll,
All the gay lasses have lads to attend them,
Hodge, Nick, Tom, Dick,
Jolly brave dancers, who can amend them?
Joan, to the Maypole, &c

Do you not see how the lord of the May
Walks along in rich array?
There goes the lass that is only his,
See how they meet and how they kiss!
Come, Will! run, Gill!
Or dost thou list to lose thy labour?
Kit, crowd! scrape loud!
Tickle up Tom with a pipe and a tabor.
Joan, to the Maypole, &c.

Now, if we hold out as we do begin,
Joan and I the prize shall win:
Nay, if we live till another day,
I'll make thee lady of the May.
Dance round, skip, bound,
Turn and kiss, and then for a greeting;
Now, Joan, we've done,
Fare-thee-well till the next merry meeting.
Joan, to the Maypole, &c.

The lads and lasses went in for fun pure and simple, and innocent revelry. They played for cakes and ale, and were still virtuous.

> "The maid—and thereby hangs a tale—
> For such a maid no Whitsun-ale
> Could ever yet produce."

To those who, always looking with jaundiced eyes at harmless revelry, can see evil in a kiss and seduction in a country dance, I would commend the next song. It is a comparatively modern one, but I cannot fix the exact date.

The Dance upon the Lawn.

I sing the days, the merry days—
To English hearts most dear—
When good old English customs ruled,
And reigned throughout the year;
When merry lads and lasses met,
And daily toil was o'er,
And grey-haired fathers watched their mirth
Beside the cottage door.
Oh, there was joy in Britain's isle,
And peace from night till morn—
When our sturdy peasants' pastime was
The dance upon the lawn!

Oh, those were days, were happy days
For England's peasant band,
When pipe and tabor's merry sounds
Were heard throughout the land!
When May-pole, deck'd with ribbons gay,
Stood forth in village green,
And harmless mirth and jollity
Beneath its boughs were seen.

We join'd the happy cottar's throng,
  Nor lad nor lass would scorn·
To trip a measure gaily in
  The dance upon the lawn.

But though these days, these merry days,
  Long since have passed away—
There still is plenty in the land,
  Then, wherefore not be gay?
If summer's glorious sunshine will
  The fruits and flowers restore,
I know not he who would not be
  As happy as of yore.
Then, care away, we'll still be gay,
  We'll laugh our foes to scorn;
And once again we'll sport it in
  The dance upon the lawn.

NOW IS THE MONTH OF MAYING.

Now is the month of Maying,
When merry lads are playing,
  Fal la la la la.

Each with his bonny lass
A-dancing on the grass,
  Fal la la la la.

The spring, clad all in gladness,
Doth laugh at Winter's madness,
  Fal la la la la.

And to the bagpipes' sound,
The nymphs tread out the ground.
  Fal la la la la.

Not less to the purpose is the song of "Steady," from Dibden's operetta of the *Quaker*. The part was originally taken by Incle-

don, and Gillian by Miss Bolton. The few lines which precede the song are worth reprinting, as a fair example of the kindly feelings that prevailed. Indeed, songs from the dramatists are doubly valuable, inasmuch as they are not merely gems, without beginning or ending as the bulk of songs are, but, taken with the surrounding context or framework, they give a key to the character of the singer, and so form a more perfect picture of the times and manners.

Steady. Thou art mistaken; and when thou beholdest the gambols to-morrow on the green——

Gillian. I shall long most monstrously to make one amongst them.

Steady. And so thou shalt. Goodness forbid that I should withhold from thee those pleasures that are innocent. [*Sings.*

THE LADS OF THE VILLAGE.

While the lads of the village shall merrily, ah,
Sound their tabors, I'll hand thee along,
And I say unto thee, that merrily, ah,
Thou and I will be first in the throng.
While the lads, &c.

Just then, when the youth who last year won the dower,
And his mate, shall the sports have begun,
When the gay voice of gladness resounds from each bower,
And thou long'st in thy heart to make one,
While the lads, &c.

Those joys that are harmless what mortal can blame?
'Tis my maxim that youth should be free;
And to prove that my words and my deeds are the same,
Believe thou shalt presently see.
While the lads, &c.

The sequel shows how faithfully the Quaker kept his promise, and sacrificed himself to promote the happiness of Gillian and her lover, which was celebrated in a catch:—

"Let nimble dances beat the ground,
Let tabour, flageolet, and fife,
Be heard from every bower:
Let the can go round:
What's the health?—long life
To the donor of the dower."

Jas. Beattie, in his "Imitations of Spenser," strikes the same melancholy chord in singing the bygone pleasures and glories of the rustic feasts.

"And thither let the village swain repair;
And light of heart, the village maiden gay,
To deck with flowers her half-dishevel'd hair,
And celebrate the merry morn of May.
There let the shepherd's pipe the livelong day
Fill all the grove with love's bewitching woe;
And when mild evening comes with mantle grey,
Let not the blooming band make haste to go;
Nor ghost nor spell my long and last abode shall know.

"See! jolly Autumn, clad in hunter's green,
In wholesome lusty heel doth mount the sphere,
A leafy garland binds her temples sheen,
Instudded richly with the spikey ear.
Her right hand bears a vine-encircled spear,
Such as the crew did wield when Bacchus led,
When to the Ganges he his course did steer;
And in her left a bugle horn she had,
On which she oft did blow and made her heart right glad.

"Ah, happy days! but now no longer found;
No more with social hospitable glee
The village hearths at Christmas-tide resound,
No more the Whitsun gambol may you see,
Nor morrice dance, nor May-day jollitie,

When the blythe maidens foot the dewy green;
But now, in place, heart-sinking penurie
And hopeless care on every face is seen,
As these, the dreary times of curfeu bell had been.

"What pleasance mote a learned wight enjoy
Among the hills and vales and shady bowres,
To mark how buxom Ceres round him poures
The hoary-headed wheat, the freckled corne,
The bearded barlie, and the hopp that towres
So high, and with his bloom salews the morne,
And with the orchard vies the lawnskepe to adorne."

Addison, in the *Spectator*, describes the humours of a country wake as it existed in his day:—"The ring of wrestlers, and the squire who always treats the whole company every year with a hogshead of ale, and proposes a beaver hat as a recompense to him who gives most falls."

"But past is all their fame, the very spot
Where many a time they triumphed, is forgot."

"Trembling age, with happy smile,
Youth's high-mettled gambols view,
And by fancy warm'd awhile,
Scenes of former bliss renew;
Love repeats his tender tale,
Cheeks responsive learn to glow,
And while song and jest prevail,
Nut-brown tankards circling flow.
Would'st thou wish such joys to share,
Haste then to the Village Fair."

The next extract, from "The Unconscionable Batchelors of Darby," one of Mr Llewellyn Jewitt's collection of Derbyshire ballads, shows that the lads were not so generous to the lasses as

they might, could, would, and should have been, since they left them in the lurch, as poor Sue found to her cost:—

"That after the pot there cometh the shot,
And that is the blot on a pot of good ale."

"The innocent lasses, fair and gay,
Concluded the men were kind and free,
Because they passed the time away—
A-plenty of cakes and ale they see;
For cider and mead they then did call,
And whatever else the house afforded;
But Susan was forc'd to pay for all
Out of the money she had hoarded.
Hoarded, hoarded, money she had hoarded;
It made her sing a doleful ditty;
And so did the rest, with grief oppress,
And was not that a pity."

The next May Day absurdity is from the Old English Burletta of Midas. My version bears no date or author's name, but it shows how the gods and mortals did unite to have a jolly spree on May Day. The first scene in the clouds shows the gods in full council, and opens with the following chorus:—

"Jove in his chair,
Of the sky, Lord Mayor,
With his rods
Men and gods
Keeps in awe.
When he winks
Heaven shrinks;
When he speaks
Hell squeaks.
Earth's globe is but his taw."

"Cock of the school
He bears despotic rule,
His word,
Though absurd,
Must be law."

In due time the more jovial gods come down to enjoy a little rural felicity and fun:—

"All around the Maypole how they trot,
Hot,
Pot,
And good ale have got;
Routing,
Shouting,
At you flouting,
Fleering,
Jeering,
And what not.

"There's old Sileno frisks like mad,
Lad,
Glad
To see us sad;
Cap'ring,
Vap'ring,
While Pol, scraping,
Coaxes
The lasses,
As he did the dad."

As a specimen of bygone humour the above is peculiar, but I doubt whether it would be appreciated at the present day. It is in distinct contrast to those previously given, which are full of life and interest.

Phillips, the classical author of the "Splendid Shilling," and

the "Ode to Cyder," describes the doings in Olympia in far more stately terms:—

"She said: the sire of gods and men supreme,
With aspect bland, attentive audience gave,
Then nodded awful: from his shaken locks
Ambrosial fragrance flew: the signal given
By Ganymede the skinker soon was ken'd;
With ale he Heaven's capacious goblet crown'd,
To Phrygian mood Apollo tun'd his lyre,
The Muses sang alternate, all carous'd,
But Bacchus murmuring left th' assembled powers,
The separate table and the costly bowl,
Cool as the blast that checks the budding Spring,
A mockery of gladness round them fling."

Considering the origin of May Day observances, however, it is not surprising that the gods should like to join in the revelry. But, alas!

"What's not destroyed by Time's relentless hand,
Where's Troy, and where's the Maypole in the Strand?"

Before the Maypole was abolished the nymphs and swains held high jinks.

"Amid the area wide they tooke their stand,
Where the tall Maypole overlooked the Strand,
But now, so Anne and piety ordain,
A church collects the nymphs of Drury Lane."

"Yet old Queen Madge,
Though things do not fadge,
Will serve to be queen of a May-pole;
Two Princes of Wales,
For Whitsun-ales
And her Grace Maid-Marion Claypole."

—BUTLER.

The Strand Maypole was struck by lightning, and the lower part was given to Sir Isaac Newton to make a stand for his great telescope. On the site of the Maypole the Church of St. Mary-le-Strand, opposite Somerset House, was built; but the remains of Maypole Alley still exist in name, and forms one of the sides of the Olympic Theatre.

I doubt much whether any Maypoles exist in this country. I remember seeing one about forty years ago, in the little parish of West Dean, the last station before getting into Salisbury, by the Romsey branch of the London and South-Western Railway. The old English observances of May Day, when Kings, Queens, and Courtiers went a-Maying, are now as dead as the Dodo. The Jack-in-the-Green and the Sweeps' celebration, which were prolonged in honour of Mrs. Montague and her long-lost child, have fallen into desuetude, and the place of Jack-in-the-Green is vacant. Montgomery celebrated the finding of the child-sweep in his mother's house in the following rhapsody:—

> "Now from the chimney top did Edwin peep,
> And 'midst the howling tempest shouted 'Sweep'!
> Hark! hark! she cried—the wind appear'd to sleep,
> Again poor Edwin shouted sweep! sweep! sweep!
> My child! my child! she cried, with accents wild!
> O, heaven! It is, it is my child, my child."

The sweeps had occasion to rejoice on the recovery, and for years were entertained at Montague House, Portman Square, with good old fare of roast beef, plum pudding, ale, and a shilling besides.

Whit-Monday rejoicings and celebrations are still kept up, in a manner, in some parts of the country, and is the great day for the club celebration, when the members in full insignia march first to the church, and afterwards celebrate the club dinner. The subjoined extracts give a capital picture of the doings of the day, for which I am indebted to the late Rev. Mr. Barnes' Book of Poems in the Dorset Dialect.

Whitsuntide an' Club Walken'.

Ees, last Whit-Monday, I an' Meäry
Got up betimes to mind the deäiry;
An' gi'ed the milkèn pails a scrub,
An' dress'd an' went to see the club.
Vor up at public-house, by ten
O'clock the pleäce wer vull o' men,
A-dress'd to goo to church an' dine,
An' walk about the pleäce in line.
Zoo off they started, two an' two,
We' païnted poles an' knots o' blue,
An' girt silk flags,—I wish my box
'D a-got em all in ceäpes an frocks,—
A-weävèn wide an' flappèn loud
In playsome winds above the crowd;
While fifes did squeak an' drums did rumble,
An' deep beezzoons did grunt an' grumble,
An' all the vo'k in gathrèn crowds
Kick'd up the doust in smeechy clouds,
That slowly rose an' spread abrode
In streamèn air above the road.
An' then at church there wer sich lots
O'hats a-hangèn up wi' knots,
An' poles a-stood so thick as iver
The rushes stood beside a river.
An' Mr. Goodman gi'ed em warnèn
To spend their evenèn lik' their mornèn;
An' not to pray wi mornén tongues,
An' then to swear wi' evenèn lungs;
Nor vu'st sheäke hands, to let the wrist
Lift up at last a bruisèn vist.
Vor clubs were all a-meän'd vor friends,
He twold em, an' vor better ends
Than twit'en vo'k an' pickèn quarrels,
An' tipplèn cups an' emptèn barrels,—

Vor meäkèn woone man do another
In need the kindness ov a brother.
An' after church they went to dine
'Ithin the long-wall'd room behine
The public-house, where you remember,
We had our dance back last December.
An' there they meäde sich stunnen clatters
Wi' knives an' forks, an' pleätes an' platters;
An' waïters ran, an' beer did pass
Vrom tap to jug, vrom jug to glass;
An' when they took away the dishes,
They drink'd good healths, an' wish'd good wishes.
To all the girt vo'k o' the land,
An' all good things vo'k took in hand;
An' woone cried hip, hip, hip! an' hollow'd,
An' tothers all struck in, an' vollow'd;
An' grabb'd their drink wi' eager clutches,
An' swigg'd it wi' sich hearty glutches,
As vo'k stark mad wi' pweison stuff,
That thought theirzelves not mad enough.
An' after that they went all out
In rank ageän, an' walk'd about,
An' gi'ed zome parish vo'k a call;
An' then went down to Narley Hall,
An' had zome beer, an' danc'd between
The elem trees upon the green.
An' down along the road they done
All sorts o' mad-cap things vor fun.
An' danc'd, a pokèn out their poles,
An' pushèn bwoys down into holes;
An' Sammy Stubbs come out o' rank,
An' kiss'd me up agean the bank.
A saucy chap; I han't vor'gied en
Not yet—in short, I han't a-zeed en.
Zoo in the dusk ov evenin, zome
Went back to drink, an' zome went whome.

These ballads were written in the days when simple faith prevailed. Friar Bacon wrote a satire on the degeneracy of the times in which he lived. What would he have written now when Holland butter and oleomargarine are palmed off as the "best Dorset," and Yankee cheese as the "best Cheddar"?

"Then oates were knowne from rie,
And barley from the wheate;
A cheese cake and a pie
Were held good country meate.
When ale, and spice, and curdes, and creame,
Would make a scholler make a theame.

"Then John, and Joan, and Madge,
Were call'd the merry crew,
That with no drink coulde fadge,
But where the fat they knew;
And though they knew who brew'd the ale,
Yet it must stand till it were stale."

"Let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
The simple pleasures of the lowly train:
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm than all the gloss of art."

Edward Loveybond's elegy on old May Day forms a fitting dirge for bygone pleasures:—

THE TEARS OF OLD MAY-DAY.

Led by the jocund train of vernal hours,
And vernal Airs, uprose the gentle May;
Blushing she rose, and blushing rose the flow'rs
That sprung spontaneous in the genial ray.

Her locks with heav'n's ambrosial dews were bright,
And amorous Zephyrs flutter'd on her breast;
With ev'ry shifting gleam of morning light,
The colours shifted of her rainbow vest.

Imperial ensigns grac'd her smiling form,
A golden key, and golden wand she bore;
This charms to peace each sullen eastern storm,
And that unlocks the summer's copious store.

Onward in conscious majesty she came,
The grateful honours of mankind to taste;
To gather fairest wreaths of future fame,
And blend fresh triumphs with her glories past.

Vain hope! no more in choral bands unite
Her virgin vot'ries, and at early dawn,
Sacred to May and Love's mysterious rite,
Brush the light dew-drops from the spangled lawn.

To her no more Augusta's wealthy pride
Pours the full tribute from Potosi's mine;
Nor fresh-blown garlands village maids provide,
A purer off'ring, at her rustic shrine.

No more the Maypole's verdant height around
To valour's games th' ambitious youth advance;
No merry bells and tambors' sprightlier sound
Wake the loud carol, and the sportive dance.

Sudden in pensive sadness droop'd her head,
Faint on her cheeks the blushing crimson dy'd:
"O! chaste victorious triumphs! whither fled?
My maiden honours, whither gone?" she cry'd.

Ah! once to fame and bright dominion born,
The Earth and smiling Ocean saw me rise,
With time coeval and the star of morn,
The first, the fairest daughter of the skies.

Then, when at heaven's prolific mandate sprung,
The radiant beam of new-created May,
Celestial harps, to airs of triumphs strung,
Hail'd the glad dawn, and angels call'd me MAY.

. . . . . .

For ever then I led the constant year,
Saw Youth, and Joy, and Love's enchanting wiles;
Saw the mild Graces in my train appear,
And Infant Beauty brighten in my smiles.

. . . . . .

But chief in Europe, and in Europe's pride,
My Albion's favour'd realms, I rose ador'd;
And pour'd my wealth, to other climes deny'd,
From Amalthea's horn with plenty stor'd.

. . . . . .

Do morning suns in ruddier glory rise?
Does ev'ning fan her with serener gales?
Do clouds drop fatness from the wealthier skies?
Or wantons Plenty in her happier vales?

Then Britain—here she ceas'd. Indignant grief,
And parting pangs her falt'ring tongue suppress;
Veil'd in an amber cloud, she sought relief,
And tears, and silent anguish told the rest.

CHAPTER VI.

POLITICAL.

"NEEDY KNIFE-GRINDER. *I shall be glad to drink your honour's health in*
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence.
But, for my part, I never like to meddle with politics, sir.
FRIEND OF HUMANITY. *I give thee sixpence? Nay! I'll see thee damned first.*"

BEER, on account of its being an exciseable article, and a very important factor in the revenue, has always given rise to an immense amount of political rancour whenever a Chancellor of the Exchequer has attempted to "raise the wind" by means of malt and hop productions. Of these songs I shall deal in due course. The most virulent political songs, however, were composed and sung during the Restoration period, after the downfall of Cromwell and his Puritan following, when the Book of Sports was reopened and jollities revived, and, as Bishop Earle says in his "Microcosmographie"—"A plain country fellow, or downright clown, esteems Sunday a day to make merry in, and thinks a bagpipe as essential to it as evening prayer. He walks very solemnly after service, with his hands coupled behind him, and censures (criticises) the dancing of his parish." The Puritans, rightly or wrongly, had the credit of loving good liquor, on account of Cromwell's association with the brewing interest, and in his younger days of knowing how to prepare and enjoy it right royally. The following selection shows the feeling that prevailed when the Protector's reign ceased. They belong to the "Rump" class of songs, which are rather too full-flavoured for the present time, so that I have been compelled to make omissions.

The most popular songs were those headed the "Good Old Cause," "Brewer," and "Joan's Ale."

THE GOOD OLD CAUSE.

Now Lambert's sunk, and valiant Monk
  Does ape his general Cromwel,
And Arthur's court, 'cause time is short,
  Does rage like devils from hell;
Let's mark the fate, and course of State,
  Who rises when t'other is sinking,
    And believe, when this is past,
    'Twill be our turn at last
  To bring the good old cause by drinking.

First, red-nos'd Nol he swallowed all,
  His colour showed he lov'd it,
But Dick his son, as he were none,
  Gav't off and hath reprov'd it;
But that his foes made bridge of 's nose,
  And cry'd him down for a protector,
    Proving him to be a fool,
    That would undertake to rule,
  And not drink and fight like Hector.

The Grecian lad he drank like mad,
  Minding no work above it,
    A question he kill'd Ephestion
  Because he'd not approve it;
He got command where God had land,
  And like a maudlin yonker,
    When he tippled all and wept,
    He laid him down to sleep,
  Having no more worlds to conquer.

Rump Parliament would needs invent
  An oath of abjuration,

But obedience and allegiance
Are now come into fashion;
Then here's a boul with heart and soul
To Charles, and let all say "Amen" to't;
Though they brought the father down
From a triple kingdom crown,
We'll drink the son up again to't.

The Brewer.

(From D'Urphey's Collection.)

There's many a clinking verse is made,
In honour of the *Blacksmith's* trade,
But more of the Brewer may be said;
Which nobody can deny.

I need not much of this repeat;
The Blacksmith cannot be complete,
Unless the Brewer do give him a heat;
Which nobody can deny.

When I snug unto the Forge doth come,
Unless the Brewer doth liquor him home,
He'll never strike my pot, and thy pot, down;
Which nobody can deny.

Of all professions in the town,
The Brewer's trade hath gain'd renown;
His liquor reaches up to the crown;
Which nobody can deny.

Many new lords from him there did spring,
Of all the Trades he was still their king;
For the Brewer had the world in a sling;
Which nobody can deny.

He scorneth all laws and marshall stops,
But whips an army as round as tops,
And cuts off his foes as thick as hops;
Which nobody can deny.

He dives for Riches down to the Bottom,
And crys my masters when he's got 'em;
Let every Tub stand upon his own Bottom;
Which nobody can deny.

In warlike acts he scorns to stoop,
For when his army begins to droop,
He draws them up as round as a hoop;
Which nobody can deny.

The Jewish Scot that scorns to eat
The flesh of swine, and Brewers' beat;
'Twas the sign of his Hogshead made 'em retreat;
Which nobody can deny.

Poor Jockey and his Basket Hilt
Was beaten, and much blood was spilt;
And their bodies like barrels did run a tilt;
Which nobody can deny.

Though Jemmy gave the first assault,
The Brewer at last made him to halt;
And gave them what the cat left in the malt;
Which nobody can deny.

They cry'd that the Anti-Christ came to settle
Religion in a cooler or a kettle;
For his nose and copper were both of one metal;
Which nobody can deny.

For bottle ale, though it be windy,
Wherof I cannot choose but mind ye,
I would not have it left behind ye;
Which nobody can deny.

For country ales, as that of Chess,
Or of Darby you'll confess,
The more you drink, you'll need the less;
Which nobody can deny.

But one thing must be thought upon
For morning draught when all is done,
A pot of purl for Harrison;
Which nobody can deny.

Some Christian kings began to quake,
And said with the Brewer no quarrel we'll make,
We'll let him alone, as he brews let him bake;
Which nobody can deny.

He hath a strong and very stout heart,
And thought to be made an emperor for't;
But the devil put a spoke in his cart;
Which nobody can deny.

If any intended to do him disgrace,
His fury would take off his head in the place;
He always did carry his furnace in his face;
Which nobody can deny.

But yet, by the way, you must understand,
He kept his foes so under command;
That Pride could never get the upper hand;
Which nobody can deny.

He was a stout Brewer, of whom we may brag,
But now he is hurried away with a Hag;
He brews in a bottle and bakes in a Bag;
Which nobody can deny.

And now may all stout soldiers say,
Farewell the glory of the day;
For the Brewer himself is turned to clay;
Which nobody can deny.

Thus fell the brave Brewer, the bold son of slaughter,
We need not to fear what shall follow after;
For he dealt all his time in fire and water;
Which nobody can deny.

And if his successor had had but his might,
Then we had not been in such pitiful plight;
But he was found many grains too light;
Which nobody can deny.

Let's leave off singing and drink off our bub,
We'll call up a reckoning and every man club,
For I think I have told you a tale of a Tub;
Which nobody can deny.

Here is another version, once very popular among the Cavaliers, under the title of the "Protecting Brewer":—

A Brewer may be as bold as Hector,
When he has drunk off his cup of nectar,
And a Brewer may be the Lord Protector;
Which nobody can deny.

Now here remains the strangest thing,
How this Brewer about his liquor did bring,
To be an emperor or a king;
Which nobody can deny.

According to Hudibras, the swords of the Commonwealth were general utility weapons:—

It was a serviceable dudgeon
Either for fighting or for drudging:
When it had stabbed or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers or chip bread,
Toast cheese, or bacon; though it were
To bait a mouse trap 'twould not care:
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions and so forth:

It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this, and much more it did endure.

Another poet gives a somewhat similar version of the general utility purposes which the armour of the period served:—

In days of old, our fathers went to war,
Expecting sturdy blows and hardy fare:
Their beef they often in their morions stew'd,
And in their basket-hilts their beverage brew'd.

In peace as in war, the insignia of office served as receptacles for liquor, the orbs which surmounted the wands of office of high dignitaries were converted into drinking vessels, similarly to those globes which headed the staves of the running footmen of the period.

Hudibras himself, when taken prisoner at Exeter later on, was ransomed by a barrel of ale.

"Have I," quoth he, "been ta'en in fight,
And for so many moons lain by't,
And when all other means did fail,
Have been exchanged for tubs of ale."

According to Bell's Annotation, this identifies Hudibras with Sir Samuel Luke.

I have appropriated the following, *verbatim et literatim*, with notes from Percy:—

THE SALE OF THE REBELLIOUS HOUSEHOLD STUFF.

And here is the bitt and the bridle,
And curb of dissimulation;
And here's the trunk-hose of the rump,
And their fair dissembling cloak,
And a Presbyterian jump,
With an Independent smock.
Says old Simon the King, &c.

Will you buy a conscience oft turn'd,
Which serv'd the high court of justice,
And stretch'd until England it mourn'd?
And Hell will buy that if the worst is.
Here's Joan Cromwell's * kitching-stuff tub,
Wherein is the fat of the Rumpers,
With which old Noll's horns she did rub,
When he was got drunk with false bumpers.
Says old Simon the King, &c.

Here's the purse of the public faith;
Here's the model of the Sequestration,
When the old wives upon their good troth,
Lent thimbles to ruine the nation.
Here's Dick Cromwell's Protectorship,
And here are Lambert's commissions,
And here is Hugh Peters, his scrip
Cramm'd with the tumultuous Petitions.
Says old Simon the King, &c.

And here are old Noll's brewing vessels,
And here are his dray and his slings;
Here are Hewson's awl, and his bristles; †
With diverse other odd things:
And what is the price doth belong
To all these matters before ye?
I'll sell them for an old old song,
And so do I end my story.
Says old Simon the King, &c.

This sarcastic collection of triumphant loyalty is printed from an old black letter copy in the Pepys' Collection, corrected by

* This was a cant name given to Cromwell's wife by the Royalists, though her name was Elizabeth. She was taxed with exchanging the kitchen stuff for the candles used in the Protector's household, etc. See *Gentleman's Magazinee* for March 1788, p. 242.

† Colonel Hewson is said to have been originally a cobbler.

two others, one of which is preserved in *A Choice Collection of One Hundred and Twenty Loyal Songs*, &c., 1684, 12mo—to the tune of "Old Simon the King."

Joan's Ale.

From the many versions of this song which are extant, and reproduced in one form or another in most collections, the song or lampoon must have been immensely popular.

The full title of this ballad, as given by Chappell, is—

"Joan's Ale is New; or a New Merry Medley, shewing the Power, the Strength, the Operation, and the Virtue that remains in Good Ale, which is accounted the Mother-Drink of England."

> "All you that do this merry ditty view,
> Taste of Joan's ale, for it is strong and new."

Bell says of this song:—

"From the names of Nolly and Joan, and the allusion to ale, we are inclined to consider this popular old song as a lampoon levelled at Cromwell and his wife, whom the Royalist party nick-named 'Joan.' The Protector's acquaintances (depicted as low and vulgar tradesmen) are here humorously represented paying him a congratulatory visit on his change of fortune, and regaling themselves with the 'brewer's ale.'"

There were six jovial tradesmen,
And they all sat them down to drinking,
For they were a jovial crew;
They sat themselves down to be merry;
And they called for a bottle of sherry.
You're welcome as the hills, says Nolly,
While Joan's ale is new, brave boys,
While Joan's ale is new.

The first that came in was a soldier,
With his firelock over his shoulder;
Sure no one could be bolder,
And a long broadsword he drew.

He swore he would fight for England's ground,
Before the nation should be run down,
He boldly drank their healths all round,
While Joan's ale was new.

The next that came in was a hatter,
Sure no one could be blacker,
And he began to chatter
Among the jovial crew:
He threw his hat upon the ground,
And swore every man should spend his pound,
And boldly drank their healths all round,
While Joan's ale was new.

The next that came in was a dyer,
And he sat himself down by the fire,
For it was his heart's desire
To drink with the jovial crew:
He told the landlord to his face,
The chimney-corner should be his place,
And there he'd sit and dye his face,
While Joan's ale was new.

The next that came in was a tinker,
And he was no small beer drinker,
And he was no strong ale shrinker
Among the jovial crew.
For his brass nails were made of metal,
And he swore he'd go and mend a kettle;
Good heart, how his hammer and nails did rattle!
While Joan's ale was new!

The next that came in was a tailor,
With his bodkin, shears, and thimble;
He swore he would be nimble
Among the jovial crew:

They sat and they called for ale so stout,
Till the poor tailor was almost broke,
And was forced to go and pawn his coat,
While Joan's ale was new.

The next that came in was a ragman,
With his rag-bag over his shoulder;
Sure, no one could be bolder
Among the jovial crew.
They sat and called for pots and glasses,
Till they were all drunk as asses,
And burnt the old ragman's bag to ashes,
While Joan's ale was new.

Here is another and entirely different version. It was entered on the 26th October 1594, by John Danter, on the books of the Stationers' Company, "for his copie, a ballet intituled 'Jone's Ale is Newe.'" It appears also in D'Urfey's Collection:—

There was a jovial Tinker,
Which was a good ale drinker;
He never was a shrinker;
Believe me this is true.
And he came from the wild of Kent,
When all his money was gone and spent,
Which made him look like a *Jack-a-Lent.*
And Joan's ale is new,
And Joan's ale is new, Boys,
And Joan's ale is new.

The Tinker he did settle
Most like a man of mettle,
And vowed to pawn his kettle.
Now mark what did ensue:
His neighbours they flock'd in apace
To see *Tom Tinker's* comely face,
Where they drank soundly for a space,
Whilst Joan's ale was new.

The Cobbler and the Brown man,
Came next into the room, man,
And said they would drink for boon, man,
Let each one take his due;
But when good liquor they had found,
They cast their caps upon the ground,
And so the Tinker he drank round,
Whilst Joan's ale was new.

The Ragman being weary
With the burden he did carry,
He swore he would be merry,
And spend a shilling or two;
And he told his hostess to her face,
The chimney-corner was his place,
And he began to drink apace,
And Joan's ale was new.

The Pedler he drew nigher,
For it was his desire
To throw the rags i' th' fire,
And burn the bundle blue;
So whilst they drank whole flashes,
And threw about the glasses,
The rags were burnt to ashes,
And Joan's ale was new.

Part II.

And than came in the Hatter,
To see what was the matter;
He scorned to drink cold water,
Amongst that jovial crew;
And like a man of courage stout,
He took the quart-pot by the snout,
And never left till the glass was out
Oh, Joan's ale was new.

The Taylor being nimble,
With bodkin, shears, and thimble,
He did no whit dissemble;
I think his name was True.
He said that he was like to choak,
And he called so fast for lap and smoak,
Until he had pawn'd the vinegar cloak.
For Joan's ale was new.

Then came a pitiful Porter,
Which often did resort there;
Quoth he, I'll show some sport here,
Amongst the jovial crew.
The Porter he had very bad luck,
Before that it was ten o'clock;
The fool got drunk and lost his frock.
For Joan's ale was new.

The bonny brave Shoemaker,
A brave tobacco taker,
He scorn'd to be a Quaker;
I think his name was *Hugh.*
He called for liquor in so fast,
Till he forgot his awl and last,
And up the reckoning he did cast,
Whilst Joan's ale was new.

And then came in a Weaver,
You never saw a braver,
With a silkman and a glover,
Tom Tinker for to view;
And so to welcome him to town,
They every man spent half a crown,
And so the drink went merrily down,
And Joan's ale was new.

Then came a drunken Dutchman,
And he would have a touch man,
But soon he took too much, man,
Which made them after rue;
He drank so long, as I suppose,
Till greasie drops fell from his nose,
And like a beast befoul'd his hose,
Whilst Joan's ale was new.

A Welchman he came next, sir,
With joy and sorrow mixt, sir,
Who being partly vex'd, sir,
He out his dagger drew;
Cuts plutter-a-nails, quoth Taffy then,
A *Welchman* is a shentleman,
Comes, hostess, fill's the other can,
For Joan's ale was new.

Thus like to men of courage stout,
Courageously they drank about,
'Till such time as the ale was out,
As I may tell to you.
And when the business was done,
They ev'ry man departed home,
And promised *Joan* again to come,
When she had brew'd anew.

The following version shows another variation of the same song:—

There were three jolly fellows
Came o'er the hills together,
Came o'er the hills together,
To join this jovial crew.
They ordered the quarts and bottles of sherry,
To help them o'er the hills so merry,
To help them o'er the hills so merry,
When Joan's ale was new, my boys,
When Joan's ale was new.

The first that came was a tinker,
And he was no small beer drinker,
And he was no small beer drinker,
To join this jovial crew.
(*He said*) Have you got any pots or kettles to fettle,
My rivets are made of the very best metal,
And all the holes I'll quickly settle,
When Joan's ale was new, my boys,
When Joan's ale was new.

The next that came was a dyer,
He sat himself down by the fire,
He sat himself down by the fire,
To join this jovial crew.
The landlady told him to his face,
The chimney corner was his place,
And there he might sit and dye his old face,
When Joan's ale was new, my boys,
When Joan's ale was new.

The next that came was a hatter,
And no man could be fatter,
And no man could be fatter,
To join this jovial crew.
He threw his old hat upon the ground,
And swore each man should spend a crown,
And drink the health of all around,
When Joan's ale was new, my boys,
When Joan's ale was new.

The next that came was a soldier,
With his firelock over his shoulder,
With his firelock over his shoulder,
To join the jovial crew.
The landlady's daughter then came in,
She kissed him over the lips and chin,

The quarts of ale came tumbling in,
When Joan's ale was new, my boys,
When Joan's ale was new.

The last that came was a mason,
And his hammer it did want facing,
His hammer it did want facing,
To join the jovial crew.
He rattled his mallet against the wall,
He hoped the churches and steeple would fall,
And then there would be work for all,
When Joan's ale was new, my boys,
When Joan's ale was new.

It must be confessed that there is somewhat of a sameness about these songs. The allusions were probably local, and the meaning thereof as much lost as are those of Rabelais, or of Dean Swift in the great bulk of his political writings.

Tinkers have always been notable for their drinking powers. There was Christopher Sly, who figures prominently in the prologue to the "Taming of the Shrew." He went off into a drunken sleep, and woke up to find himself a duke. Still nature will out, and with his throat and mouth as dry as a limekiln, and the best of wines before him, he cried out, "For God's sake, a pot of smallest ale;" and, "Once again, a pot of smallest ale." Sly drank small beer, as our ancestors the three-bottle men drank claret, as a sobering tipple, on the principle of taking a hair of the dog that bit you.

"So when two dogs are fighting in the streets,
With a third dog one of the two dogs meets;
With angry tooth he bites him to the bone,
And this dog smarts for what that dog has done."

Then again there was the needy knife-grinder, who had no story of political wrong to tell the philanthropist, except that he got drunk at the Chequers. Whereupon, as he had no political griev-

ance, the friend to humanity said he would "see him damned before he gave sixpence to get a pot of ale," or words to that effect. Then there was that noted tinker who entertained King James unawares.

Here is a Yorkshire song of the same period, minus a few necessary excisions.

The Praise of Hull Ale.

Let's wet the whistle of the muse
That sings the praise of every juice
This house affords for mortal use;
Which nobody can deny.

Here's ale of Hull, which, 'tis well known,
Kept King and Keyser out of town,
Now it will never hurt the Crown;
Which nobody can deny.

Here's Lambeth ale to cool the maw,
And beer as spruce as e'er you saw,
But mum as good as man can draw;
Which nobody can deny.

Here's scholar that has doft his gown,
And donn'd his cloak and come to town,
Till all's up, drunk his college down;
Which nobody can deny.

Here's *North* down, which in many a case
Pulls all the blood into the face,
Which blushing is a sign of grace;
Which nobody can deny.

Here's that by some bold brandy hight,
Which *Dutchmen* use in case of fright,
Will make a coward for to fight;
Which nobody can deny.

Here's *China ale* surpasseth far
What *Munden* vents at Temple Bar,
'Tis good for lords' and ladies' ware;
Which nobody can deny.

Here's of *Epsom* will not fox
You more than what's drawn from the cocks
Of *Nuddleton*, yet cures smallpox;
Which nobody can deny.

For ease of heart, here's that will do't,
A liquor you may have to boot,
Invites you or the devil to't;
Which nobody can deny.

Two reprints which follow, show the tricks of the trade as practised by two arrant rogues, and the result of closing the Houses on Sundays, as set forth in—

THE LAMENTABLE COMPLAINTS OF NICK FROTH THE TAPSTER, AND RULEROST THE COOKE,

Concerning the restraint lately set forth against drinking, sotting, and piping on the Sabbath day, and against selling meate.

Printed in the year 1641.

Froth. My honest friend, Cooke Ruffin, well met. I pray thee, what good newes is stirring?

Cook. Good newes, said you? I, where is't? There is such newes in the world will anger thee to heare of; it is as bad as bad may be.

Froth. Is there so? I pray thee what is it? Tell me, whatsoever it be.

Cook. Have you not heard of the restraint lately come out against us from the higher powers, whereby we are commanded not to sell meate nor draw drink upon Sundays, as we will answer the countrary at our perils?

Froth. I have heard that some such thing was intended to be done, but never before knew that it was under black and white. I hope there is no such matter. Art thou sure this thy newes is true?

Cook. Am I sure I ever rosted a fat pig on a Sunday until they eyes dropt out, thinke you? S'foot, shall I not credit my owne eyes?

Froth. I would thine had dropt out too before ever thou hadst seen this; and if this be your newes, you might have kept it, with a murrain to you.

Cook. Nay, why so chollerick, my friend? You told me you would heare me with patience, whatsoever it were.

Froth. I cry thee heartily mercy, honest Rulerost. I am sorry for what I said. It was my passion made me forget myself so much; but I hope this command as you speake will not continue long. Will it, think you, Master Cooke?

Cook. Too long, to our grief, I feare. The church-wardens, sidemen, and constables will so look to our red lattices that we shall not dare to put our heads out of doors on a Sunday hereafter. What think you, neighbour, is it not like to prove so?

Froth. Truly it is much to be feared; but what do you think will become of us then, if these times hold?

Cook. Faith, Master Froth, we must shut up our doors and hang padlocks on them, and never so much as take leave of our landlords.

Froth. Master Rulerost, I jump with you in opinion, for if I tarry in my house till quarter-day, my landlord, I feare, will provide me a house gratis. I am very unwilling to trust him: he was always wonderfull kind, and ready to help any of his debtors to such a curtesie. To be plaine with you, I know not in which of the compters I shall keep my Christmas, if I doe not wisely, by running away, prevent him.

Cook. Thou hast spoke my owne thoughts; but I stand not so much in danger of my griping landlord as I doe of Master Killcalf, my butcher. I am run into almost halfe-a-year's arrerages with him; I doe owe him near ninety pounds for meat,

which I have had of him at divers and sundry times, as by his tally may more at large appeare.

Froth. I myselfe am almost as farre in debt to my brewer as you are to your butcher: I had almost forgotten that. I see I am no man of this world if I tarry in England. He hath often threatened to make dice of my bones already, but ile prevent him: ile show him the bagge, I warrant him.

Cook. He would rather you would show him the money and keep the bagge to yourselfe.

Froth. I much wonder, Master Rulerost, why my trade should be put downe, it being so necessary in a Commonwealth. Why, the noble art of drinking, it is the soule of all good fellowship, the marrow of a poet's nervs, it makes a man as valiant as Hercules, though he were as cowardly as a Frenchman. Besides, I could prove it necessary for any man sometimes to be drunk; for, suppose you should kill a man whan you are drunk, you shall never be hanged for it until you are sober: therefore I thinke it good for a man to be alwayes drunk. And, besides, it is the kindest companion and friendliest sin of all the seven; for most sins leave a man by some accident or other before his death, but this will never forsake him till the breath be out of his body, and lastly a full bowle of stronge beere will drowne all sorrowes.

Cook. Master Nick, you are mistaken, your trade is not put down, as you seeme to say: what is done is done to a good intent, to the end that poore men that worke hard all the weeke for a little money should not spend it all on the Sunday while they should be at some church, and so consequently there will not be so many beggars.

Froth. Alack! you know all my profit doth arise onely upon Sundays; let them but allow me that privilege, and abridge me all the weeke besides. S'foot, I could have so scowred my young sparks up for a peny a demy can, or a halfe-pint, heapt with froth. I got more by uttering halfe a barrell in time of divine service then I could by a whole barrell at any other time, for my customers were glad to take anything for money and think themselves much ingaged to me; but now the case is altered.

Cook. Truly, Master Froth, you are a man of light constitution, and not so much to be blamed as I that am more solid. O! what will become of me? I now thinke of the lusty surloins of roast beefe which I with much policy divided into innumerable company of semi-slices, by which, with my provident wife, I used to make eighteen-pence of that which cost me a groat (provided I sold it in service time). I could tell you, too, how I used my half-cans and my Bloomesbury pots, when occasion served, and my smoak, which I sold dearer than any apothecary doth his physic; but those happy days are now past, and therefore no more of that.

Froth. Well, I am rid of one charge which did continually vex me by this means.

Cook. I pray thee what was that?

Froth. Why, Master Rulerost, I was wont to be in fee with the apparitors, because they should not bring me into the bawdy court for selling drink on Sundayes. Ile assure you they used to have a noble quarter of me, but now they shall excuse me—they are like to have no more quartridge of me; and, indeed, the truth is their trade begins to be out of request as well as ours.

Cook. I, trust me, neighbour, I pity them. I was as much troubled with those kind of rascals as yourself, onely I confesse I paid them no quartridge: but they tickled my beefe—a stone of beefe was no more in one of their bellies than a man in Paul's. But now I must take occasion to ease myself of that charge, and with confidence I will now bad them "Walke, knave, walke."

Froth. Truly, Master Rulerost, it doth something ease my mind when I thinke that we have companions in misery. Authority, I see, is quick-sighted; it can quickly espie a hole in a knave's coate. But, Master Cooke, we forget ourselves; it goweth neare supper time, and we must part. I would tell you what I intend to doe, but time prevents me: therefore ile refer it untill the next time we meet, and so farewell.

The Complaints and Doings of Hop the Brewer and Kilcalfe the Butcher form a fitting sequel to those of Froth and Rulerost.

THE LAMENTABLE COMPLAINTS OF HOP THE BREWER AND KILCALFE THE BUTCHER,

As they meet by chance in the Country, against the restraint lately set out by the Parliament, against Tapsters and Cookes: which hath caused them to cracke their credit, and to betake them to their heeles.

Printed in the year 1641.

Hop. What, neighbour Kilcalfe, who would have thought to meet you here. What good newes is there stirring in London, I pray, can you tell?

Kilc. Newes, Mr Hop, there is great store, such as it is, but none, I am sure, that is good for you or me.

Hop. I hope, Mr Kilcalfe, there is none will prove hurtfull for us.

Kilc. Yes, truly, neighbour, there is ill newes for us.

Hop. I pray, my good friend, let me heare all the newes, whatsoever it be.

Kilc. Why! I will tell you, sir, since you are so inquisitive. There is a Bell (and one of the greatest in the town) lately falne from Aldermary Church, and some say it is burst all in pieces.

Hop. Well, sir, what can this hurt you or me? But say this belle be broke, it may be new cast and hanged, and all will be well again.

Kilc. Very right, sir, and this may be done with little charge, and besides there are ropes provided already; there are three generous Vintners in the Parish that have promised to defray the whole charge.

Hop. The Vintners may afford it, neighbour; I hear they pay no tunnage now the wine Patent is put downe. But, pray, what is this newes you speake of?

Kilc. Why, have you not heard of the restraint that was lately set forth by the Parliament, wherby all Cookes and Tapsters and many other professions are forbidden to dress meat and draw drinke on Sundaies?

Hop. Indeed, I have heard that some such thing was intended,

but I never heard that it was in blacke and white untill this houre. I hope there is no such thing; is there, neighbour, are you sure?

Kilc. Sure, say you! Am I sure that ever I knockt down an oxe and cut his throat on a Sunday morning, thinke you? S'foot, shall I not believe my owne eies?

Hop. I would they had beene out, so thou had'st not lived to see this chance.

Kilc. Nay, now, neighbour, I must tell you, you are somewhat too bitter; did you not promise to heare me whatsoever it were, and seeing you are so hot, farewell.

Hop. Nay, good neighbour, stay, I cry thee heartily mercy. It was my passion which made me so much forget myself; but if this be true.

Kilc. There is no ifs, 'tis true, as I tell you.

Hop. What, then, will become of us?

Kilc. Truely, I know not. Wee must e'en shut up our doores, and never so much as take leave of our Landlords.

Hop. As I am an honest man, you and I are both of a minde. You have spoke my owne thoughts, for I am sure if I tarry till quarter-day, my Landlord will provide me a house *gratis*. I should bee very unwilling to accept of his kindnesse, and hee to my knowledge was alwaies very forward to do such a curtesie to the worst debter he ever had.

Kilc. Truely, Master *Hop*, I am not so much ingaged to my Landlord for his love, as you to yours; but this I am sure, there is a grazier dwelling in this part that hath my hand (downe upon a piece of sheepskin), not for my honesty, but for some certain money which I owe him, and if I don't wisely prevent him, I know not which of the counters I am like to keepe my Christmas in.

Hop. I pray, Master Kilcafe, can you prevent him?

Kilc. Why, Ile show him the bag, Ile run man; dost understand me?

Hop. Yes, very well, but I believe that hee had rather you would show him his money, and then he would understand you.

Kilc. But by his favour he shall not understand nor stand under any money of mine, if I can keep it from him.

Hop. But, I pray, tell me, how came you so much in debt? Did you use to trust your customers for your meat? I believe you deal with them for ready money, did you not?

Kilc. Truely, sir, I was forced to trust sometimes when my customers had not money to pay mee. There was one, Master *Rule-rost*, a Cooke, that owed me almost a hundred pounds, who no sooner heard of this strict command against selling of meat on Sundayes, but he hanged a padlocke on the doore and away went Pilgarlicke. I cannot heare of my gentleman since his departure, nor doe I ever looke to receive my money now.

Hop. Now, why not now?

Kilc. Because I doe never looke to see him againe. But put the case he should ever come againe, hee would never bee able to pay mee without he were suffered to sell meate on Sundayes in service time.

Hop. Why? Is it impossible for cookes to get money on the weeke daies? I know no reason but why they may as well as on the Sundayes.

Kilc. Yes, sir, 'tis very possible, but I will tell you what I have observed in some of these Cookes. You should have a Cooke that upon Sundaies would dresse twice so much meat as upon any other day, and sell it three times as deare; for, sir, his doore shall stand open all the service time, and anybody may be suffered to come in (the Churchwardens excepted), and he that calls for any of his rosted beefe, hath it weighed to him by the ounce, or at least one would thinke it so by the thine slices, which hee with much pollicy carveth from the spit; and so by his pollicy he will make you eighteene pence of that which (on any other day) he would take eightpence for, and greete you with a welcome into the bargaine. But those daies are now past, and therefore I despaire of ever seeing my money.

Hop. I am just in your case. Did you not know *Nick Froth* the Tapster at the Bell? He was a man that used his customers as your cook used his, for in service time on Sundaies you should have him draw his beere out at a penny a demy can, or a halfe pint; besides, the willy knave had an excellent faculty in frothing. He would get as much in drawing half a barrell on a Sunday as

he should by a whole barrell on any other day; and for his Indian smoake, he sold that as deare as apothecaries doe their ambergreese. I, seeing him in this hopefule thriving way, trusted him with a hundred and fifty barrells of beere, in hope (though) that I should have had my money before this time, but he being debarred of this privilidge, I utterly despaire of payment, and so by this and many other such like debters, I am like to be undone, and therefore Ile not stay in England.

Kilc. Then let us both return to London and gather up as many of our debts as we can, to beare our charges in our journey. If we can but once get crosse the great pond, wee may with confidence outface our creditors. Our daies of payment draw neere, therefore let us make good use of our time that we have to tarry.

Come let's away, and if the wind sets right,
Weele be at Dover by to-morrow night.

The reaction which set in when Charles II. returned, is shewn by the following song from Mr Chappell's Collection :—

THE RESTORATION.

Come, come away,
To the Temple and pray,
And sing with a pleasant strain;
The schismatick's dead,
The liturgy's read,
And the King enjoys his own again.

The vicar is glad,
The clerk is not sad,
And the parish cannot refrain
To leap and rejoice
And lift up their voice
That the King enjoys his own again.

The next merry medley, of which there are two versions published in 1686, is in a similar strain :

Part I.

The Jew's Corant.

Let's call and drink the cellar dry,
There's nothing sober underneath the sky ;
The greatest kingdoms in confusion lye ;
Since all the world goes mad, why may not I ?
My father's dead and I am free,
He left no children in the world but me ;
The devil drink him down with usury,
And I'll repine in liberality.
When first the English war began,
He was precisely a politick man,
That gain'd his state by sequestration,
Till Oliver began
To come with sword in hand and put him to the run.
Then jovial lads who are undone
So by the father, come home to the son,
Whom ale and musick wait upon, let's tipple up a tun
And drink your woes away ; jolly hearts, come on, come on.

Part II.

A New Country Dance.

From the Loyal Garland, 1686.

No drayman shall with his dull feet appear
Lord in the Common-weal,
Or Jesuit in the pulpit appear
Under a cloak of zeal ;
Musicians never be noted
For wandering men of ease,
But they shall be finely coated,
And permitted to sing what they please :
If all things do but hit well,—
Who knows but so't may be ?
Though now you be very zealous,
Then you'll laugh and be merry as we.

Taylor, the Water Poet, was one of the most prolific writers on beer and its associations, and a staunch loyalist. At one time during his varied career, he kept a public house during the Cromwellian era, and put up the sign of the King's head. On being advised that it was unsafe, though patriotic, he took down the King's, and put up his own head, with the motto—

"There's many a head stands for a sign,
Then, gentle reader, why not mine?"

One of the most exaggerated forms of loyalty occurs in the "Vade Mecum for Malt Worms," anent the King's head in Chiswell Street, which was a guide to the principal "pubs" and their "props," or best supporters. I take the date of this anonymous work to be, from internal evidence, about the time of Queen Anne.

"England's bless'd Martyr's Head next claims our call,
A house that rises by that monarch's fall;
Kept by a man, who, though his name is Meade,
A name distinguish'd by a factious breed,
Detests the *bloody crew* that caused that impious deed.
Faithful to Felt—man's and to Dold—'s cause,
He accounts as justly as he justly draws,
In both capacities of clerk and host,
True to the duties and his double post;
Since none can better keep his Martyr's Book,
None better after his own business look,
And though a tap-house, every place is clean,
Good usage and good liquors flow within.
Here Br—wn, the Cooper to the Brewhouse near,
By drinking shows this ken excels for Beer:
Here Johnny Sm—d, whose taste has oft been try'd,
Quart after quart with all the tribe beside,
That wait upon the boiler or the dray,
Spend all the vacant hours by night and day;
So there's no doubt, but where the Brewers come,
Good drink must freight that hospitable Dome,
For Grocer eats himself no rotten plumb."

At a later date, party feeling ran high between the Jacobites and Anti-Jacobites, the forerunners of the Whigs and Tories. I take it that the following extract from a Mughouse song refers to the Young Pretender. The song itself appeared in "Killy Crankey's Garland." The Mughouse clubs became each one a political centre, with this great difference, that in the loyal set the King's health was drunk openly; in the other, the King was toasted surreptitiously "over the water."

"We friends of the Mug are met here to discover
Our zeal to the Protestant House of Hanover,
Against the attempts of a bigotted Rover;
Which nobody can deny.

"Prepare then in bumpers confusion to drink
To their cursed devices who otherwise think,
For now that vile interest must certainly sink;
Which nobody can deny.

"The Tories, 'tis true, are yet skulking in shoals,
To show their affection to Perkin in Bowls;
But in time we will ferret them out of their holes;
Which nobody can deny.

"So their Hero himself in Camp once appears,
Created sham Bishops, sham Knights, and sham Peers,
Then scampers away like a child all in tears;
Which nobody can deny.

"If such was his conduct before any battle,
Such had he in Council but heard our Mugs rattle,
'Twould have spoil'd his long speeches, and ended his prattle;
Which nobody can deny.

"Now we'll laugh at the Brat and all his dull tools,
Who thought us such sinners as well as such fools,
As to part with a King who so gloriously rules;
Which nobody can deny.

" He's a true faith's defender we have on the throne,
And so well his valour thro' Europe is known,
Not a potentate dares his base enemy own;
Which nobody can deny.

" Let's still then stand fast by Religion and Laws,
In spight of High Church and Popish Jackdaws,
Nor fear of success, 'tis George and his Cause;
Which nobody can deny."

Here is another extract in the same bitter strain :—

" When English fashions did prevail,
We all agreed on drinking ale.
Such strength we were unto this land
That hosts of foes could not withstand;
Vain fashion'd folks reverse inclin'd,
Who Popish liquors seem'd to find,
Such traitorous knaves are Britain's foes,
Ere long you see them near great toes,
Nay, sooner than forsake that liquor,
You'll see them bend to kiss the slipper."

Beer, politics, and loyalty have, however, always been closely allied. The Rev. Mr Bromston's lines on the art of politics, written in 1751, are still applicable.

" Not long since parish clerks with saucy airs
Apply'd King David's psalms to State affairs;
Some certain tunes to politics belong—
On both sides drunkards love a party song.

" To speak is free, no member is debarr'd,
But funds and national accounts are hard;
Safer on common topics to discourse—
The malt tax and a military force—
On these each coffee-house will lend a hint,
Besides a thousand things that are in print.

" When the duke's grandson for the county stood,
His beef was fat and his October good,

His lordship took each ploughman by the fist,
Drunk to their sons—their wives and daughters kiss'd;
But when strong beer their free-born hearts inflames,
They sell him bargains and they call him names;
Thus is it deem'd in English nobles wise
To stoop for no one reason but to rise."

Pepys, in his diary, gives a second-hand account of some election drinks:—

"Sept. 28th, 1667.—After dinner comes Sir F—— to me about business, he telling me romantic lies of himself and family, how they have been parliament men for Grimsby, he and his forefathers, this 140 years, and his father is now; and himself at this day stands for the borough with his father by the death of his fellow-burgess, and that he believes it will cost him as much as it did his predecessor, which was £300 in ale and £52 in buttered ale, which I believe is one of his devilish lies."

The old gossip did not drop a tear as he wrote the above, in order to blot it out for ever.

One incident that gave rise to an immense deal of feeling throughout the country occurred in 1850, on the occasion of General Haynau's visit to Messrs Barclay & Perkin's brewery, when the General got well trounced by the sturdy draymen and had to cut and run. The incident almost caused an open rupture between the Cabinets of Vienna and Downing Street, but Lord Palmerston was equal to the occasion. When the Austrian Government demanded the surrender and delivery of all the men who were concerned in the assault, Lord Palmerston replied that the English law courts were open to the Austrian general, but he would have to come over here to identify his assailants. The General declined the invitation. The episode was celebrated in a Catnach ballad, which was very popular at the time.

General Haynau and Barclay & Perkins' Draymen.*

Good people, pay attention, pray,
Just now to what I have to say,

* Birt, Printer, 39 Gt. St Andrew's Street, 7 Dials, London.

Of what was done the other day,
By Barclay & Perkins' Draymen.
There was a chief well-known to fame,
General Haynau was his name,
Who a tyrant's favour sought to gain
By causing grievous sorrow and pain.
By blood and slaughter, fire and sword,
He did commend his Cossack horde,
Till Freedom's blood like water pour'd;
Sing Barclay & Perkins' Draymen.

Hit him, kick him up and down,
Box him, knock him round and round,
Out of his hat break the crown,
Cried Barclay & Perkins' Draymen.

When fair Hungary prostrate lay
Beneath a tyrant's despot sway,
And many mourn'd the fatal day;
Oh! Barclay & Perkins' Draymen.
Her bravest sons he put to death,
Her fairest women by the lash
Had their flesh cut from living flesh!
While freedom to the earth was dash'd,
By this monster man in human shape.
But you shall quickly know his fate,
He got his desert at any rate,
From Barclay & Perkins' Draymen.
Hit him, etc.

One day he went to have a stare,
At where we English brew our beer,
And met a warm reception there,
From Barclay & Perkins' Draymen.
Out on the tyrant all did cry;
How you would laugh to see him fly,
To cut his lucky he did try,

But soon found out 'twas all my eye.
One collared him by his moustache,
And one with mud his face did wash,
Another roll'd him in the slush,
Did Barclay & Perkins' Draymen.
Hit him, etc.

One let down upon his head
Straw enough to make his bed,
One pulled his nose till it was red,
Did Barclay & Perkins' Draymen.
Then out of the gate he did run,
And now there was some precious fun,
A rotten egg he got from one,
For all did cry—yes, every one,
To show how we loved such a brute,
Who women flogged, and men did shoot,
For trying tyranny to uproot.
Oh! Barclay & Perkins' Draymen.
Hit him, etc.

At length he found a place to hide,
All at the George by Bankside,
But not till they'd well-tann'd his hide,
Barclay & Perkins' Draymen.
Let this to tyrants a lesson be,
Not to crush fair liberty,
Or like Haynau they'll have to flee
And not get off so well as he!
Then for Barclay's men we'll give a cheer,
May they live long to brew our beer,
And from their masters nothing fear,
Barclay & Perkins' Draymen.
Hit him, etc.

W. Eversom.

The incidents of taxation on malt, hops, and beer have always been a sore point to the brewers, and indirectly the public, of

course, who are affected thereby. In 1791, an impost of two shillings per quarter was put on malt, and this Act led to a great anomaly in the taxation of beer. Mr Flower, a brewer of Hertford, came forward as the champion of the trade at this time, and enlisted Lord Loughborough in the cause. His Lordship denounced the Bill in good set terms from his seat in the House.

"Let their lordships look back to the low eleemosynary, and yet most oppressive measure of finance, to which, for his last project of ambition, the minister had recourse—an attack on the wholesome beverage of the yeomanry, of that large and valuable description of persons who, without disparagement to the manufacturers, were of more consequence to the country than any other part. Thus their vigour was to be destroyed, their comforts withdrawn."

Mr Flower in another place followed suit, and incidentally gave high medical testimony on behalf of Beer:—

"Could I have obliged the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with his Budget Committee, to have visited the cottage of the labourer, who had but just survived the dangers of those dreadful epidemic disorders which have been so fatally prevalent during the last year, which have threatened to bury us in one grave, and which the faculty have declared were occasioned by low living, prescribing for such patients the strongest ale that could be procured."

Certainly we are not worried so much in detail as our grandfathers were, as the following verses show; but still taxation is vexation, nevertheless, and I trust that no fresh inquisitorial imposition on beer will be made:—

"We pay for our soap and our salt,
For cyder, for brandy, for beer;
We pay for our mum and our malt,
And excise makes our leather so dear;
We are forced to pay for light,
Which our windows afford by day;
And we pay for our candles by night—
All which we most willing obey.

"But may that devil Excise
For the future never enter our doors,
Nor with his mischievous eyes
Pry into our Christmas stores.
Send him home to hell, whence he came,
And there let him howl till doomsday;
Oh, never hereafter him name,
For the honour of Sir John Kaye."

William IV., c. 51 (July 16, 1830), repealed some of the vexatious restrictions on ale and malt, and reduced the duties. This act on his part gave rise to the following burst of loyalty, in the form of a very favourite song, written by a gentleman who rejoiced in the appropriate name of Barclay Perkins, and published by Messrs Brewer & Co., of Bishopsgate Street.

I Likes a Drop of Good Beer, I Does.

Come, neighbours all, both great and small,
Let's perform our duties here,
And loudly sing, Long live the king,
For bating the tax on beer:
For I likes a little good beer;
And loudly sing, Long live the king,
For bating the tax on beer.

Some people think distill-e-ry drink
Is wholesome, neat, and sheer;
But I will contend to my life's end,
There's nothing to tipple like beer:
For I likes a little good beer;
And I will contend, to my life's end,
There's nothing to tipple like beer.

Brandy and gin blows out the skin,
And makes one feel very queer;

But whenever I puts them into my stomach
I always wishes 'twas beer:
For I likes a little good beer;
But whenever I puts them into my stomach
I always wishes 'twas beer.

From drinking rum the maggots come,
And bowel pains appear;
But I always find both cholic and wind
Are driven away by beer:
For I likes a little good beer;
But I always find that cholic and wind
Are driven away by beer.

Moll, if I choose, reads out the news
With voice both firm and clear,
While I eats my tripe, and smokes my pipe,
And drinks my gallon of beer:
For I likes a little good beer;
While I eats my tripe, and smokes my pipe,
And drinks my gallon of beer.

At the public-house they used to chouse,
Which caused me many a tear;
But the new beer shops sell malt and hops,
And that's the right stuff to make beer:
For I likes a little good beer;
But the new beer shops sell malt and hops,
And that's the right stuff to make beer;
For I likes a little good beer.

Of all things thirst I counts the worst,
And always stands in fear;
So when I goes out I carries about
A little pint bottle of beer:
For I likes a little good beer;
So when I goes out I carries about
A little pint bottle of beer;
For I likes a little good beer.

'Twixt wet and dry I always try
From the extremes to steer;
And tho' I've shrunk from getting dead drunk,
I've always been fond of my beer:
For I likes a little good beer;
And tho' I've shrunk from getting dead drunk,
I've always been fond of my beer;
For I likes a little good beer.

Let ministers shape the duty on Cape,
And ordain that port shall be dear;
But darn their eyes if ever they tries
To rob a poor man of his beer;
For I likes a little good beer;
But darn their eyes if ever they tries
To rob a poor man of his beer;
For I likes a drop of good beer.

In "Tom Brown's Schooldays," Mr Tom Hughes describes this song as having been a great favourite with the Rugby boys, by whom it was duly honoured on Saturday nights, when a double allowance of ale was dealt out to them.

During the Russian troubles, a war-tax of 1½d. per bushel, and 5 per cent., was imposed in 1854-5, and the brewers had in consequence to charge an additional six shillings per barrel, in order to recoup themselves. This step gave rise to a burst of indignation, and *Punch* and other journals took up their parable on the occasion. The following specimens show the state of public feeling thirty years ago. *Punch* led off with

MUSIC, MALT, AND HOPS.

Messrs Bass & Co., the teetotallers will be glad to hear, have published a circular in the name of the Burton pale ale brewers, announcing the intention of raising the price of their beer by 6*s.* per cask. This concert among the brewers, with a Bass for a leader, exhibits some novelties in harmony. The Bass rises instead of descending in the scale of price, and by thus increasing

in height will, strange to say, reach up to double Bass. One more step will raise it to treble Bass; but that will be a contradiction in terms, and absolutely ridiculous.

This was followed by the following effusion in the same issue:—

THE LOVER'S FAREWELL TO PALE ALE.

Farewell, my bright, my brisk, my pale,
I cannot say my sweet,
For thou art bitter, oh, my ale!
With hops, I trust, replete.

Henceforth thou art estranged from me;
And dost thou ask me why?
Thou wilt not suit my low degree,
Since thou hast got so high.

It was not wise to raise thee so,
'Tis what thou wilt not bear;
Better had thou been brought more low,
And made "not pale but fair."

Go travel o'er the ocean brine,
To grace some Nabob's cup;
Thy figure will not do for mine,
So I must give thee up.

With chamomile the goblet fill,
The cold infusion pour;
I'll quaff the dose, the draught I'll swill,
And sigh for thee no more!

The attack commenced by *Punch* was followed up by *Diogenes*:—

THE RISE IN ALE: A BITTER WAIL.

By our Bottle-Nosed Contributor.

Ye brewers hale, of bitter ale, who live at home in clover,
On whose mild trash no tippler rash could e'er get half seas over;

How dare ye overshoot the mark, by trying (venturous task!)
To make a double-barrell'd charge for every single cask?

'Tis surely hard enough that some, to mitigate their drought,
Must dose themselves with bitter ale, though they are sweet on stout;
Then, why up starts—to sour them and aggravate their blues—
From "Burton," this "anatomy of melancholy" news?

Imprudent Bass! why thus forsake the tenor of thy way?
Or why should die a tonic scale of charges we *can* pay?
Who now, in prospect of long bills, a beaker full would drink?
Thy "Dr. and per contra," Bass—oh, dear, how they will shrink.

And ye, too, Allsopps—sloppy firm! whose beer some folks define
To be a tasteless compound, until flavoured with strychnine;
You soon may find it will not pay—the advertising rig:
Your statements may be deem'd big lies, though backed by a Lie-big.

Ye lovers of the hop, a pretty dance ye will be led,
Should ye resign your "bitter," to find some new drink instead.
Whate'er ye choose can scarce be worse, e'en though 'twere ginger-pop;
For sure the very name of "pale" suggests the thought of slop.

Ye brewers hale, of bitter ale, who live at home in clover,
Quick knuckle under, or with ye it soon will be all-over;
Your Allsopp's days of glory like a fabrication seem,
And Bass's golden visions "baseless fabrics of a dream."

BEER! BOYS, BEER!

Air—"Cheer, boys! cheer!"

Beer! boys, beer! no more absurd restriction,
Courage, Bass, Meux, and Barclay must give way;
Half-pints and quarts have vanish'd like a fiction,
Why, then, submit to the brewers' despot sway?

Brown stout of England! much as we may love thee,
(Which, by the way, I rather think we do,)
Pale draught of India! shall they charge us for thee
Twice what you're worth, for the profit of a few?
Beer! boys, beer! abundant, deep, and vasty!
Beer! boys, beer! the stunning, strong, and grand!
Beer! boys, beer! the cheap, and not the nasty!
Beer! boys, beer! at a price a man can stand!

Beer! boys, beer! the present scale of prices
Leads to a style of tipple not the best;
Vile Spanish root, and quassia, which not nice is,
Bad for the bile, and oppressive for the chest.
But, let's unite with hearty agitation,
Push for our rights, and battle might and main;
And ours shall be a large and brimming tankard
Of real wholesome stuff, brew'd out of roasted grain.
Beer! boys, beer! no more of gentian's nausea;
Beer! boys, beer! with liquorice away;
Beer! boys, beer! no logwood chips or quassia;
Beer! boys, beer!—which is all I have to say!

A "Bitter" Remonstrance.

Oh! Mr Bass! a pretty pass
Of things we've come to here,
When shillings six you further fix
Upon the cask of beer.
We thought that you and Allsopp too
Sufficient gains did clear,
When pennies four we paid you for
A pint of bitter beer.

When foreign tongues suspicions flung
Upon your malt and hops,
And dark hints brought of strychnine bought
In murderous chemists' shops,

We by you stood, and swore that good
And wholesome was your cheer;
To help your trade, a quart we made
Our pint of bitter beer.

That storm pass'd by, we heard a cry,
Through England growing loud,
Of strikes for pay (which leads away
Too oft the labouring crowd).
We smiled on those whose prices rose,
And thought we had no fear
Augmented we in price should see
Our pint of bitter beer.

But, Mr Bass! if thus your class
Our olden love repay,
We'll show you how at "striking" now
The public, now, can play.
Until the rate you shall abate
We'll throw you in the rear,
And half-in-half in place we'll quaff
Of pints of bitter beer.

A "STAVE" FOR BASS & Co.

Bass! whose fame is based on beer;
Bass! whose name is known where'er
Britons hold your nectar dear—
Thirst assuaging pleasantly.
Now you make our cheeks grow pale!
Now we read you've "raised" your ale!
Brew'd at Burton, where the sale
Pr'aps will lessen presently.

What though malt and hops are high!
What though staves are dear to buy!
Once, when cheapness was the cry,
Did you lower speedily?

In your vats there's mischief brewing !
In your casks there may be ruin !
If you're bent on still pursuing
  Shillings six so greedily.

By the Thames' discolour'd tide,
By the Ganges rolling wide,
By the rocky gully's side,
  Shout, ye Saxons, thrillingly !
"No advance on pennies four !
Quite enough we gave before !
Bitter beer we'll drink no more,
  Bass and Allsopp, willingly."

Here is another comparative song from the same source, but not so laudatory, though it conveys a moral :—

BEER : A VOICE FROM THE CROWD.

  The minister's tax
  On the housekeepers' backs
Was a sell and a sham severe ;
  And "their tea be blowed !"
  But they certainly showed
Some very good notions on beer.
For we likes a drop of good beer,
And it's hard to get at—that's clear ;
  So many combines,
  In their various lines,
To rob a poor man of his beer.

  Says Jerry to me,
  T'other day, says he,
"There's a very good shop round here."
  "Jerry,' says I,
  "My whistle *is* dry
I wote as we has some beer."

So says we—"A pot of good beer;"
But they draw'd us summut so queer,
That a cove no more
Could ha' bolted a door
Than swallowed such stuff for beer.

"Landlord," says I,
With a face all wry,
"What do you call this here?"
"Gents," says he,
"It's a pot of what we
Serve out as the werry best beer;
But it's hard to get at good beer,
For the brewer sells it so dear,
And the rents is so high,
That"—"In fact," says I,
"You rob a poor man of his beer."

Says Jerry to me,
"We must live," say he,
"To make the expenses clear!
They doctor it up,
So I vote for a cup
Of summut instead of beer,
For anything's better than beer."
"Jerry," say I, "hear, hear!"
So a quartern we had,
And it wasn't so bad,
As it took off the taste of the beer.

Jerry and me
Got making free,
Both on us got very queer,
Which neither a one
Would ever ha' done
If they'd given us wholesome beer.
For the want of a drop of good beer

Drives lots to tipples more dear;
And they licks their wives,
And destroys their lives,
Which they would not ha' done upon beer.

This war-tax was repealed in 1856, when the public again rejoiced in cheap beer.

History repeats itself, and the attempt in 1885 to raise the Exchequer by a tax of two shillings per barrel was disastrous to the Government. The announcement of the intentions of the Chancellor gave rise to a popular burst of indignation. One of the cleverest is the following parody on Lord Tennyson's rhapsody, written by the versatile writer who assumes the name of "Dagonet" in *The Referee*. I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr Henry Sampson for permission to reprint the lines, which were prophetic.

THE BEER.

Not from Trafalgar's Bay, where Nelson fought,
But where round Nelson's base, in iron wrought,
The lions lie and watch and guard and wait—
There was the Lion's roar upraised of late.

Proud statesmen, ye who hear the thunderous burst,
Know ye with what the Lion slakes his thirst.
Far to your halls is borne the mighty cheer;
The Lion thirsts—you've robbed him of his beer!

O, you—if you've failed to understand
That beer is dear throughout our sea-girt land,
You—you shall be that roaring Lion's prey—
Be wise in time and take the tax away.

History has a knack of repeating itself in many ways. In 1854 or 1855, the then Lord Robert Grosvenor passed an Act for closing public-houses all the day on Sundays. Public feeling rose high on the occasion, as Lord Grosvenor's windows bore witness to, and after a time the Act was repealed and the present

somewhat reasonable hours for opening and closing were imposed. A similar movement is now set on foot by a certain section who decline to be taught by experience, or to learn the future from the past of man.

The wording of one portion of the licensing Act gave rise to a number of jokes at the time. Here is one, the best of its class :—

ALLOWED TO BE DRUNK ON THE PREMISES.

By John Labern.

Of all the strange bills that they've pass'd
To make people act with propriety,
They've manag'd to make one at last,
That is causing some fun in society.
For in every street you go through,
Lane, alley, or any such crevices,
Each beer-shop writes up full in view,
"Allowed to be drunk on the premises."

The people they all must agree,
Tho' so much has been talk'd of concerning it,
A better law never could be,
For in fact they're now daily confirming it.
What *taste* can that man have, oh dear!
Who this Act say a wish to condemn is his,
He can't know what wirtue's in beer;
If he did not get drunk on the premises.

What a good set of trumps they must be,
In the house all the slim and the crummy ones,
At the same time I'll own and agree,
That there's some of them reg'lar rummy ones,
But I means all those radical chaps,
Wot gloriously made it their businesses,
To wote for them beer-drinking acts,
Allowed to get drunk on the premises.

Talk about legislation and that,
Why, I'm almost asham'd to be naming it,
They really can't know what they're at
So I'll in a few words be explaining it.
Five shillings if groggy you're found
To fine you they say it their business is,
Altho' by the Act you're bound
To stay and get drunk on the premises.

Some M.P.'s I daresay tried hard,
Against others such a bill carrying,
From us they've all comfort debarred
But one, that's the pleasure of marrying.
But I'm sure they've no cause to talk,
For they all on the sly keep their mistresses,
They sits with 'em drawing their cork,
And I warrants gets drunk on the premises.

For landlords it's all werry well,
We needn't do as they tell us now;
That gemman wot keeps the Blue Bell
Not half enough drink will he sell us now.
I told him, say I, we're well back'd
And your conduct, sir, very remiss is,
For we're by this Parliament Act,
Allowed to get drunk on the premises.

A word or two more I must say,
Before I my song can be finishing,
To all those who woted that day,
Our cares and sorrows diminishing.
Towards something round I'll be proud,
To be part for I think it my business is,
To drink all their healths wot allowed
Us all to be drunk on the premises.

After so much controversial matter, a loyal and peaceable song will restore harmony.

"Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend the nicht wi' mirth and glee."

HERE'S A HEALTH TO ALL HONEST MEN.

Ev'ry man take his glass in his hand,
And drink a good health to our Queen;
Many years may she rule o'er this land,
May her laurels for ever be green.
Let wrangling and jangling straitway cease,
Let every man strive for his country's peace.
Neither Tory nor Whig,
With their parties look big,
Here's a health to all honest men.

'Tis not owning a whimsical name,
That proves a man loyal and just,
Let him fight for his country's fame,
Be impartial at home, if in trust.
'Tis this that proves him an honest soul,
His health we'll drink in a brimful bowl,
Then let's leave off debate,
No confusion create,
Here's a health to all honest men.

When a company's honestly met,
With intent to be merry and gay;
Their drooping spirits to whet,
And drown the fatigues of the day,
What madness it is thus to dispute,
When neither side can this man confute.
When you've said what you dare,
You're but just where you are,
Here's a health to all honest men.

Then, agree, ye true Britons agree,
And ne'er quarrel, 'bout "what's in a name,"
Let your enemies tremblingly see,
That an Englishman's always the same.
For our Queen, Laws, our Church, and our right,
Let heart and hand in the good cause unite,
Then who need care a fig,
Who's a Tory or Whig,
Here's a health to all honest men.

Though a little out of place, we may as well fill this chapter with an account of the manner in which Sir Roger De Coverley kept up the Christmas, and, doubtless, other seasonable rejoicings, in Queen Anne's time.

Sir Roger, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house on Christmas. I learned from him, says a writer in the *Spectator* of 1712, that he had killed eight fat hogs for this season; that he had dealt about his chines very liberally among his neighbours, and that in particular he had sent a string of hogs' puddings with a pack of cards to every poor family in the parish.

"I have often thought," says Sir Roger, "it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. It is the most dead, uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season and to see the whole village merry in my great hall.

"I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a running for twelve days for every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks and smutting one another."

CHAPTER VII.

HARVEST SONGS.

"In harvest time, harvest folke, servants and all,
Should make altogether good cheer in the hall,
And fill out the black bowl, so blithe be their song,
And let them be merry all harvest time long."

—TUSSER.

HAY HARVEST, Sheep-shearing, and the grand climacteric of the year, Harvest Home, were always occasions of rejoicing, when master and men jointly celebrated their victory over the stubborn forces of nature, when the fruits of their painful labours in ploughing, sowing, reaping, and mowing, were safely garnered. These songs are all intensely characteristic of the rural life of our ancestors, and the manners and customs which then prevailed. Of this class of songs there is a good variety. The labour which was lightened by song always culminated in a feast. "A merry heart goes all the day, the sad one tires in a mile 'a."

The harvest labourers and ploughmen lightened the monotony of their labours with singing, "The curly-headed ploughboy, he whistled o'er the lea." Those with a light heart made their plough go lighter, and whilst they used the solace of their natural instruments, both quickened themselves and encouraged their labouring team. Harvest labourers are invariably associated with merriment and rejoicing, both in real life and the drama. In Peele's "Old Wife's Tale," 1571, the following speech is made on their appearance :—

"Oh, these are the harvest men, ten to one they sing a song of mowing." However, they vary the song with

"Lo here we come, a-sowing, a-sowing."

And later on:—

"So here we come a-reaping, a-reaping,
To reap our harvest fruit!
And thus we pass the year so along,
And never be we mute."

In Nashe's "Summer's Last Will and Testament," 1600, Harvest enters with a scythe on his neck, and all his reapers with sickles, and a great black bowl with a posset in it, borne before him. Then follows the song and chorus:—

"Merry, merry, merry; cheary, cheary, cheary;
Trowl the black bowl to me;
Hey derry, derry; with a poup and a leary,
I'll trowl it again to thee.

"Hooky, hooky, we have shorn,
And we have bound,
And we have brought Harvest
Home to town."

Drake, in "Shakespeare and His Times," describes the Harvest Homes as not only being remarkable for merriment and hospitality, but for a temporary suspension of inequality between master and man. The whole family sat down at the same table, conversed, danced, and sang together during the entire night, without difference or distinction of any kind.

Herrick, in his "Hesperides," gives a good description of the Hock Cart, or Harvest Home festival. According to Drake, the term is derived from the high-rejoicing cart, as applied to the last load of corn. Thus *Hock-tide*, from Saxon Hoah-tide, or high-tide, and is expressive of the height of festivity.—*Drake.*

Here is the bill of fare for a Harvest supper, according to Herrick:—

"Ye shall see first the larger chief,
Foundation of your feast, fat beef;

With upper stories, mutton, veal,
And bacon, which makes full the meal;
With several dishes standing by,
As here a custard, there a pie,
And here all tempting frumenty.
And for to make the merry cheer,
If smirking wine be wanting here,
There's that which drowns all care, stout beer;
Which freely drink to your lord's health,
Then to the plough, the Commonwealth,
Next to your flails, your vanes, your oats,
Then to the maids with wheaten hats;
To the rough sickle and crook't scythe,
Drink, frolic boys, till all be blythe."

Stevenson, in his "Twelve" Months, makes a prose poem on the same subject:—

"In August, the furmety pot welcomes home the harvest cart, and the garland of flowers crowns the captain of the reapers: the battle of the field is now stoutly fought. The pipe and the tabour are busily set a-work, and the lad and the lass will have no lead on their heels. O 'tis the merry time wherein honest neighbours make good cheer, and God is glorified in his blessings on the earth."

Richard Dodsley celebrates Harvest Home, and the bringing home the last load, in a thankful spirit:—

"At length, adorned with boughs and garlands gay,
Nods the last load along the shouting field.
Now to the God of Harvest in a song
The grateful farmer pays accepted thanks,
With joy unfeign'd: while to his ravish'd ear
The gratulations of assisting swains
Are music. His exulting soul expands;
He presses every aiding hand; he bids
The plenteous feast, beneath some spreading tree,
Load the large board, and circulates the bowl,

The copious bowl, unmeasur'd, unrestrain'd,
A free libation to th' immortal Gods,
Who crown with plenty the prolific soil.
Hail favour'd Island! happy region, hail!
Whose temperate skies, mild air, and genial dews,
Enrich the fertile glebe, blessing thy sons
With various products, to the life of man
Indulgent. Thine Pomona's choicest gift,
The tasteful apple, rich with racy juice,
Theme of thy envy'd song, Silurian bard,
Affording to the swains, in sparkling cups,
Delicious beverage."

Agriculture, Canto III.

BLOOMFIELD.

With thanks to heaven, and tales of rustic love,
The mansion echoes when the banquet's o'er;
A wider circle spreads, and smiles abound,
As quick the frothing horn performs its round:
Care's mortal foe, that sprightly joys imparts,
To cheer their frame and elevate their hearts.

Here once a year distinction low'rs its crest—
The master, servant, and the merry guest
Are equal all; and round the happy ring
The reaper's eyes exulting glances fling.

The scholarly Thomson, in his "Autumn," presents us with a perfect picture of Harvest Home rejoicings:—

"But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide;
The tankards foam, and the strong table groans
Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretch't immense
From side to side, in which, with desperate knife,
They deep incision make, and talk the while
Of England's glory, ne'er to be defac'd
While hence they borrow vigour: or amain

Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,
If stomach keen can intervals allow,
Relating all the glories of the chace.
Then sated Hunger bids his brother Thirst
Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,
Swell'd high with fiery juice, steam's liberal round
A potent gale, delicious as the breath
Of Maia to the love-sick shepherdess,
On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears
Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years; and now his honest front
Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
Ev'n with the vineyard's best produce to vie.
To cheat the thirsty moments, Whist awhile
Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke,
Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick dice,
In thunder leaping from the box, awake
The sounding gammon: while romp-loving miss
Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.
At last these puling idlenesses laid
Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
Close in firm circle; and set, ardent, in
For serious drinking. Nor evasion sly,
Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch
Indulg'd apart; but earnest, brimming bowls
Lave every soul, the table floating round,
And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses, hounds,
To church or mistress, politics or ghost,
In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
Meantime, with sudden interruption, loud,
Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart;
That moment touch'd is every kindred soul;

And, opening in a full-mouth'd *cry* of joy,
The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse, go round;
While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds
Mix in the music of the day again.
As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep
The dark night long, with fainter murmur falls:
So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance,
Like the sun wading through the misty sky.
Then sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazeteers,
As if the table ev'n itself was drunk,
Lie a wet broken scene; and wide, below,
Is heap'd the social slaughter, where astride
The *lubber Power* in filthy triumph sits,
Slumberous, inclining still from side to side,
And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.
Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch
Aweful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
Out-lives them all; and from his bury'd flock
Retiring, full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times.

Robert Bloomfield grows equally eloquent in singing the praises of the waning year and the passing seasons:—

"Now noon gone by, and four declining hours,
The weary limbs relax their boasted powers;
Thirst rages strong, the fainting spirits fail,
And ask the sov'reign cordial, home-brew'd ale:
Beneath some shelt'ring heap of yellow corn
Rests the hoop'd keg, and friendly cooling horn,
That mocks alike the goblet's brittle frame,
Its costlier potions, and its nobler name.
To Mary first the brimming draught is given,
By toil made welcome as the dews of heaven,

And never lip that press'd its homely edge
Had kinder blessings, or a heartier pledge.

. . . . . .

Now ere sweet Summer bids its long adieu,
And winds blow keen where late the blossom grew,
The bustling day and jovial night must come,
The long accustom'd feast of Harvest Home.
No blood-stain'd victory, in story bright,
Can give the philosophic mind delight;
No triumph please, while rage and death destroy:
Reflection sickens at the monstrous joy.
And where the joy, if rightly understood
Like cheerful praise for universal good?
The soul nor check nor doubtful anguish knows,
But pure and free the grateful current flows.
Behold the sound oak table's massy frame
Bestride the kitchen floor! the careful dame
And gen'rous host invite their friends around,
For all that cleared the crop, or till'd the ground,
Are guests by right of custom:—old and young;
And many a neighbouring yeoman join the throng,
With artisans that lent their dex'trous aid,
When o'er each field the flaming sunbeams play'd.
Yet plenty reigns, and from her boundless hoard,
Though not one jelly trembles on the board,
Supplies the feast with all that sense can crave;
With all that made our great forefathers brave,
Ere the cloy'd palate countless flavours tried,
And cooks had Nature's judgment set aside.
With thanks to Heaven, and tales of rustic lore,
The mansion echoes when the banquet 's o'er;
A wider circle spreads, and smiles abound,
As quick the frothing horn performs its round;
Care's mortal foe; that sprightly joys imparts
To cheer their frame and elevate their hearts.
Here, fresh and brown, the hazel's produce lies
In tempting heaps, and peals of laughter rise,

And crackling music, with the frequent song,
Unheeded bear the midnight hour along.
Here once a year Distinction low'rs its crest,
The master, servant, and the merry guest,
Are equal all; and round the happy ring
The reaper's eyes exultant glances fling,
And, warm'd with gratitude, he quits his place,
With sunburnt hands and ale-enliven'd face,
Refills the jug his honoured host to tend,
To serve at once his master and the friend;
Proud thus to meet his smiles, to share his tale,
His nuts, his conversation, and his ale.
Such were the days—of days long past I sing,
When Pride gave place to Mirth without a sting;
Ere tyrant customs strength sufficient bore
To violate the feelings of the poor;
To leave them distanced in the maddening race,
Where'er refinement shews its hated face.
Nor causeless hatred;—'tis the peasant's curse,
That hourly makes his wretched station worse;
Destroys life's intercourse; the social plan
That rank to rank cements, as man to man:
Wealth flows around him, Fashion lordly reigns;
Yet poverty is his, and mental pains.
. . . . . .
Our annual feast, when earth her plenty yields,
When crown'd with boughs the last load quits the fields,
The aspect still of ancient joy puts on;
The aspect only, with the substance gone.
The self-same horn is now at her command,
But serves none now but the plebeian hand:
For home-brew'd ale, neglected and debased,
Is quite discarded from the realms of taste,
Where unaffected freedom charm'd the soul."

There is true philosophy in the last few lines. When the masters came to discard ale and drink wine, one bond of sympathy between themselves and their men was loosened.

Mr Moses Mendez, in his "Imitations of Spencer," gives a charming description of the Autumnal rejoicings:—

"See jolly Autumn, clad in hunter's green,
In wholesome lusty-hed doth mount the sphere,
A leafy girlond binds her temples sheen,
Instudded richly with the spiky ear.
Her right hand bears a vine-encircled spear,
Such as the crew did whom Bacchus lad,
When to the Ganges he his course did steer;
And in her left a bugle horn she had,
On which she eft did blow, and made the heart right glad."

"In slow procession moves the tottering wain,
The sunburnt hinds their finished toil ensue;
Now in the barn they house the glittering grain;
And there the cries of 'harvest home' renew,
The honest farmer doth his friends ṣalew;
And them with jugs of ale his wife doth treat,
Which, for that purpose, she at home did brew,
They laugh, they sport, and homely jests repeat,
Then smack their lasses' lips, their lips as honey sweet."

"Now harvest is over
We'll make a great noise,
Our master, he says,
You are welcome, brave boys;
We'll broach the old beer
And we'll knock along,
And now we will sing an old harvest song."

Here are a few local songs, which exhibit through all the same kindly hospitable feelings. The Suffolk song was always sung by the oldest labourer on the estate, though every man present knew it by heart, and knew where the laugh came in. Still, the song was always new, and the chorus a thing to remember. The same old jest reverts upon the crowd, and by tradition is for wit allowed. To have omitted this song in a

harvest feast, would have been held as a marked insult to the master and mistress. Though called a Suffolk song, it is not peculiar to that county. I have heard it sung constantly in Hampshire.

Suffolk Harvest-Home Song.

Here's a health unto our master,
The founder of the feast!
I wish with all my heart and soul
In heaven he may find rest.
I hope all things may prosper,
That ever he takes in hand;
For we are all his servants,
And all at his command.
Drink, boys, drink, and see you do not spill,
For if you do you must drink two,—it is our master's will.

Now our harvest is ended,
And supper is past;
Here's our mistress' good health,
In a full flowing glass!
She is a good woman,—
She prepared us good cheer;
Come, all my brave boys,
And drink off your beer.
Drink, my boys, drink, till you come unto me,
The longer we sit, my boys, the merrier we shall be.

In yon greenwood there lies an old fox,
Close by his den you may catch him, or no;
Ten thousand to one you catch him, or no.
His beard and his brush are all of one colour,—
(*Takes the glass and empties it off*)
I sorry, kind sir, that your glass is no fuller.
'Tis down the red lane, 'tis down the red lane!
So merrily hunt the fox down the red lane.

Cornish Harvest-Home Song.

From the Deuteromelia, 1609.

"This song," says Mr W. Sandys, "is similar in effect to the Barley Mow song. The successive verses increase from the nipperkin to the ocean, each repeating all the previous ones."

Give us once a drinke for and the black bole,
Sing gentle butler *balla moy;*
For and the black bole,
Sing gentle butler, *balla moy.*

Give us once a drink for and the pint pot,
Sing gentle butler *balla moy;*
The pint pot,
For and the black bole, &c.

Give us once a drink for and the quart pot,
Sing gentle butler *balla moy;*
The quart pot, the pint pot,
For and the black bole, &c.

Give us once a drink for and the pottle pot,
Sing gentle butler *balla moy;*
The pottle pot, the quart pot, the pint pot,
For and the black bole, &c.

Give us once a drink for and the gallon pot,
Sing gentle butler *balla moy;*
The gallon pot, the pottle pot, the quart pot, the pint pot.
For and the black bole, &c.

Give us once a drink for and the verkin,
Sing, gentle butler, *balla moy;*
The verkin, the gallon pot, the pottle pot, the quart pot, the pint pot,
For and the black bole, &c.

Give us kilderkin, &c., give us barrell, &c.,
Give us hogshead, &c.,
Give us pipe, &c., give us butt, &c.,
Give us the tunne, &c.

These additional verses are from "Pemela," by Ravenscroft:—

"Let's have a peal for John Cooke's soul,
For he was an honest man;
With bells all in order, the cruse with the black bowl,
The tankard likewise with the can.

"And I mine own self, will ring the treble bell,
And drink to you every one:
Stand fast now my mates, sing merrily and well,
Till all this good ale is gone."

The next is quoted by Mr J. H. Dixon, in the Roxburgh Collection. The allusion to the parson and his tithes shows that the inception of the anti-tithe lesson is not new:—

Harvest Home Song.

Our oats they are howed, and our barleys reaped,
Our hay is mowed and our hovels heaped;
Harvest Home! Harvest Home!
We'll merrily roar out our harvest home!
Harvest Home! Harvest Home!
We'll merrily roar out our harvest home!
We'll merrily roar out our harvest home!

We cheated the parson, we'll cheat him again;
For why should the vicar have one in ten?
One in ten! One in ten!
For why should the vicar have one in ten?
For why should the vicar have one in ten?
For staying while dinner is cold and hot,
And pudding and dumpling's burnt to pot;
Burnt to pot! Burnt to pot!
Till pudding and dumpling's burnt to pot,
Burnt to pot! Burnt to pot!

We'll drink off the liquor while we can stand,
And hey for the honour of Old England!
Old England! Old England!
And hey for the honour of Old England!
Old England! Old England!

Another version of the above shows a marked variation in the wording. The following edition is entitled "King Arthur, or the British Worthy," and in a note the compiler of the collection says:—

"This rustic madrigal, with its rant against the parsons, forms part of the enchantment of Merlin, and is sung by Comus and peasants. The introduction of Comus is as anomalous as the allusion to tithes."

Harvest Home.

Your hay it is mowed, and your corn is reaped;
Your barns will be full, and your hovels heaped.
Come, my boys, come;
Come, my boys, come;
And merrily roar out harvest home!
Harvest home,
Harvest home;
And merrily roar out harvest home!
Come, my boys, come, &c.

We have cheated the parson, we'll cheat him again,
For why should a blockhead have one in ten?
One in ten,
One in ten;
For why should a blockhead have one in ten,
For prating so long like a book-learned sot,
Till pudding and dumpling burn to pot,
Burn to pot,
Burn to pot;
Till pudding and dumpling burn to pot.
Burn to pot, &c.

We'll toss off our ale till we cannot stand,
And hoigh for the honour of Old England;
Old England,
Old England;
And hoigh for the honour of Old England.
Old England, &c.

"The Countryman's Wish," from the "Loyal Garland," published in 1686, shows the extent of his modest and laudable ambition:—

THE COUNTRYMAN'S WISH.

To the tune of "As May, in all her youthful dress."

Let joy in smiles be ever seen,
And kind as when our loves begun,
And be my pastures ever green,
And new crops spring when Harvest's done,
My cattle thrive and still be fat,
And I my wish shall find in that.

O let my table furnish'd be
With good fat beef and bacon too,
And nappy ale be ever free,
To strangers that do come and go.

My yards with poultry and swine
Well stor'd, and eke my ponds with fish,
My barns well crammed with hay and grain,
And I shall have my wish in this.

Let me in peace and quiet live,
Free from all discontent and strife;
And know from whom I all receive,
And lead a homely harmless life.
Be neat in homespun clothing clad;
And still to add to all my bliss,
My children train i' th' fear of God:
And this is all on earth I wish.

Neither the above nor the following are strictly Harvest Home songs, yet they run so well together, that it is a pity to separate them:—

THE FARMER'S WIFE'S DITTY.

By T. Jones.

Ye Londoners all, though so gay,
Attend to a farmer's wife's ditty,
Nor wantonly flout her, I pray,
Who sings not the charms of the city:

For what can compare with green fields,
Or their produce which Nature has sent;
For the health that good exercise yields,
Makes happy the farmers of Kent.

At morning the sun gilds the vale;
At evening as Sol's beams depart,
The farmer rejoices in ale,
And drinks to the friends of his heart.
Chorus—Then what can compare, &c.

Here labour relies on repose,
To strengthen for each coming day;
Here the wild flower, the pink, and the rose,
All bloom in the bosom of May.
Chorus—Then what can compare, &c.

Such, such are the joys of green fields,
Which breeds in a cottage content;
To partake of the produce it yields,
You're welcome, with farmers of Kent.
Chorus—Then what can compare, &c.

Haymaking songs come, of course, under the generic term of Harvest Home rejoicings. The following is an old and favourite ditty:—

THE HAYMAKER'S SONG.

In the merry month of June,
In the prime time of the year;
Down in yonder meadows
There runs a river clear:
And many a little fish
Doth in that river play;
And many a lad and many a lass,
Go abroad a-making hay.

In come the jolly mowers
To mow the meadows down;
With budget and with bottle
Of ale, both stout and brown.
All labouring men of courage bold
Come here their strength to try;
They sweat and blow, and cut and mow,
For the grass cuts very dry.

Here's nimble Ben and Tom,
With pitchfork and with rake;
Here's Molly, Liz, and Susan,
Come here their hay to make.

While sweet jug, jug, jug, jug!
The nightingale doth sing,
From morning unto even-song,
As they are haymaking.

And when that bright day faded,
And the sun was going down,
There was a merry piper
Approached from the town:
He pulled out his pipe and tabor,
So sweetly he did play,
Which made all lay down their rakes
And leave off making hay.

Then joining in a dance,
They jig it o'er the green;
Though tired with their labour,
No one less was seen.
But sporting like some fairies,
Their dance they did pursue,
In leading up, and casting off,
Till morning was in view.

And when that bright daylight,
The morning it was come,
They laid down and rested
Till the rising of the sun:
When the merry larks do sing,
And each lad did rise and take his lass,
And away to haymaking.

The next song has the same title, but the subject is treated differently, and is much more characteristic of the old English style:—

THE HAYMAKER'S SONG.

Come, neighbours, now we've made our hay,
The sun in haste
Drives to the west,
With sports, with sports conclude the day;

Let every man choose out his lass,
And then salute her on the grass;
And when you find
She's coming kind,
Let not that moment pass;
Then we'll toss off our bowls,
To true love and honour,
To all kind loving girls,
And the lord of the manor.

At night when round the hall we sit,
With good brown bowls
To cheer our souls,
And raise, and raise a merry chat:
When blood grows warm, and love runs high,
And jokes around the table fly,
Then we retreat,
And that repeat
Which all would gladly try.
Chorus—Then, &c.

Let lazy great ones of the town
Drink night away,
And sleep all day,
Till gouty, gouty they are grown;
Our daily works such vigour give,
That nightly sports we oft revive,
And kiss our dames
With stronger flames
Than any prince alive.
Chorus—Then, &c.

Here is another hay harvest song, known as—

THE CRAVEN CHURN-SUPPER SONG.

"In some of the more remote dales of Craven," says Bell, in his "Ancient Poems of the Peasantry;" "it is customary at the

'close of the hay-harvest for the farmers to give an entertainment to their men; this is called the churn-supper. At these the masters and their families attend, and share in the general mirth. The men mask themselves, and dress in a grotesque manner, and are allowed the privilege of playing harmless practical jokes on their employers, &c. The song has never before been printed. There is a marked resemblance between it and the song 'A Cup of Old Stingo.'"

God rest you, merry gentlemen!
Be not movèd at my strain,
For nothing study shall my brain,
But for to make you laugh:
For I came here to this feast,
For to laugh, carouse, and jest,
And welcome shall be every guest,
To take his cup and quaff.

Chorus—Be frolicsome every one,
Melancholy none;
Drink about!
See it out,
And then we'll all go home,
And then we'll all go home!

This ale it is a gallant thing,
It cheers the spirits of a king;
It makes a dumb man strive to sing,
Aye, and a beggar play!
A cripple that is lame and halt,
And scarce a mile a day can walk,
When he feels the juice of malt,
Will throw his crutch away.
Chorus—Be frolicsome, &c.

'Twill make the parson forget his men,
'Twill make his clerk forget his pen,
'Twill turn a tailor's giddy brain,
And make him break his wand.

The blacksmith loves it as his life,—
It makes the tinkler bang his wife,—
Aye, and the butcher seek his knife,
When he has it in his hand!
Chorus—Be frolicsome, &c.

So now to conclude, my merry boys all,
Let's with strong liquor take a fall,
Although the weakest goes to the wall,
The best is but a play!
For water it concludes in noise,
Good ale will cheer our hearts, brave boys;
Then put it round with a cheerful voice,
We meet not every day.
Chorus—Be frolicsome, &c.

I am indebted to Messrs Novello, Ewer & Co. for permission to reprint the two following modern songs; they form a pleasing contrast to the older ones. The second song is more in the nature of a hymn, as it combines both praise and prayer in its two stanzas:—

HARVEST SONG.

Words by Mrs Newton Crosland. Music by Walter Cecil Macfarren.

Our wealth is not of dismal mines,
Or from the newly vaunted West;
But golden grain which burnished shines,
With bearded pride, and nodding crest.
And as we count this wealth in store,
We spread the news from shore to shore,
When waggons creak, and golden grain
Rustles along the shady lane.
Heigh! for the Harvest Home!

The reapers reap with earnest will,
And all the golden spears are lower'd,
As if the sun they worshipped still,
And mutely thus in death adored!

For Nature oftentimes we see,
Mimics such blind idolatry,
The waggons creak, and golden grain
Rustles along o'er hill and plain.
Heigh! for the Harvest Home!

The sheaves are bound, and gleaners come,
A motley group of old and young,
The trembling crones who creep from home,
And children with a prattling tongue.
Oh, let us drop, and freely spare
For Poverty the gleaners' share.
When waggons creak, and golden grain
Rustles along o'er hill and plain.
Heigh! for the Harvest Home!

But sinks at last the glowing sun,
From west to east the shadows come,
Our joyful task at last is done,
And loud the cry of "Harvest Home."
Our granaries to-day shall brim;
Our song become a grateful hymn,
For waggons creak, and golden grain
Rustles along the moon-lit lane.
Heigh! for the Harvest Home!

Harvest Song.

Words by J. L. in *Family Herald.* Music by Benjamin Congreve.

Hail to our harvest home!
Brothers and sisters come,
Join the glad sound:
Autumn has come once more,
Crown'd with a golden store,—
From hall to cottage door,
Let praise resound.

Let the glad song arise,
The heart's free sacrifice,
For mercies giv'n:
Thanks for the summer hours,
Thanks for the fruitful show'rs,
A plenteous crop is ours,
Thanks, thanks to heav'n.
Hail to our harvest, &c.
Shine bright, O harvest moon!
As now in joyous tune,
We look on thee.
Shine bright, ye stars that shed
Your glory round our head,
Grateful for daily bread
We'll ever be.
And Thou, Great Source of Good,
Give us our daily food,
Once more we pray;
God of the hill and vale,
As now thy gifts we hail,
That harvest ne'er may fail,
Hear us, we pray.
Hail to our harvest, &c.

Here is a good descriptive song in the local dialect of Dorsetshire, from the late Rev. W. Barnes' poems in the Dorsetshire dialect. I am indebted to the kindness of Messrs Kegan, Paul & Co. for permission to reprint

HARVEST HWOME.

The Vu'st Peart. The Supper.

Since we wer striplèns, naighbour John,
The good wold merry times be gone,
But we do like to think upon
What we've a-zeed an' done.
When I wer up a hardish lad
At harvest hwome the work vo'k had
Sich suppers, they wer jumpèn mad
Wi' feästen an' wi' fun.

At uncle's, I do mind, woone year,
I zeed a vill o' hearty cheer,
Fat beef an' puddén, eäle an' beer,
  Vor ev'ry workman's crop;
An' after they'd a-gie'd God thanks,
They all zot down, in two long ranks,
Along a teäble bwoard o' planks,
  Wi' uncle at the top.

An' there, in platters big and brown,
Wer red fat beäcon, an' a roun'
O' beef wi' gravy that would drown
  A little rwoastèn pig;
Wi' beäns an' teäties vull a zack,
An' cabbage that would meäke a stack,
An' puddèns brown, a-speckled black,
  Wi' figs, so big's my wig.

An' uncle, wi' his elbows out,
Did carve, an' meäke the gravy spout;
An' aunt did gi'e the mugs about
  A-frothèn to the brim.
Pleätes werden then ov e'then ware,
They ate of pewter, that would bear
A knock; or wooded trenchers, square,
  Wi' zalt-holes at the rim.

An' zoo they munch'd their hearty cheer,
An' dipp'd their beards in frothy-beer,
An' laugh'd and jok'd—they coulden hear
  What woone another zaid.
An' all o'm drink'd, wi' woone accword,
The wold vo'k's health, an' beät the bwoard,
An' swung their eärms about, an' roar'd,
  Enough to crack woone's head.

Harvest Hwome.

Second Peart. What They did after Supper.

Zoo after supper were a-done,
They clear'd the teäbles, an' begun
To have a little bit o' fun,
As long as they mid stop.
The wold woones took their pipes to smoke,
An' tell their teäles, an' laugh an' joke,
A-lookèn at the younger vo'k,
That got up vor a hop.

Woone screäped away, wi' merry grin,
A fiddle stuck below his chin;
An' woone o'm took the rollèn pin,
An' beät the fryèn pan.
An' tothers, dancèn to the soun',
Went in an' out, an' droo an' roun',
An' kick'd, an' beät the tuèn down,
A-laughèn, maïd an' man.

An' then a maïd, all up tip-tooe,
Vell down; an' woone o'm wi' his shoe
Slit down her pocket hole in two,
Vrom top a-most to bottom.
An' when they had a-danc'd enough,
They got a-playèn blindman's buff,
An' sarvd the maïdens pretty rough,
When woonce they had a-got 'em.

And zome did drink, an' laugh, an' roar,
An' lots o' teäles they had in store,
O' things that happen'd years avore
To them, and vo'k they know'd.
An' zome did joke, an' zome did zing,
An' meäke the girt wold kitchen ring;
Till uncle's cock, wi' flappèn wing,
Strach'd out his neck an crow'd.

A Zong ov Harvest Hwome.

The ground is clear. There's nar a ear
O' stannèn corn a-left out now,
Vor win' to blow or rain to drow;
'Tis all up seäfe in barn or mow.
Here's health to them that plough'd an' zow'd;
Here's health to them that reap'd an' mow'd,
An' them that had to pitch an' 'lwoad,
Or tip the rick at Harvest Hwome.
The happy zight, the merry night,
The men's delight—the Harvest Hwome.

An' mid noo harm o'vire or storm
Beval the farmer or his corn;
An' ev'ry zack o' zeed gi'e back
A hunderd-vwold so much in barn.
An' mid his Meäker bless his store,
His wife an' all that she've abore,
An' keep all evil out o' door,
Vrom Harvest Hwome to Harvest Hwome.
The happy zight, the merry night,
The men's delight—the Harvest Hwome.

Mid nothèn ill betide the mill,
As day by day the miller's wheel
Do dreve his clacks, an' heist his zack,
An' vill his bins wi' show'rèn meal.
Mid's water never overflow
His dousty mill, nor zink too low,
Vrom now till wheat agëän do grow,
An' we've another Harvest Hwome.
The happy zight, the merry night,
The men's delight—the Harvest Hwome.

Drough cisterns wet an' malt-kil's het,
Mid barley pay the malter's pains;
An' mid noo hurt bevall the wort,
A-bweilèn vrom the brewer's grains,

Mid all his beer keep out o' harm
Vrom bu'sted hoop or thunder storm,
That we mid have a mug to warm
Our merry hearts nex' Harvest Hwome.
The happy zight, the merry night,
The men's delight—the Harvest Hwome.

Mid luck an' jay the beäker pay,
As he do hear his vier roar,
Or nimbly catch his hot white batch,
A reekèn vrom the oven door.
An' mid it never be too high
Vor our vew sixpences to buy,
When we do hear our children cry
Vor bread, avore nex' Harvest Hwome.
The happy zight, the merry night,
The men's delight—the Harvest Hwome.

Wi' jay o' heart mid shotters start
The whirrèn pa'tridges in vlocks;
While shots do vlee drough bush an' tree,
An' dogs do stan' so still as stocks.
An' let 'em ramble round the varms
Wi' guns 'ithin their bended eärms,
In goolden zunsheen free o' storms,
Rejaïcèn vor the Harvest Hwome.
The happy zight, the merry night,
The men's delight—the Harvest Hwome.

There is a certain pathos in the descriptive song of "The Old Farm House." It appears in Rhymer's Collection without any indications of authorship, except that the music could then be obtained at Ransford's, Charles St., Soho Square.

THE OLD FARM HOUSE.

'Tis a pleasant spot that old farm house
That stands on the lonely way-side,
Where the sweet woodbine and the eglantine,
The rents in its old wall hide.

And the porch it seems as though 'twould greet
  Each wanderer for its guest,
And lead him where there is hearty cheer,
  And a home of tranquil rest.

How joyous was that old farm house,
  In times that have pass'd away,
Where the yeomen took, in the ingle nook,
  Their place at the close of day.
And still doth the merry husbandmen
  The mirthful hours beguile,
And many a tale, as there they regale,
  Is told of that ancient pile.

There is a deal of by-play in the following passages from Dibdin's operetta of the "Harvest Home":—

SCENE I.—TRIM, GOODY, AND MUZZY.

Enter Goody, Muzzy, with ale.

Goody. I do wonder, John Muzzy, thou canst take delight in this filthy liquor! 'Tis fit for nothing but to make thee quarrel with thy neighbours.

Muzzy. Well, well! don't abuse it, wife, but gie it to me.

Goody. Why, hast no more manners! Let me drink to the strangers first. Young men, your healths.

Muzzy. Faith, well pulled. Well, my lads, we shall have rare work this Harvest; 'tis to begin with a wedding, how it will end is another matter.

Glanville. Wounds! I do like a wedding, hugeously; and who is to be married, pray?

Muzzy. Sliddikins, she is a nice one! You must know that, my wife.

Goody. (*Pulling him away.*) John Muzzy, let me tell my own story!

Muzzy. What a good creature it is! She hates ale and will

drink first. She never talks, and yet nobody must tell a story but herself.

Reaper. Measter Muzzy, you be wanted in field. Madam and the gentlefolks be there.

Goody. Run, John Muzzy, run!

Muzzy. One pull first. (*Drinks.*)

Wounds, here's such a coil! I am none of your poor
Petty varlets, who flatter and cringe and procure!
I am a freeman, a nabob, a king on his throne,
For I have chattels and goods and strong beer of my own.
Besides, 'tis a rule—that good fellows ne'er fail
To let every thing wait, but the generous ale.

My int'rest I love; thee I love too, good wife!
But still I love better a jovial life;
And for thee or my lady, with duty devout
I'll run to Old Nick, when the dobbin's drank out.
But 'tis always a rule that good fellows ne'er fail
To let every thing wait, but the generous ale.

Exit.

The duet between Trim and Glanville which succeeds combines the virtues of love and liquor:—

Glanville. Sweet, oh sweet, the breeze of morning
Passing o'er the new-blown rose,
Where verdant bowers the meads adorning,
Court rustic lovers to repose!
The gay domain of gentle Flora,
And all delights it can impart,
Have not a sweet like my *Fleora*,
Dearest flower of my heart.

Trim. Sweet, oh sweet, the humming liquor
Mantling in the crystal glass
In which with rosy gills the vicar
Chuckling toasts his fav'rite lass.

Venus was a buxom huzzy,
As Vulcan, Mars, and Jove can tell,
And yet why may not Goody Muzzy,
When one's sharp set, do as well?

Glanville. Pity from her, love invoking,
To plead my wishes do not fail.

Trim. See with love and thirst I'm choking,
Smile and hand the mug of ale.

Later on Muzzy sings another stave:—

When Goody plays the devil or so,
In midst of scolding strife or tears,
Off to the ale-house straight I go
To drink my pint and save my ears."

There's the tuneful nightingale,
Do I exchange the screechowl's note,
For as I drink the sparkling ale,
It jug, jug, jug, goes down my throat.

Trim. I could sing you a song to another queer sort of burden.—

When Goody Muzzy's in a pout,
And scolds, and storms, and fleers, and jaunts,
Only to send her husband out,
That she may let in her gallants.

Then, John, in vain thy ale shall foam,
And sparkle in its crystal bound,
The nightingale's sweet voice at home
Now jug, jug, jug, in kisses sound.

Farewell to Harvest.

By John Scott, the scholarly and estimable quaker, 1757.

Farewell the pleasant violet-scented shade;
The primros'd hill and daisy-mantled mead;
The furrow'd land, with springing corn array'd;
The sunny wall, with bloomy branches spread.

Farewell the bower with blushing roses gay;
Farewell the fragrant trefoil-purpled field;
Farewell the walk through rows of new-mown hay,
When evening breezes mingled odours yield.

Farewell to these—now round the lonely farms,
Where jocund Plenty deigns to fix her seat;
Th' autumnal landscape opening all its charms,
Declares kind Nature's annual work complete.

Indifferent what different views delight,
Where on neat ridges waves the golden grain;
Or where the bearded barley dazzling white,
Spreads o'er the steepy slope or wide champaign.

The smile of Morning gleams along the hills;
And wakeful Labour calls her sons abroad;
They leave with cheerful look their lowly rills,
And bid the fields resign their ripen'd load.

To various tasks address the rustic band,
And here the scythe, and there the sickle wield;
Or rear the new-bound sheaves along the land;
Or range in heaps the produce of the field.

Some build the shocks, some load the spacious wains,
Some lead to sheltering barns the fragrant corn,
Some form tall ricks that tow'ring o'er the plains,
For many a mile the rural yards adorn.

Th' inclosure gates thrown open all around,
The stubble's peopled by the gleaning throng,
The rattling car with verdant branches crown'd,
And joyful swains that raise the clamorous song,

Soon mark glad harvest o'er.—Ye rural lords,
Whose wide domains o'er Albion's isle extend,
Think whose kind hand your annual wealth affords,
And bid to heaven your grateful praise ascend.

For though no gift spontaneous of the ground
Rose those fair crops that made your valleys smile,
Though the blithe youth of every hamlet round
Pursued for these through many a day their toil,

Yet what avail your labours or your cares?
Can all your labours, all your cares, supply
Bright suns or softening showers, or tepid airs,
Or one indulgent influence of the sky?

Prolific though thy fields, and mild thy clime,
Know realms, once fam'd for fields and climes as fair,
Have fell the prey of famine, war, and time,
And now no semblance of their glory bear.

. . . . . .

O haste to grace our isle, ye lovely train!
So may the Power whose hand all blessing yields,
Give her fam'd glories ever to remain,
And crown with annual wealth her laughing fields.

CHAPTER VIII.

GENERAL SONGS.

"Hermit hoar, in solemn cell,
Wearing out life's evening gray,
Smite thy bosom sage, and tell,
What is bliss, and which the way?

"Thus I spoke, and speaking sighed,
Scarce repressed the starting tear;
When the willing sage replied—
Come, my lad, and drink some beer."

JOHNSON.

"When the brisk glass to freedom doth entice,
And rigid wisdom is a kind of vice."

STILLINGFLEET.

HAVING given so many carols, Whitsun and Harvest songs, it is time to give specimens of the rich variety of general songs and ballads that have been written. Many of the best songs of this description bear date between 1550 and 1650. I take it that the bulk of these are much older than the date assigned them, but that they were rescued from tradition by the art of printing at the respective dates they bear. For instance, Warton describes Bishop Still's song of "Jolly Good Ale and Old" as the first *Chanson a boire* in the English language. This must have been slightly incorrect, since Dyce gives the following ballad from which Still must have taken his inspiration. I quote this ballad

from "Bell's Songs of the Dramatists," as Burns adapted "John Barleycorn" to a modern dress:—

BACK AND SYDE GOO BARE.

Back and syde goo bare goo bare
both hande and foote goo colde
but belly god sende the good ale inowghe
whether hyt be newe or olde.

but yf that I may have trwly
good ale my belly full
I shall looke lyke one by swete Saint Johnn
were shoron agaynste the woole
thowte I goo bare take you no care
I am nothing colde
I stuffe my skynne so full within
of joly goode ale and olde.

I cannot eate but lytyll meate
my Bellie ys not goode
but sure I thyncke that I cowd dryncke
with hym that werythe an hoode
dryncke is my life althowghe my wyfe
some tyme do chyde and scolde
yet spare I not to plye the potte
of joly goode ale and olde.
back and syde goo bare goo bare, &c.

I love noo roste but a browne toste
or a crabbe in the fyer
a lytyll bread shall do me steade
mooche breade I newer desyer
nor froste nor snowe nor wynde I trow
canne hurte me yf hyt wolde
I am so wrapped within and lapped
with joly goode ale and olde.
backe and syde goo bare, &c.

I care ryte nowghte I take no thowte
for clothes to kepe me warme
have I goode dryncke I surely thyncke
nothing can doe me harme
for trwly than I feare no man
be he never so bolde
when I am armed and throwly warmed
with joly goode ale and olde.
back and syde goo bare, &c.

but now and than I curse and banne
they make ther ale so smalle
god geve them care and evill to faare
they strye the malte and alle
sooche pevisshe pewe I tell yowe trwe
not for a croone of golde
ther commethe one syppe within my lyppe
whether hyt be newe or olde.
backe and syde goo bare, &c.

good ale and stronge maketh me amonge
full joconde and full lyte
that ofte I slepe and take no kepe
from morning vntyll nyte
then starte I vppe and fle to the cuppe
the ryte waye on I holde
my thurste to staunche I fyll my paynche
with joly goode ale and olde.
backe and syde goo bare, &c.

an Kytte my wife that as he lyfe
lovethe well goode ale to seke
full ofte drynkythe she that ye maye se
the tears ronne downe her cheke,
then doth she troule to me the bolle
as a goode malte worme sholde
and saye swete harte I have take my parte
of joly goode ale and olde.
backe and syde goo bare, &c.

they that do dryncke tyll they nodde and wyncke
even as goode fellowes shulde do
they shall notte mysse to have the blysse
that goode ale hathe browghte them to
and all poore soules that skowre blacke bolles
and them hathe lustely trowlde
god save the lives of them and ther wyves
whether they be yong or olde.
backe and syde goo bare, &c.

Still's version was introduced into the very stupid play of "Gammer Gurton's Needle," in 1566, much in the same way that "The Last Rose of Summer" was incorporated into "Martha," or "My Heart and Lute" into "Lodoiska." The worthy bishop did not lose promotion by writing it, as did the Dublin dean who wrote "The night before Larry was stretched," and missed his bishopric in consequence. Here is the song, however, which is no doubt familiar to most of our readers: it goes to a well-known rattling tune.

Here is the modern version:—

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand grow cold;
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.
I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothing a-cold;

I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare.
Both foot and hand grow cold;
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I have no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I not desire.
No frost nor snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold;
I am so wrapt, and throughly lapt,
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, &c.

And Tib my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek;
Then doth she trowl to me the bowl,
Even as a malt-worm should,
And saith, Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, &c.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to:
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
Or have them lustily trowled,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.
Back and side go bare, &c.

The following version of the better known portion is due to Dr Maginn:—

Non possum multum edere,
Quia stomachus est nullus;
Sed volo vel monacho bibere,
Quanquam sit huic cucullus.

Et quamvis nudus ambulo,
De frigore non est metus;
Quia semper zytho vetulo
Ventriculus est impletus.
Sint nuda dorsum, latera—pes, manus algens sit,
Dum ventri veteris copia zythi novive fit.

Assatum nolo, tostum volo,
Vel pomum igni situm;
Nil pane careo, parvum habeo
Pro pane appetitum.
Me gelu, nix, vel ventus vix
Afficerent injuria;
Haec sperno, ni adesset mi
Zythi veteris penuria.
Sint nuda, &c.

Et uxor Tybie, quae semper sibi
Vult quærere zythum bene,
Ebibit haec persæpe, nec
Sistit, dum madeant genæ.
Et mihi tum dat cantharum,
Sic mores sunt bibosi;
Et dicit "Cor, en! impleor
Zythi dulcis et annosi"
Sint nuda, &c.

Nunc ebibant, donec nictant,
Ut decet virum bonum;
Felicitatis habebunt satis,
Nam zythi hoc est donum.
Et omnes hi, qui canthari
Sunt haustibus lætati,
Atque uxores vel juniores
Vel senes, Diis sint grati.
Sint nuda, &c.

Here is a reprint from Mr William Chappell's edition of the "Roxburghe Ballads"—"The good fellows' best beloved." According to Martin Parker, who was the author of this ballad, the good fellows' best beloved was strong drink. A "good fellow" was, in other words, a jovial fellow—one who, while under the too-frequent influence of alcohol, loved all the world, and thought himself a prince, or, at least, a millionaire. Other fellows, under the same impulsive power, had equally superb ideas of themselves, but they stood so much upon their dignity as to become very quarrelsome and disagreeable, although, when sober, they were of peaceful and amiable dispositions. Such opposite effects upon the brain might have been observed, not unfrequently, in the early part of the present century; but drunkenness has now ceased to be esteemed a desirable accomplishment, and, except among the lowest orders, such cases are now comparatively rare, although not extinct. The fashion of stimulating the brain by drinking to excess has been generally resigned in favour of the sedative effects of tobacco. It seems, from this ballad, that "ipse he" had become a slang term for drinking. It was perhaps derived from the earlier word "upsee." "It has been said," said Nares, "that op-zee, in Dutch, means 'over sea,' which comes near to another English phrase for drunkenness, being 'half seas over.' But op-zyn-fries means 'in the Dutch fashion,' or *a la mode de Frise*, which perhaps is the best interpretation of the phrase." Beaumont, in his "Beggar's bush," leads us to infer that upsee he, or ipse he, was strong English ale.

> For upse freeze he drank from four to nine,
> So as each sense was steeped well in wine.—*The Shrift.*

Ipse he has not yet been noticed in our glossaries or vocabularies. Stevens in one of his inimitable trials says the plaintiff was not ipse he, he was tipsy he. The name of the tune proves it to have been written in or after 1633.

The play of "Beggar's Bush," in which the scene is laid in Flanders, shows the repute which English ale then had achieved abroad.

SCENE I.—ENTER THREE OR FOUR BOORS.

First Boor. Come, English beer, hostess, English beer by th' barrel.

Second Boor. Stark beer, boy, stout and strong beer! So sit down, lads, and drink me Upsey Dutch! frolick and fear not.

Prig. Which is the bowl?

Higgins. Which must be Upsey English, strong lusty English beer.

Seaward derives the word "Upsey" from "Op-zee," which is Dutch for "half-seas." This is partly in accord, for a Dutchman's draught wherever it be, should be deep as the rolling Zuyder zee; and elsewhere it is recorded that the fault of the Dutch is in asking too little but taking too much.

THE GOOD FELLOWES' BEST BELOVED.

To the tune of "Blue cap."

Part I.

Now if you will know what that should bee,
I'll tell you 'tis called good ipse hee:
'Tis that which some people do love in some measure,
Some for their profit, and some for their pleasure.

Among the nine muses, if any there be
That unto good fellowship friendly adhere,
Let them give assistance, this time, unto me,
For I, in this ditty, intend to preferre
A thing that's beloved
Of rich and of poore;
It is well approved,
There's reason therefore.
My due approbation
Shall evermore be
In the commendation
Of good ipse hee.

All sorts and conditions, the highe and the lowe,
Although not alike, yet all, in some measure,
Unto this, my theame, their affection will showe
According as they have time, stomach, or treasure.
There's few live so purely
But they now and then
Will sip it demurely,
Both women and men;
Both marryed and single
Doe joyntly agree
To fuddle their noses
With good ipse he.

Both lawyers and clients that come to the terme,
Howe'er the case goes, of one thing I am sure;
Before any business can be set'l'd firme,
Good liquor and money the meanes must procure.
A taverne barre often
Makes peace ere they part;
Canary can soften
A plaintiffe's hard heart.
Their glasses they sup off,
And make merry glee;
Such power hath a cup of
Good good ipse he.

The taylor comes rubbing his hands in the morn,
And calls for a cup of the butt next the wall;
Be it of the grape, or of John Barleycorne,
Hee'll drinke out his breakfast, his dinner, and all.
Hee sayes "Call and spare not!
Ile go thorough stitch;
Hang pinshing! I care not
For being too rich:
John Black's a good fellow,
And he alowes me
To make myself mellow
With good ipse hee.'

The merry shoo-maker, when 'tis a hard frost,
Sayes he cannot work, for his ware it is frozen.
"Fayth! what shall we doe? let us goe to our host
And makes ourselves merry with each a half-dozen."
With this resolution
They purpose to thrive;
But, ere the conclusion,
That number proves five.
They sing merry catches;
Few tradesmen there be
Are shoo-makers' matches
At good ipse hee.

Part II.

The mason and bricklayer are somer birds;
The winter to them is a time of vacation;
They and their labourers live on their words,
Unless (like the ant) they have made preparation.
And yet, though they have not,
They ne'ertheless thinke
"Tush! what if we save not?
Must we have no drinke?
Wee'll pawn tray and shovle,
And more, if neede be,
Our noses to fuddle
With good ipse hee."

Grim Vulcan, the blacksmith, is chief of all trades;
Then think you that he'l be, in drinking, inferior?
No! truly: when hee's with his merry comrades
Hee'll laugh and sing ditties; you never heard merrier.
He cryes out [that] hee's hot,
And still this is his note,
"Come gi's t'other pot,
Heer's a sparke in my throate."

Hee calls and he payes,
There's no man more free;
He seldom long stayes
From good ipse hee.

The tanner, whene'er he comes to Leaden-hall,
After his journey, will make himselfe merry;
He wil have good liquor, and welcome with all,
The Bul for good beere, and the Nagg's head for sherry.
No bargain shall stand
But what liquor doth seale;
Quite throughout the land
Thus most tradesmen doe deale:
In tavern or alehouse
Most matches made be;
The first word's "Where shall us
Find good ipse hee."

The London shopkeepers that cry "What d'ye lack?"
When they have sold wares, and money have taken,
They'l give [to] their chapman a pint o' th' best sacke,
The price of it out of their money abating.
The proverb observing—
"They that money take
Must pay all the charges"—
This bargain they make:
Thus liquor makes all men
Most friendly agree,
Both lowe men and tall men
Love good ipse hee.

The honest plain husbandman, when that he goes
To fayre or to market with corne or with cattle;
When he hath dispatcht, he remembers his nose,
How that must be arm'd as it were to a battle.

Then, like to a gallant,
To drinking he falls;
Yet, though he's pot-valiant,
He payes what he calls.
He scornes reputation
In that base degree;
His chiefe recreation
Is good ipse hee.

The generous serving-men, meeting each other—
As well as their masters—sometimes wil be merry;
He that's a good fellow is lov'd like a brother,
With making him welcom they never are weary.
He that is a clowne
As a clowne he may goe;
Quite throughout the towne
Such a fellow they'll know;
But those that are right
Will in union agree
By morn or by night
At good ipse hee.

In briefe, this it is which both women and men
So deerely affect that, before they will lack it,
They'll pawne all they have: nay, and so, now and then,
Gown, kirtle, or waistcoate, cloak, breeches, and jacket.
Although they want victuall,
If they can get chinke,
Bee't never so little,
'Tis most on't for drinke.
The rich and the begger,
The bond and the free,
Will oftentimes swagger
At good ipse hee.

The dramatists make frequent mention of beer. Fletcher's (who died of the plague in 1625) plays are full of allusions to

ale and beer. In "Philaster," Pharamond, the captive prince, is reviled by a captain in good set terms, worthy of a Billingsgate fish fag:—

"Nay, my beyond-sea sir, we will proclaim you. You would be king! thou tender heir-apparent to a church ale," &c., &c.

Then in "The Scornful Lady," act 4, scene 2:—

"Ale is their eating and their drinking solely."

And, again, in act 2;—

"*Young Loveless.* What think you, gentlemen, by all this revenue in drink?

Captain. I am all for drink.

Traveller. I am dry till it be so.

Poet. He that will not cry 'Amen' to this, let him live sober, seem wise, and die o' th' quorum."

In "Wit without Money," when the tenants reproach Valentine, they say:—

"His father kept good meat, good fellows. Who found you horses and perpetual pots of beer?"

Then we have a sketch of the Mermaid Tavern:—

"What things have we seen done at the Mermaid.
Draw me a map of the Mermaid."

And further on this peculiar phrase occurs:—

"He was a fool before, brought up amongst
The mist of small brewhouses."

Marlowe.

"*Benvolio.* . . . They say, if a man be drunk over night, the devil cannot hurt him in the morning."—*Faustus*, ac ii. scene 4.

"*Carter.* Come, my masters, I'll bring you to the best beer in Europe."—*Ibid.*, act iv. scene 6.

"*Robin.* Nay, sir, we will be welcome for our money, and we will pay for what we take. What ho! give's half-a-dozen of beer here, and be hanged.

Faustus. Nay, hark you, can you tell me where you are?

Carter. Aye, marry, can I, we are under heaven.

Servant. Aye; but, Sir Saucebox, know you in what place?

Horse-Courser. Aye, aye, the house is good enough to drink in. Zounds! fill us some beer, or we'll break all the barrels in the house, and dash out all your brains with the bottles.

Faustus. Be not so furious; come, you shall have beer.
My lord, beseech you give me leave awhile,
I'll gage my credit, 'twill content your grace.

Duke. With all my heart, kind Doctor, please thyself,
Our servants and our court's at thy command.

Faustus. I humbly thank your grace, then fetch some beer.

Horse-Courser. Ah, marry! there spake a doctor, indeed! and 'faith, I'll drink a health to thy wooden leg for that word."

SHAKESPEARE.

"For God's sake a pot of small ale."

"And once again a pot o' the smallest ale."

"*Prince Henry.* Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

Prince. Belike, then, my appetite was not princely got. I do ow remember the poor creature, small beer."

"*Speed.* Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the alehouse with you presently, where, for one shot of fivepence thou shalt have five thousand welcomes.

Speed. Item, *She brews good ale.*

Launce. And therefore comes the proverb, Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

. . . . . .

Speed. Item, *She will often praise her liquor.*

Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall; if she will not, I will, for good things should be praised."

"*Falstaff.* . . . An' I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of. I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse."

The commentators thus enlarge upon this passage :—

"——a brewer's horse.] I suppose *a brewer's horse* was apt to be lean with hard work."—*Johnson.*

"A *brewer's horse* does not, perhaps, mean a *dray-horse*, but the cross-beam on which beer-barrels are carried into cellars, &c. The allusion may be to the taper form of this machine.

"A *brewer's horse* is, however, mentioned in *Artippus*, or *The Jovial Philosopher*, 1630: —'To think Helicon a barrel of beer, is as great a sin as to call Pegasus *a brewer's horse.*'"—*Steevens.*

"The commentators seem not to be aware, that, in assertions of this sort, Falstaff does not mean any *similitude* to his own condition, but on the contrary some *dissimilitude*. He says here, *I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse;* just as in act ii., scene 4, he asserts the truth of several parts of his narrative, on pain of being considered as *a rogue—a Jew—an Ebrew Jew—a bunch of raddish—a horse.*"—*Tyrwitt.*

Brewers' horses of the present day are certainly not like to the lean kine, but are Falstaffian in their own proportions.

In R. Dodsley's play, "The King and the Miller of Mansfield," we are reminded that the Clerk of Copmanhurst was not the only one that entertained a king unawares. The miller of Mansfield was equally—nay, more—hospitable to Henry II., as there was no compulsion in the latter case. When the king arrived at the mill, the host gave his wife instructions:—

"*Miller.* Come, Madge, see what thou canst get for supper. Kill a couple of the best fowls; and go you, Kate, and draw a

pitcher of ale. We are famous, sir, at Mansfield for good ale, and for honest fellows that know how to drink it.

King. Good ale will be acceptable, for I am very dry.

SCENE VI.—At supper.

Miller. Come, sir, you must mend a bad supper with a glass of good ale. Here's King Harry's health!

King. With all my heart."

This shows that Nottingham turned out right royal tipple.

Bloomfield, *Hazlewood Hall*, act iii., scene 1.

"*Spokeum.* What, *three* women kept a secret! why, this is more surprising still! it is more wonderful than picking hops by machinery.

Judith. When you have a little drop of drink in your head (and a very little will do it), you are apt to blat out everything that you know.

Spokeum. Humph! mayhap you will say that I have drink in my head now; but I declare that I have had but two horns of ale since I came into the house (it was plaguey strong though); and I don't care what you say—go on—I tell you I don't care."

The annexed extract is from a poem written in the reign of Edward II., descriptive of the manners of the times:—

"Hafter mete the haf a pyne
That greveth him ful sore:
He will drawe at a drawzt
A gode quart othermore
Of gode ale and strong
Wel i-brewen of the beste,
And sone thereafter he wol fond
For to each reste."

There is a great deal of sameness in the Roxburgh ballads, especially in the beer and malt songs, in the way that every then known trade is taken in hand, *seriatim*, by mault and ale, each one of whom suffers somewhat in the encounter. "The Good

Fellows' Resolution," taken from the above-named source, has this defect, though it is one of the best of the series:—

GOOD ALE FOR MY MONEY.

The Good Fellows resolution of strong ale,
That cures his nose from looking pale.

To the tune of "The Country Lasse."

Be merry, my Friends, and list a while
Unto a merry jest;
It may from you produce a smile,
When you heare it exprest,—
Of a young man lately married,
Which was a boone good fellow,
This song in's head he alwaies carried
When drink had made him mellow:
I cannot go home, nor I will not go home,
It's long of the oyle of Barley;
Ile tarry all night for my delight,
And go home in the morning early.

No Tapster stout, or Vintner fine,
Quoth he, shall ever get
One groat out of this purse of mine,
To pay his master's debt:
Why should I deal with starking Rookes,
That seeke poor gulls to cozen,
To give twelve pence for a quart of wine?
Of ale 'twill buy a dozen.
'Twill make me sing, I cannot, &c.

The old renowned I-pocrist
And Rapsie doth excell;
But never my wine could yet
My honour please to swell.

The Rhenish wine or Muscadine,
Sweet Malmsie is too fulsome;
No give me a cup of Barlie broth,
For that is very wholesome.
'Twill make me sing, I cannot, &c.

Hot waters are to me as death,
And soone the head o'erturneth,
And nectar hath so strong a breath;
Canary, when it burneth,
It cures no paine, but breaks the braine,
And raps out oaths and curses,
And makes men part with heavie heart,
But light it makes their purses.
I cannot go home, &c.

Some say Matheglin beares the name
With Perry and sweet Sider;
'Twill bring the body out of frame,
And reach the belly wider;
Which to prevent, I am content
With ale that's good and nappie,
And when thereof I have enough,
I thinke my selfe most happy.
I cannot go home, &c.

All sorts of men, when they do meet,
Both trade and occupation,
With curtesie each other greet,
And kinde humiliation;
A good coale fire is their desire,
Whereby to sit and parly;
They'll drinke their ale, and tell a tale,
And go home in the morning early.
I cannot go home, &c.

The Second Part, to the same tune.

Here, honest John, to thee Ile drinke,
And so to Will and Thomas;
None of the company, I thinke,
Will this night part from us;
While we are here, we'll joyne for beere,
Like lively lads together!
We have a house over our heads,—
A fig for ranie weather.
I cannot go home, nor I will not go home,
Its long of the oyle of Barley;
I stay all night for my delight,
And go home in the morning early.

Here's Smugg the smith, and Ned the cook,
And Frank, the fine felt maker,
Here's Steven with his silver hooke,
And Wat the lustie baker;
Here's Harry and Dick, with Greg and Nicke;
Here's Timothy, the tailor;
Here's honest Kit, nere spoke of yet,
And George, the joviall sayler.
That cannot go home, &c.

We'll sit and bouse, and merrily chat,
And freely we will joyne;
For care neere paid a pound of debt,
Nor shall pay none of mine;
Here is but eighteenpence to pay,
Since every man is willing;
Bring drinke with all the speed you may
We'll make it up two shillings.
We cannot, &c.

Let Father frowne and Mother chide,
And Uncle seeke to find us;
Here is good lap, here will we hide,
Weele leave no drinke behinde us.

A proverb old I have heard told
By my deere dad and grandsire,
"He was hanged that left his drinke behinde,"
Therefore this is our answer.
We cannot, &c.

James, the Joyner, he hath paid,
And Anthony the Glover;
Our Hostesse hath a pretty maid,
I cannot chuse but love her;
Her pot she'll fill with right good will:—
Here's ale as browne as a berry,
Twill make an old woman dance for joy,
And an old man's heart full merry.
I cannot, &c.

Twill make a Souldier domineere,
And bravely draw his rapier;
Such vertue doth remaine in beere,
Twill make a cripple caper:
Women with men will now and then,
Sit round and drinke a little;
Tom Tinker's wife, on Friday night,
For drinke did pawne her kettle,
She could not come home, nor would not come home,
Her belly begun to rumble;
She had no power to go nor stand,
But about the street did stumble.

Thus to conclude my verses rude,
Would some good fellowes here,
Would joyne together pence a peece,
To buy the singer beere;
I trust none of this company,
Will be herewith offended;
Therefore, call for your jugs a peece,
And drink to him that pen'd it.

The proverb, "The man who refused his liquor was hanged," arose thus. It was formerly the custom to present a bowl of ale to malefactors on their way to execution. The county of York, which strongly adheres to its ancient usages, was the last place where this custom prevailed. A saddler of Bawtry lost his life in consequence of declining the refreshment, as, had he stopped as usual, his reprieve, which was actually on the road, would have arrived in time enough to have saved him. Hence arose the saying that the saddler of Bawtry was hanged for leaving his ale.

We have met many Yorkshiremen in our time, but we certainly never met with one who refused his beloved stingo, and the general verdict upon the miserable saddler was "sarved him right."

A converse to this story is found in the following. A Scotch soldier was condemned to be shot, and the firing party told off, when the provost asked him which psalm he would have read. The condemned had the right of choice, and the prisoner chose the 119th. The Provost did not like the choice, but he had to comply, and just as he came to the last verse a reprieve arrived.

It must not be supposed that beer attained its pre-eminence without a struggle. Here is a quatrain from Heylin's "Cosmographie," 1652—an invective more forcible than elegant:—

> Nescio quid monstrum Stygiæ conforme paludi,
> Cervisiam plerique vocant, nil spissius illâ,
> Dum bibitur, nil clarius est dum mingitur, ergo
> Constat quod multas fæces in ventre relinquit.

In English thus:—

> Of this strange drink, so like the Stygian lake,
> Which men call *ale*, I know not what to make;
> Men drink it thick and void it very thin,
> Therefore much dregs must needs remain within.

Thomas Randall's high and mighty commendation of a pot of ale is not so well known in its entirety as it deserves to be, though from time to time a few verses have been "adapted" and issued as an "original" song. In the "Antidote to Melancholy," 1661, the verses are conveyed in this manner. Southey, in his commonplace book, quotes these three verses as a complete song, and does not appear to have known the original.

High and Mightie Commendation of the Vertue of a Pot of Good Ale.

Full of wit without offence, of mirth without obscenitie, of pleasure without scurrilitie, of good content without distaste.

Written by Thomas Randall,* MDCXLII.

Not drunken nor sober (but neighbour to both),
I met with a friend in *Alesberry* vale;
He saw by my face that I was in the case
To speak no great harm of a pot of good ale.

And as we did meet and friendly did greete,
He put me in mind of the name of the dale;
That for *Alesberry's* sake, some paines I would take,
And not burie the praise of a pot of good ale.

The more to procure me, then did he adjure me
(If the ale I drank last were nappie and stale)
To doe it its right, and stir up my spight,
And fale to commend a pot of good ale.

Quoth I, to commend I dare not begin,
Lest therein my cunning might happen to faile,
For many there be that count it a sin
But once to look towards a pot of good ale.

Yet I care not a pin, for I see no sin,
Nor any else that my courage may quaile;
For this I doe find, being taken in kind,
Much vertue there is in a pot of good ale.

* "He never could look at a pot of Beer
But over went the show."

When heavinesse the mind doth oppresse,
And sorrow and griefe the heart doth assaile,
No remedy quicker, but take up your liquor,
And wash away care with a pot of good ale.

The priest and the clark, whose sight waxeth dark,
And the print of the letter doth seeme too small,
They will con every letter, and read service better,
If they glaze but their eyes with a pot of good ale.

The poet divine, that cannot reach wine,
Because that his money doth oftentimes faile,
Will hit on the veine, and reach the high straine,
If he be but inspir'd with a pot of good ale.

All writers of ballads, for such whose mishap
From Newgate up Holbourne to Tyburne doe saile,
Shall have sudden expression of alle their confession,
If the muse be but dew'd with a pot of good ale.

The prisoner that is enclos'd in the grate,
Will shake off remembrance of bondage and iaile,
Of hunger and cold, of fetters or fate,
If he pickle himself with a pot of good ale.

The salamander blacksmith that lives by the fire,
Whilst his bellowes are puffing a blustering gale,
Will shake off his full kan, and sweare each true vulcan
Will hazard his witts for a pot of good ale.

The wooer that feareth his suit to begin,
And blushes and simpers and often looks pale,
Though he miss in his speech and his heart were at his breech,
If he liquor his tongue with a pot of good ale.

The widdow, that buried her husband of late,
Will soon have forgotten to weep and to waile,
And think every day twaine, till she marry againe,
If she read the contents of a pot of good ale.

The plowman and carter that toyles all the day,
And tires himself quite at the plough taile,
Will speak no lesse things than of queens and of kings,
If he do but make bold with a pot of good ale.

And indeed it will make a man suddenly wise,
Erewhile was scarce abel to tell a right tale,
It will open his jaw, he will tell you the law,
And straight be a bencher with a pot of good ale.

I doe further alledge it is fortitude's edge,
For a very coward that shrinks like a snaile
Will sweare and will swagger, and out goes his dagger,
If he be but well arm'd with a pot of good ale.

The naked man taketh no care for a coat,
Nor on the cold weather will once turne his taile,
All the way as he goes cut the wind with his nose,
If he be but well lin'd with a pot of good ale.

The hungrie man seldom can mind his meat
(Though his stomack could brook a tenpenny nail),
He quite forgets hunger, thinks of it no longer,
If his bellie be sows'd with a pot of good ale.

The reaper, the mower, the thresher, the sower,
The one with his scithe, and the other with his flaile,
Pull 'em out by the pole on the peril of my sole
They will hold up their caps at a pot of good ale.

The beggar, whose portion is alwayes his prayer,
Not having a tatter to hang at his taile,
Is as rich in his rags as a churle with his bags,
If he be but enrich'd with a pot of good ale.

It puts his povertie out of his mind,
Forgetting his browne bread, his wallet, his maile,
He walks in the house like a six-footed lowse,
If he be but well drench'd with a pot of good ale.

The souldier, the saylor, the true man, the taylor,
The lawyer that sells words by weight and by tale,
Take them all as they are, for the war or the bar,
They all will approve of a pot of good ale.

The church and religion to love it have cause
(Or else our forefathers their wisdoms did faile),
For at every mile, close at the church stile,
A house is ordain'd for a pot of good ale.

And physick will favour ale (as it is bound),
And stand against beere both tooth and naile,
They send up and downe, all over the towne,
To get for their patients a pot of good ale.

Your ale-berries, cawdles, and possetts each one,
And sullabubs made at the milking pale,
Although there be many, beere comes not in any,
But all are compos'd with a pot of good ale.

And in very deed, the hop's but a weed
Brought o'er against law, and here set to sale;
He that first brought the hop had reward with a rope,
And found that his beere was more bitter than ale.

The ancient tales that my grannam hath told
Of the mirth she hath had in parlour and hall,
How in Christmas time they would dance, sing, and raive,
As if they were mad, with a pot of good ale.

Beer is a stranger, a Dutch vpstart come,
Whose credit with us sometimes is but small;
But in the records of the empire of Rome
The olde Catholicke drink is a pot of good ale.

To the praise of *Gambinius*, the old British king,
Who devis'd for the nation (by the Welch-men's tale),
Seventeene hundred yeares before Christ did spring,
The happie invention of a pot of good ale.

But he was a Pagan, and ale then was rife;
  But after Christ came and bade us *all haile,*
Saint Tavie was neffer trink peere in her life,
  Put awle callywhiblin and excellent *ale.*

All religions and nations, their humours and fashions,
  Rich or poore, knave or whoore, dwarfish or tall,
Sheep or shrew, I'le avow, well I know all will bow,
  If they be but well steep'd with a pot of good ale.

O, ale *ab alendo,* thou liquor of life,
  I wish that my mouth were as big as a whale;
But then 'twere too little to reach thy least title
  That belongs to the praise of a pot of good ale.*

Thus many a vertue to you I have showed,
  And not any vice in all this long tale;
But after the pot there cometh a shot,
  And that is the blot of a pot of good ale.

Well said, my friend, that blot I will beare,
  You have done very well, it is time to strike salle;
Wee'l have six pots more, though we dye on the score,
  To make all this good of a pot of good ale.

I took the foregoing lines from one of the King's Pamphlets in the British Museum, but Mr Ebsworth gives another version, containing the following additional stanzas:—

The old Parish Vicar, when he's in his liquor,
  Will merrily at his parishioners rail:
Come, pay all your tithes, or I'll kiss all your wives,
  When once he shakes hands with a tankard of ale.

---

* Parallel Passage.

I wish I was a brewer's horse
  For twelve months in the year,
I'd put my head where my tail should be
  And suck up all the beer.

There's the blacksmith, by trade a jolly busk blade,
Cries "fill up the bumper, dear host, from the pail,"
So cheerful he'll sing, and make the house ring,
When once he shakes hands with a tankard of ale.

There's the tinker, ye ken, cries old kettles to mend,
With his budget and hammer to drive in the nail,
Will spend a whole crown, at one sitting down,
When once he shakes hands with a tankard of ale.

There's the mason, brave John, the carver of stone,
The master's great secrets he'll never reveal;
Yet how merry is he, with his lass on his knee,
When once he shakes hands with a tankard of ale.

Ye maids who feel shame, pray do me no blame,
Though your private ongoings in public I tell;
Your Bridget or Nell to kiss will not fail,
When once they shake hands with a tankard of ale.

There's some jolly wives love drink as their lives,
Dear neighbours, but mind the sad thread of my tale;
Their husbands they'll scorn, as sure as they were born,
If once they shake hands with a tankard of ale.

From wrangling and jangling, and ev'ry such strife,
Or anything else that may happen to fall,
From words come to blows, and sharp bloody nose,
But friends again over a tankard of ale.

For Ballads Elderton never had a peer,
How went his wits in them with how merry a gale,
And with all the sails up, had he been at the cup,
And washed his beard with a cup of good ale.

According to the annexed doggrel lines, Aylesbury must have been long famous for its brewings:—

Ale drinkers should to Malta near,
Whose thirst naught can controul;
Publicans to Aylesbury,
And take their heavy wet.

Here is a good song in praise of ale, which is taken from "Wit and Drollery," 1656 edition:—

O, Give me Stout Brown Ale.

When the chill Sirocco blows,
And winter tells a heavy tale;
When pies, and dows, and rooks, and crows,
Do sit and curse the frost and snows;
Then give me ale,
Old ale,
Stout brown,
Nut brown,
O, give me stout brown ale.

Ale in a Saxon runken then,
Such as will make grimalkin prate,
Bids valour burgeon in tall men,
Quickens the poet's wit and pen,
Despises fate—
Old brown,
Stout brown,
Nut brown,
O, give me stout brown ale.

Ale that the ploughman's heart up keeps,
And equals it to tyrants' thrones,
That wipes the eye that over weeps,
And lulls in sweet and dainty sleeps
Th' o'erwearied bones—
Old brown,
Stout brown,
Nut brown,
O, give me nut-brown ale.

Grandchild of Ceres, Barlie's daughter,
Wine's emulous neighbour—if but stale;
Ennobling all the nymphs of water,
And filling each man's heart with laughter.

O, give me ale—
Old brown,
Stout brown,
Nut brown,
O, give me stout brown ale.

A variation of the above appeared in the *European Magazine*, December 1814, with a note to the effect that the song was written in the reign of Charles II.

GIVE ME ALE. No. II.

When the chill north-east wind blows,
And winter tells a heavy tale,
When pyes and dawes, and doobes and crowes,
Do sit and curse the frostes and snowes,
Then give me ALE.

ALE, that the absent battle fights,
And forms the march o' the Swedish drum,
Disputes the prince's laws and rights,
What's gone and past tells mortal wights,
And what's to come.

ALE, that the plowman's heart upleepes,
And equalls it to Tyrants' thrones,
That wipes the eye that ever weepes,
And lulls in soft and easie sleepes
The tyred bones.

ALE, that securely clymes the topps
Of cedars tall, and lofty towers,
When giddy grapes and creeping hopps
Are holden up with poles and propps,
For lack of powers.

When the Septentrion seas are froze
  By Boreas his biting gale,
To keep unpinch'd the Russian's nose,
And save unrot the Vandal's toes,
    Oh! give them Ale.

Grandchild to Ceres, Barley's daughter,
  Wine's emulous neighbour, if but stale,
Ennobling all the nymphes of water,
And filling each man's heart with laughter—
    Hah! give me Ale.

The Praise of Ale.

Come all you brave knights
That are dubbed ale-knights,
  Now set yourself in fight;
And let them that crack
In the praises of *Sack*,
  Know *malt* is of mickle wight.

Though Sack they define
To be holy, divine,
  Yet is it but natural liquor;
Ale hath for its part,
An addition of art,
  To make it drink thinner or quicker.

Sack's fiery fume
Doth waste and consume
  Men's *humidum radicale;*
It scaldeth their livers,
It breeds burning fevers,
  Proves *vinum venenum reale*.

But history gathers
From aged forefathers,
That *ale's* the true liquor of life;
Men liv'd long in health,
And preserved their wealth,
Whilst *barley-broth* only was rife.

Sack quickly ascends,
And suddenly ends—
What company came for at first;
And that which yet worse is,
It empties men's purses
Before it half quenches their thirst.

Ale is not so costly,
Altho' that the most lye
Too long by the oil of barley;
Yet may they part late
At a reasonable rate,
Though they come in the morning early.

Sack makes men from words
Fall to drawing of swords,
And quarrelling endeth their quaffing;
Whilst *dagger-ale* barrels
Bear off many quarrels,
And oft turn chiding to laughing.

Sack's drink for our *masters;*
All may be ale-tasters!
Good things the more common the better:
Sack's but single broth;
Ale's meat, drink, and cloth,
Say they that know never a letter!

But not to entangle
Old friends, till they wrangle
And quarrel for other men's pleasure—
Let *Ale* keep his place,
And let Sack have his grace,
So that neither exceed the true measure.

As a change of metre, a few more modern songs may be a relief, albeit they be somewhat out of sequence :—

THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF ADAM AND EVE.

I sing, I sing of good times older,
When men and women were the bolder,
When bills were short and credit shorter,
And when from malt they brew'd the porter ;
When lawyers were too proud to pillage,
And Horsley Down was but a village ;
Christmas had its Christmas carols,
And ladies' sides were hooped like barrels.
Sing hey, sing ho ! I can but grieve
For the good old days of Adam and Eve.

When drinking ale made strong men stronger,
And doctors made folks live the longer,
When our grand-dads brew'd stout October,
And thought it a sin to go to bed sober ;
Then was the time for games and gambols,
When Oxford Street was covered with brambles,
Hedges and ditches, and ponds of water ;
But now there's nothing but bricks and mortar.
Sing hey, sing ho ! &c.

When all young men they acted wise in
Getting up to see the lark arising,
And could, unless I am much mistaken,
Eat for breakfast a pound of bacon ;

But now our Toms and Jerrys gay, sir,
See larks by nights and not by day, sir,
Get in rows, and have long parleys,
And, to save their bacon, floor the Charleys.
Sing hey, sing ho! &c.

When this very place, now covered over,
Was a field of wheat, or perhaps of clover,
Two or three trees for the cattle to get under
Out of the way of the lightning and thunder;
No sound was heard but the sweet birds singing,
Except some tune the London bells ringing;
But now the birds far away have fled, sir,
And we are the birds *wot* sings instead, sir,
Sing hey, sing ho! &c.

When ladies and gentlemen, without baulking,
Could go into Hyde Park a-walking,
And, without a bit of fuss or bother,
Could walk from one end to the other;
But now there is a brazen statue,
Who seems ashamed, for he can't look at you;
The folks do say 'tis called a trophy,
But the ladies won't look, and the men say, Oh fie!
Sing hey, sing ho! &c.

When young folks, when they went a-wooing,
Kept to themselves what they were doing,
And did contrive their love to smother,
Quite unbeknown to their father and mother;
And then by a New Marriage Act so scarish
They told the affair to all the parish,
Took affidavits, and what is more, sirs,
Their names they stuck upon the church door, sirs.
Sing hey, sing ho! &c.

When every man, whether wise or merry,
Was pleased at the sight of a good old guinea;
The front of it had King George's face on,
And the back the arms and the old spade ace on;
But now the sovereigns, I can tell you,
They are not worth so much in value;
And there St George is, without a rag on,
Galloping over an ugly dragon.
Sing hey, sing ho! &c.

Speaking of Adam and Eve, which somehow has become a tavern sign, it is not generally known that the "Adam and Eve" at the corner of Tottenham Court Road and Hampstead Road, London, was the house that the Guards started from when they marched to Finchley to quell the 1745 rebellion. Hogarth, in his celebrated picture of "The march of the Guards," gave a full view of the house as it then was. The tavern was originally a monastery, and afterwards became the Manor of Tottenhill (hence Tottenham Court Road); then it became transformed into the celebrated Tea Gardens, with about two acres of pleasure gardens, and as fashionable in its way as the Yorkshire Stingo, Marylebone Gardens, Beulah Spa, and Saddler's Wells were in their palmy days. The memory of the bygone glories of the "Adam and Eve" is still perpetuated in Eden Street, now sacred to costermongers and factories.

The Dame of Honour.

Sung by Mrs Willies in the opera called "The kingdom of the birds." To a new tune.

Since now the world's turn'd upside down,
And all things chang'd in nature,
As if a doubt was newly grown,
We had the same Creator;
Of ancient modes and former ways
I'll teach you, sirs, the manner,
In good Queen Bess's golden days,
When I was a dame of honour.

I had an ancient noble seat,
Though now it is come to ruin,
When mutton, beef, and such good meat
In th' hall was daily chewing;
Of humming beer my cellar full
I was a yearly donor,
Where toping knaves had many a pull
When I was a dame of honour.

My men of homespun honest greys
Had coats and comely badges;
They wore no dirty, ragged lace,
Nor ere complain'd for wages.
For gaudy frieze and silks o' the town
I feared no threatening dunner,
But wore a decent grosgrain gown
When I was a dame of honour.

My neighbours still I treated round,
And strangers that came near me;
The poor, too, always welcome found,
Whose prayers did still endear me.
Let therefore those who at court would be
No churl nor yet no fawner,
Match'd in old hospitality
Queen Bess's dames of honour.

"The Jovial Bear Ward" gives us a good picture of the times in which it was written. It is—well, forcibly written, and I have been obliged to Bowdlerise somewhat.

Tho' it may seem rude
For me to intrude
With these my bears by chance a;
'Twere sport for a king,
If they could sing
As well as they can dance a.

Then to put you out
Of fear and doubt,
I came from St *Katherine* a;
These dancing three,
By the help of me,
Who am keep of the sine a.

We sell good Ware,
And we need not care,
Tho' court and country knew it;
Our ale's o' th' best,
And each good guest
Prays for their souls that brew it.

For any ale-house
We care not a louse,
Nor tavern in all the town a,
Nor the *Vintry Cranes*,
Nor St Clement Danes,
Nor the Devil can put us down a.

Who has once here been
Comes hither agen,
The liquor is so mighty.
Beer strong and stale,
And so is our ale,
And it burns like *aqua vitæ*.

From morning to night,
And about to daylight,
They sit and never grudge it:
Till the fish wives join
Their single coin,
And the tinker pawns his budget.

From court we invite
Lord, lady, and knight,
Squire, gentleman, yeoman, and groom;
And all our suff drinkers,
Smiths, porters, and tinkers,
And the beggars shall give you room.

For the next I am also indebted to Mr Ebsworth's collection, in which he ascribes the ballad to Richard Clunsall, and the music to William Lowes. I have only taken an extract; the last verse is suggestive of the song which follows:—

Hang Sorrow.

Hang sorrow, let's cast away care,
For now I do mean to be merry:
We'll drink some good ale and strong beere,
With sugar, and claret and sherry.
Now Ile have a wife of my own,
I shall have no need to borrow;
I would have it for to be known,
That I shall be married to-morrow.
Here's a health to my bride that shall be!
Come pledge it, my coon merry blades;
The day I much long for to see,
We will be as merry as the maides.

Come drink, we cannot want drink,
Observe how my pockets do jingle,
For he that takes his liquor all off,
I here do adopt him mine ningle:
Then range a health to our king,
I mean the king of October,
For Bacchus is he, that will not agree
A man should go to bed sober,
'Tis wine both neat and fine
That is the face's adorning,
No doctor can cure with his physic more sure,
Than a cup of small beer in the morning.

"*King George he was born in the month of October,*
'Tis a sin for a subject to go to bed sober."—
CAREY, 1740.

COME, LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL.

This popular song was founded on one which originally appeared in "Fletcher's Bloody Brother."

Come, landlord, fill a flowing bowl, until it does run over;
To-night we all will merry be, to-morrow we'll get sober.

He that drinks strong beer, and goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to live, and dies a hearty fellow.

Punch cures the gout, the colic and the tisic,
And is to all men the very best of physic.

He that drinks small beer, and goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do that die in October.

He that drinks strong beer and goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to live, and dies a happy fellow.

He that courts a pretty girl, and courts her for her pleasure,
Is a fool to marry her without a store of treasure.

Now let us dance and sing, and drive away all sorrow,
For perhaps we may not meet again to-morrow.

The lines in the above are generally repeated *ad lib.*, and taken up as a full and lusty chorus.

Here is the song referred to in the above note:—

"Drink to-day and drown all sorrow,
You shall perhaps not do it to-morrow:
Best while you have it, use your breath,
There is no drinking after death.

Wine works the heart up, wakes the wit—
There is no cure 'gainst age but it—
It helps the head-ache, cough, and ptisick,
And is for all diseases physick.

Then let us swill, boys, for our health ;
Who drinks well, loves the Commonwealth,
And he that will to bed go sober,
Falls with the leaf, still in October.'

The above song was supposed by Bell to have been adapted rather than written by Fletcher, the probable date is about 1640. Two lines of the first verse appear in the Bacchanalian song of "Down among the dead men":—

"Come let's drink it while we've breath,
For there's no drinking after death."

English Ale.

Words by Harrison Ainsworth. Music by G. H. Rodwell. Cramer & Co. This used to be trolled out by Paul Bedford.

Oh, froth me a flagon of English ale,
Stout and old and as amber pale,
Which heart and head will alike assail,
Ale, ale be mine.
Or brew me a pottle of sturdy sack,
Sherris and spice with a toast at its back,
And need shall be none to bid me attack
That drink divine.

Or brew me a pottle of sturdy sack,
And need shall be none to bid me attack
That drink divine!
That drink divine!

Still I prefer a flagon of ale, ha! ha!
Stout and old, ha! ha! and as amber pale, ha! ha!
Which heart and head will alike assail.
Ale, ale be mine. Ale, ale,
Fine old English ale! ale, ale,
Fine old English ale! Ale be mine!

Your Gaul may tipple his thin, thin wine,
And prate of its hue and its fragrance fine,
Shall never a drop pass throat of mine again, again.
His claret is meagre, but let that pass;
I can't say much for his hippocrass,
And never more will I fill my glass
With cold champaign.
His claret is meagre (but let that pass),
And never more will I fill my glass
With cold, with cold champaign,
With cold champaign.
For, oh, I prefer a flagon of ale, ha! ha!
Stout and old, ha! ha! and as amber pale, ha! ha!
Which heart and head will alike assail. Ale, ale, be mine,
Ale, ale, fine old English ale, ale, ale,
Fine old English ale be mine.

When Betimes in the Morn.

When betimes in the morn to the fields we repair,
There to range where the game may be seated,
At the sound of the horn all disturbance and care
Fly away at the noise as defeated.
When the hounds do cry, care and strife do fly,
Having nothing at all to oppose it,
Away goes the fox to his holes in the rocks,
As the lawyer and statesman their closet.

When the game breaks away, then we call up the hounds,
And raise up a hollo to cheer them;
So the echo, that then through the woods does resound,
Rejoices the hearts that do hear them.
Then Jingle doth roar, hearing Jowler before,
Rare music make Sweet-lips and Mally;
The musical noise makes the huntsman rejoice,
And the squat makes the pack for to rally.

When, casting about, we find her anew,
Then we call up the hounds that are straying;
Coming up with a shout, we give them a view,
While we're able to keep her a playing.
And when she grows weak, and her life is at stake,
And we're able to make her a seizure,
'Tis then at our will to save or to kill,
Then home we return at our leisure.

And when we come home we get as good cheer
As our loving dames can provide us;
We drink and carouse with strong ale and beer,
Have nothing at all to divide us.
We rise in a ring, we dance and we sing,
We've enough of our own, need not borrow.
Can the court of a king yield a pleasanter thing,
We're to-day just as we'll be to-morrow.

Song from the Turnpike Gate.

By T. Knight.

With a merry tale
Sergeants beat the drum;
Noddles full of ale
Village lads they hum:
Soldiers out go all,
Famous get in story;
If they chance to fall
Don't they sleep in glory
Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

Lawyers try when fee'd,
Juries to make pliant;
If they can't succeed,
Then they hum their client;
To perfection come
Humming all the trade is,
Ladies lovers hum
Lovers hum the ladies.
Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

Han't Britannia's sons
Often humm'd mounseer?—
Han't they humm'd the Dons
Let their fleets appear.
Strike they must though loth
(Ships with dollars cramm'd)
If they're not humm'd both
Then I will be d—d.
Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

Hunters, lawyers, soldiers, doctors, and divinities, all seemed to be mixed up with beer, which never fails the heart to cheer under any circumstances. According to the next from D'Urfey, a foraging expedition in Flanders, where our troops learnt to swear (and, according to Sterne, did swear horribly) had its drawbacks as well as its consolations in an ale house.

THE PIG'S MARCH.

Operatic Song.

Trooping with bold commanders,
Dub, dub a dub, dub a dub, dub, dub,
To charge our foes,
In frost and snows,
With hopes of plunder big,
Late as we march'd thro' Flanders,
Tantarra, rarra, tantarra.

Hunger and cold
Having made me bold,
In knapsack I cramm'd a Pig-a,
Week, week, week, squeak'd the Pig,
Ogh, ogh, ogh, grunts the sow,
Yet she ran as fast as I,
And tho' swift away I fly,
Yet she ran as fast as I
Scowring into an alehouse,
Dub, dub a dub, dub a dub, dub, dub,
Where I for shot
Paid many a pot
And many had left on score
Amongst my Comrades and Fellows,
Tantarra, rarra, tantarra.

Scarce with my prize
Had I blest their eyes,
But the sow too was at the door,
Week, week, week, squeaks the Pig,
Ogh, ogh, ogh, grunts the sow,
Such noises were never heard before,
Set the house in a foul uproar.

Mawdling the bouncing hostess,
Dub, dub a dub, dub a dub, dub, dub,
Presently puffing came,
With a face inflam'd
And as red as a rump of beef,
Threatens me with a justice,
Tantarra, rarra, tantarra.

'Till flat on the ground
I thump'd her down
For daring to call me thief,
Then *week, week, week,* loud she squeak'd,

Then *ogh, ogh, ogh,* like the sow,
Till at last in the woful fray
The pig too got quite away.

Read what Phillips says:—

There, on well fuel'd hearth they chat,
Whilst black-pots walk the round with laughing ale
Surcharg'd; or brew'd in planetary hour,
When March weigh'd night and day in equal scale:
Or in October sunn'd, and mellow grown
With seven revolving suns, the racy juice,
Strong with delicious flavour, strikes the sense.

. . . .

What though Britannia boasts
Herself a world, with ocean circumfus'd?
'Tis ale that warms her sons t'assert her claim
And with full volley makes her naval tubes
Thunder disastrous doom to opponent powers!

. . . .

Allan Ramsay follows the same strain in the Gentle Shepherd.

"I'll yoke my slid, and send to the neist town,
And bring a draught of ale both stout and brown;
And gar our cottars a', man, wife, and wean,
Drink till they tine the gate to stand their lane."

The author of the tale of a Pig in a Poke is not to be outdone.

"A half-way house convenient stood,
Where host was kind and ale was good;
In steps the clown, and calls to Cecil—
'A quart of stout, to wet my whistle!'
Eased of his load, he takes a chair,
And quaffs oblivion to all care.
With potent ale his heart grows warm,
Which drunk or sober means no harm."

The "British Orpheus" follows suit:—

BY THE GAILY CIRCLING GLASS.

By the gaily circling glass
We can see how minutes pass;
By the hollow flask we're told,
How the waning night grows old,
How the waning night grows old.

Soon, too soon, the busy day,
Drives us from our sport away;
What have we with day to do?
Sons of Care, 'twas made for you!
Sons of Care, 'twas made for you.

By the silence of the owl;
By the chirping on the thorn;
By the butts that empty roll;
We foretell the approach of morn.
Fill, then, fill the vacant glass;
Let no precious moment slip;
Flout the moralising ass;
Joy finds entrance at the lips.

Ford and Dekker keep the fun up fast and furiously in the play of "The Sun's Darling," 1623:—

CAST AWAY CARE.

Cast away care; he that loves sorrow
Lengthens not a day, nor can buy to-morrow;
Money is trash; and he that will spend it,
Let him drink merrily, Fortune will send it.
Merrily, merrily, merrily, Oh, ho!
Play it off stiffly, we may not part so.

Wine is a charm, it heats the blood too,
Cowards it will arm, if the wine be good too;
Quickens the wit, and makes the back able;
Scorn to submit to the watch or constable.
Merrily, &c.

Pots fly about, give us more liquor,
Brothers of a rout, our brains will flow quicker
Empty the cask; score up, we care not,
Fill all the pots again, drink on, and spare not.
Merrily, &c.

Among the dramatists, Sheridan's songs will always hold a conspicuous place, especially his trio:—

A Bumper of Good Liquor.

A bumper of good liquor
Will end a contest quicker
Than justice, judge, or vicar;
So fill a cheerful glass
And let good humour pass.

But if more deep the quarrel,
Why sooner drain the barrel
Than be the hateful fellow,
That's crabbéd when he's mellow.
So fill a cheerful glass
And let good humour pass.

Burns inculcates a similar genial philosophy:—

"When neebours anger at a plea,
An' just as wud as wud can be,
How easy can the barley-bree
Cement the quarrel!
It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee
To taste the barrel."

BACHANALIAN SONG.

By Mr Philips.

Come, fill me a glass, fill it high,
A bumper, a bumper I'll have:
He's a fool that will flinch, I'll not bate an inch,
Though I drink myself into my grave.

Here's a health to all those jolly souls
Who, like me, will never give o'er,
Whom no danger controls, but will take off their bowls,
And merrily stickle for more.

Drown Reason and all such weak foes,
I scorn to obey her command;
Could she ever suppose I'd be led by the nose
And let my glass idly stand?

Reputation 's a bugbear to fools,
A foe to the joys of dear drinking,
Made use of by tools, who'd set us new rules,
And bring us to politic thinking.

Fill them all, I'll have six in a hand,
For I've trifled an age away;
'Tis in vain to command, the fleeting sand
Rolls on and cannot stay.

Come, my lads, move the glass, drink about,
We'll drink the whole universe dry,
We'll set foot to foot and drink it all out,
If once we grow sober we die.

There is a wonderful unanimity of opinion as to the virtues of good ale amongst novelists as well as the dramatists. Thomas

Holcroft, in his story of Hugh Trevor, intersperses a very favourite song, winding up with an appropriate moral:—

GAFFER GRAY.

Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake,
Gaffer Gray!
And why doth thy nose look so blue?
"'Tis the weather that's cold,
'Tis I'm grown very old,
And my doublet is not very new,
Well-a-day!"

Then line thy worn doublet with ale,
Gaffer Gray,
And warm thy old heart with a glass.
"Nay, but credit I've none,
And my money's all gone;
Then say how may that come to pass?
Well-a-day!"

Hie away to the house on the brow,
Gaffer Gray;
And knock at the jolly priest's door.
"The priest often preaches
Against worldly riches;
But ne'er gives a mite to the poor.
Well-a-day!"

The lawyer lives under the hill,
Gaffer Gray,
Warmly fenc'd both in back and in front.
"He will fasten his locks,
And will threaten the stocks,
Should he evermore find me in want.
Well-a-day!"

The 'Squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
Gaffer Gray,
And the season will welcome you there.
"His fat beeves and his beer
And his merry new year
Are all for the flush and the fair.
Well-a-day!"

My keg is but low, I confess,
Gaffer Gray.
What then? while it lasts, man, we'll live.
"The poor man alone,
When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give.
Well-a-day!"

Even Thomas Love Peacock, whose quaint and humorous alliterative novels will bear reading and re-reading, follows the general lead in "Headlong Hall," where Mr Chromatic, "the most profound and scientific of all amateurs of the fiddle," sings the following *de-mortuis* song in honour of Sir Peter:—

THREE TIMES THREE.

In his last binn SIR PETER lies,
Who knew not what it was to frown;
Death took him mellow, by surprise,
And in his cellar stopped him down.
Through all our land we could not boast
A knight more gay, more prompt than he
To rise and fill a bumper toast,
And pass it round with THREE TIMES THREE.

None better knew the feast to sway,
Or keep Mirth's boat in better trim;
For Nature had but little clay
Like that of which she moulded him.

The meanest guest that graced his board
Was there the freest of the free,
His bumper toast when PETER poured
And passed it round with THREE TIMES THREE.

He kept at true good humour's mark
The social flow of pleasure's tide,
He never made a brow look dark
Nor caused a tear but when he died.
No sorrow round his tomb should dwell:
More pleased his gay old ghost would be,
For funeral song and passing bell,
To hear no sound but THREE TIMES THREE.

In common with "Sir Peter," "Tom Moody, the Whipper in Well," "The Dropsical Man," celebrated by Mr W. Taylor, had the ruling passion strong in death:—

THE DROPSICAL MAN.

A jolly brave toper who cou'd not forbear,
Tho' his life was in danger, old port and stale beer,
Gave the doctors the hearing, but still wou'd drink on,
Till the dropsy had swell'd him as big as a tun.
The more he took physic the worse still he grew,
And tapping was now the last thing he cou'd do.
Affairs, at this crisis, and doctors come down,
He began to consider—so sent for his son.
Tom, see by what courses I've shorten'd my life,
I'm leaving the world ere I'm forty-and-five;
More than probable 'tis, that in twenty-four hours,
This manor, this house, and estate will be yours.
My early excesses may teach you this truth,
That 'tis working for death to drink hard in one's youth.
Says Tom (who's a lad of a generous spirit,
And not like young rakes who're in haste to inherit),

Sir, don't be dishearten'd ; altho' it be true,
Th' operation is painful and hazardous too,
'Tis no more than what many a man has gone thro',
And then, as for years, you may yet be call'd young,
Your life after this may be happy and long.
Don't flatter me, Tom, was the father's reply,
With a jest in his mouth and a tear in his eye;
Too well, by experience, my vessels, thou know'st,
No sooner are tap'd but they give up the ghost.

A Glass of Rich Brown Ale.

Jesse Hammond.

Air, *The Lass of Richmond Hill.*

Let gallants boast their bowers of bliss
And raptured scenes of love;
Their feast a sigh—their heaven a kiss—
Their Paradise the grove:
But I have more
True bliss in store,
And joys that never fail
Whilst friendship's shrine
My cot is mine,
And a glass of rich brown ale.

Let misers turn their riches o'er,
And gaze on bags of gold;
With my wealth they must be poor
When all their treasure's told;
But I have more
True wealth in store,
And joys that never fail
Whilst friendship's shrine
My cot is mine,
And a glass of rich brown ale.

Let monarchs, in their marble domes,
Boast a much grander lot;
I envy not their splendid homes
Whilst monarch of my cot!
There I have more
True bliss in store,
And joys that never fail
Whilst friendship's shrine
My cot is mine,
And a glass of rich brown ale.

Here is a capital modern song, the words being wedded to a rattling good tune. We believe the song was published originally by Messrs Cocks & Co., of New Burlington Street, and is one of the best modern songs extant:—

A Glass of Old English Ale.

Words by J. Caxton. Music by Mallardaine.

They talk about their foreign wines—champagne and bright Moselle,
And think because they're from abroad, that we must like them well,
And of their wholesome qualities they tell a wondrous tale;
But sour or sweet, they cannot beat a glass of old English ale.

Chorus—So come what will, boys, drink it still,
Your cheeks 'twill never pale;
Their foreign stuff is well enough, but give me
Old English ale, my boys,
But give me old English ale.

When schoolboy friends meet once again, who have not met for years,
Say, over what will they sit down, and talk of their careers,
Your "wishy washy" wines won't do, and fiery spirits fail,
For nothing blends the heart of friends like good old English ale.
So come what will, &c.

D'ye think my eye would be as bright, my heart as light and gay,
If I and "old John Barleycorn" did not shake hands each day?
No, no; and though teetotalers at malt and hops may rail,
At them I'll laugh and gaily quaff my glass of old English ale.
So come what will, &c.

Cowley translated a grand ode of Anacreon in favour of liberal drinking, drawing his inspiration from Nature herself:—

ODE TO DRINKING

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair;
The sea itself (which one would think
Should have but little need of drink)
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy sun (and one would guess
By 's drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the sea, and, when he's done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun:
They drink and dance by their own light;
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature 's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl, then fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there, for why
Should every creature drink but I;
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

Lansdown, in his "Invocation to Sleep," has caught some of the Anacreontic spirit:—

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

Great God of Sleep, since it must be,
That we must give some hours to thee,

Invade me not while the free bowl
Glows in my cheeks, and warms my soul;
That be my only time to snore,
When I can laugh, and drink no more;
Short, very short be then thy reign,
For I'm in haste to laugh and drink again.
But O! if melting in my arms,
In some soft dream, with all her charms,
The nymph belov'd should then surprise,
And grant what waking she denies;
Then, gentle slumber, pr'ythee stay,
Slowly, ah! slowly bring the day,
Let no rude noise my bliss destroy,
Such sweet delusion's real joy.

After so many odes and solos a part song may not be out of place. The next "Three Man Song," from "The Shoemaker's Holiday," 1600, was once an universal favourite.

THREE MAN SONG.

Cold's the wind and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed:
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

Trowl the bowl, the jolly nut-brown bowl,
And here kind mate to thee,
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
And down it merrily.

Down a down, hey down a down,
Hey derry, derry, down a down,
Ho, well done to let me come,
Ring compass, gentle joy.

Trowl the bowl, the nut-brown bowl,
And here, kind mate, to thee,
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul
And down it merrily.

Cold's the wind and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed,
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

The next two catches are from Mr Ebsworth's collection of "Choyce Drollery":—

"Drink, boys, drink, boys, drink and doe not spare,
Troul away the bowl and take no care.
So that we have meat and drink, and money and clothes,
What care we, what care we how the world goes?"

A Catch.

'Tis ale, my bonny lads, is as brown as a berry;
Then let us be merry here an houre,
And drink it ere its soure
Here's to thee, lad,
Come to me, lad;
Let it come, boy, to my thumb, boy.
Drink it off, Sir, 'tis enough, Sir;
Fill mine host Tom's pot and toast.

The next is taken from the play of "Love for Love,' by William Congreve (1672-1728):—

"Prithee fill me the glass,
Till it laugh in my face,
With ale that is potent and mellow;
He that whines for a lass
Is an ignorant ass,
For a bumper has not its fellow.

We'll drink and we'll never ha' done, boys,
Put the glass then around with the sun, boys,
Let Apollo's example invite us;
For he's drunk every night,
And that makes him so bright,
That he's able next morning to light us.

To drink is a Christian diversion,
Unknown to the Turk or the Persian:
Let Mahometan fools
Live by heathenish rules,
And be damned over tea-cups and coffee;
But let British lads sing,
Crown a health to the king,
And a fig for your Sultan and Sophy.

Thos. Ravenscroft, author of "Tosse the pot, tosse the pot," is answerable for:—

One Tooth is Dry.

Trudge away quickly and fill the black bole
Devoutly as long as we bide;
Now welcome, good fellows, both strangers and all,
Let madness and mirth set sadness aside.

Of all reckonings I love good cheere,
With honest folks in company:
And, when drunke, comes my part for to beare,
For still methinks one tooth is drye.

Love is a pastime for a king
If one be seen in phisnomie;
But I love well this pot to wing,
For still methinks one tooth is drye.

Masters, this is all my desire,
I woulde no drunke should passe us by;
Let us now sing and mend the fier,
For still methinks one tooth is drye.

Mr. Butler, give us a taste
Of your best drink so gently:
A jugge or twaine and make no waste,
For still methinks one tooth is drye.

Mr. Butler, of this take part
(Ye love good drinke as well as I);
And drink to me with all your heart,
For still methinks one tooth is drye.

Here is an imitation of Herr V. Muhler's famous song, written by F. C. H. in *Notes and Queries*:—

THE DRUNKARD'S CONCEIT.

Straight from the tavern door I am come here;
Old road, how odd to me thou dost appear!
Right and left, changing sides, rising and sunk;
Oh, I can plainly see, road, thou art drunk!

Oh, what a twisted face thou hast, O moon!
One eye shut, t'other eye wide as a spoon.
Who could have dreamt of this? Shame on thee, shame!
Thou hast been fuddling, jolly old dame!

Look at the lamps again; see how they reel!
Nodding and flickering round as they wheel.
Not one among them all steady can go;
Look at the drunken lamps, all in a row.

All in an uproar seem, great things and small;
I am the only one sober at all;
But there's no safety here for sober men,
So I'll turn back to the tavern again.

The *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1737, contains a capital ode on :—

ENGLISH ALE.

By Astrophy.

Ale! theme inspiring mirth and tuneful song,
O be, like thee, my lay clear, smooth, and strong;
Whether alone from soft molasses boil'd,
Or brew'd with hop, by sots plain porter stil'd,
Or in coarse bottle or decanter clean,
Wrought plate, or homely jack, or pewter mean—
Howe'er convey'd, to thy renown I bring
This laboured verse: aid thou the muse to sing.
Chief at our harvest home or Christmas cheer,
Or Whitsun wake, thy circling cups appear.
Fav'rite of gossips at the groaning treat,
Where the full brimmer tells there's no deceit.
To vestry officers, in liv'ry drest,
How pleasing, roaming on th' ungrateful quest:
Nor to th' expecting mob, on signal days,
Less welcome shouting wind, ye bonfire's blaze.
In wintry alehouse, fam'd for smoak and noise,
Thy tankard crowns the toil'd mechanic's joys;
And at elections, 'mid each party tribe,
Prove, for the casting vote, the safest bribe.
In happier times, ere tea's debauching mode
Did the brown bowl and nutmeg toast explode—
Ere the fine toast were taught ye, squeamish belle,
Ale, nappy breakfast, pleas'd her choice as well.
Then rosy tinctures, then a lively air
(Not, as now, wan and languid) grac'd the fair;

Then ye spic'd hot-pot, rich with sprightly Nantz,
Cou'd treat, in lieu of Bordeaux, spruce gallants.
But good old customs long depos'd we see;
The dear, dear vogue is *a la mode Paree.*
Desist, just satyr, trace thy milder theme,
Nor sadden humour with the glooms of phlegm.
Be in thy verse ale's numerous species shown,
From the same grain by various titles known.
Bright amber, prized by the luxurious town,
The pale-hued Dorchester, the stout nut-brown;
Beer differenc'd with the butt's distinguished name,
And purl, supporter of the long-liv'd dame.
In the grape's praise Anacreon's numbers shine,
And gentler Flaccus sung the charms of wine:
The apple's fame sweet Phillips' lays impart,
And barley, thou shalt claim my humbler art.
How blest, could, in thy turn, thy bard regale—
Peculiar wish—with Oxford's fav'rite ale.
Quaff'd by old Isis' banks in sylvan scenes,
Or, with good fellows, wind the horn at Queen's.
Delicious viands, boon of Ceres' hand,
To Britons given—thy native, happy land,
How would thy traffic spread, thy credit rise,
O! had'st thou but more malt—and less excise.

Mr Poole, who was butler to a nobleman, also gives a very good song in his work on the "Art of Brewing," but whether it is original or not he omits to state:—

English Bright Beer.

When humming bright beer was an Englishman's taste,
Our wives they were merry, our daughters were chaste,
Their breath smelt like roses whenever embrac'd:
Oh, the bright beer of old England!
Oh, the old English bright beer!

Ere coffee and tea found the way to the town,
Our ancestors by their own fire sat down;
Their bread it was white, and their beer it was brown.
Oh, the brown beer, &c.

Our heroes of old, of whose conquest we boast,
Would make a good meal of a pot and a toast;
This maxim ne'er failed in ruling the roast.
Oh, the brown beer, &c.

When the great Spanish fleet on our coast did appear,
Our sailors each one drank a flagon of beer,
And sent them away with a flea in their ear.
Oh, the bright beer, &c.

Our clergymen then took a cup of good beer,
Ere they mounted the rostrum, their spirits to cheer;
They preach'd against vice, altho' courtiers were near.
Oh, the bright beer, &c.

Their doctrines were then authentic and bold,
Well grounded on scripture and fathers of old;
But now they preach nothing but what they are told.
Oh, the bright beer, &c.

For since the Geneva and strong ratafie,
We are dwindled to nothing—but stay let me see—
Faith! nothing at all but mere fiddle-de-dee.
Oh, the bright beer, &c.

I am indebted to Messrs Read Brothers, of Kentish Town, whose name is known in all parts of the world, for the following prose poem on Burton ale, beloved of Britons in all quarters of that empire on which the sun never sets. As a specimen of Antipodean literature it is rich and racy, and does excellent credit to the worthy scribe who penned it. The Australians may be Aley-uns, they will never become aliens. "It's brisk as bottled ale:"—

Ye Olde Englyshe Ale.

"Here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour; drink and fear not your man." And as wittye Master Shakespeare hath again well sayde, "It illuminateth the face, warmeth the blood, and maketh it course from the inwards to the parts extreme."

Albeit such sturdy liquor hath in these latter dayes bene displaced by ye famous drynk hight "pale ale," of most deserved renowne and right worthie of a kinge's ransome for ye satisfying of ye hot and droughty thirst—such as ye brand of ye Bull Dogge's Head never fayleth to quench withal.

Ye light, nimble, and ethereal properties of ye Bull Dogge's Head pale ale are commended of all, and ye good wights much delight therein, for they may drink thereof without stynt, and further prayse were but as gilding to much refined gold.

But although for severall reasons it is not wisht to check ye full and liberal consumption of ye Bull Dogge's Head pale ale, yet tis no heresie to affirme that at tymes, and especially in ye chill winter season, men seek some greater sustenance and nutriment.

Nowe, verilie, there is then no such good and wholesome a drynk as ye old Burton ale—ye naturall wine of ye barley—and nowe well nigh as extinct as ye antient arquebus.

Therefore, with manie cunning devyces, right skylfull knowledge, and eke greate expenses, such olde Englyshe ale, at ye desire of Maisters Read Brothers (ye bottlers of Kentish Town, neere unto London), hath bene once more compounded alone from ye generous malt and ye fragrant hop, which latter in moderation is approved of greate and singular vertue.

Tis sayde that "everie godfather can give a name," so call we this liquor "olde Englyshe ale" as its most appertinent and befitting title.

It were impossible to divine what rare and fanciful conceits are engendered of such generous liquor and ye rare vertues it contayneth, for one may affirme of thilke ale that it excelleth much in driving away carking care, giving wytte to ye dul spright, jollitie and pleasaunce to ye mirthfull, and braverie to all such as doe lack

courage. Yet it behoveth one to be discrete, and to drinke onlye with becoming prudence, in signe whereof it is sent out onlye in ye bottles yclept "pints."

Such as may desyre to obtayn of this goodlie ale should hie them straitway to Cattell and Co., ye onlye importers in Sydney.

The annexed, from "The Myrtle and the Vine" (1800), is interesting as giving the names of London brewers who flourished at that date:—

A Pot of Porter, Ho!

When to Old England I come home,
Fal lal, fal, lal, la!
What joy to see the tankard foam,
Fal lal, fal, lal, la!
When treading London's well-known ground
If e'er I feel my spirits tire,
I haul my sail, look up around
In search of Whitbread's best entire.
I spy the name of Calvert,
Of Curtis, Cox, and Co.;
I give a cheer and bawl for 't,
"A pot of porter, ho!"

When to old England I come home,
What joy to see the tankard foam!
With heart so light, and frolic high,
I drink it off to liberty!

Where wine and water can be found,
Fal lal, fal, lal, la!
I've travell'd far the world around,
Fal lal, fal, lal, la!
Again, I hope, before I die,
Of England's can the taste to try;
For many a league I'd go about
To take a draught of Gifford's stout.

I spy the name of Truman,
Of Maddox, Meux, and Co.;
The sight makes me a new man,
"A pot of porter, ho!"

When to old England, &c.

Of modern songs I think the song from "Martha," "What shall I Drink?" to be about the best in words, and it is wedded to an appropriate and inspiriting air. I am indebted to the courtesy of Messrs Hutchings & Romer of Conduit Street, Regent Street, for permission to reprint the words, and would refer to them for the music.

What shall I Drink?

Chi Mi Dira.

What shall I drink? with what must I fill
This old brown jug dull care to kill,
Or drive the spell away?
Naught in the world can equal beer,
Which never fails the heart to cheer?
And all true Britons love their beer,
And all true Britons love their beer!
Jove's ambrosia surely was beer, my boys!
He liked a drop of good beer, my boys, hurrah!
Tra la la, la la la la la la!

Jove's ambrosia was surely beer, my boys!
He lik'd a drop of good beer, my boys!
Hurrah! tra la la, la la la la la! tra la.

When dull care hangs over the brow,
What drives the foe to distant scenes away?
Can no one say?
'Tis that good gift to man so dear,
'Tis cheering, sparkling, nut-brown beer.

That never fails the heart to cheer,
That never fails the heart to cheer!
The good luck to pure malt and hops, my boys, my boys!
May our farmers rejoice in good crops, my boys, hurrah!
Tra la la, la la la la la la!

Jove's ambrosia, &c.

Here is another song from "Martha," probably from a different libretto. The words are by W. West, and the music published by Messrs Ashdown & Parry, to whom I am indebted for permission to reproduce :—

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

Those were the days, of old,
When Britain's sons so brave and bold,
Their noble hearts to cheer,
Could quaff John Barleycorn tax free,
Scorning Souchong and black Bohea,
They'd drink of the bright, the home-brew'd beer—
There's nothing so good the heart to cheer.
No! ambrosia fine 'tis as good as wine,
Clear, strong, and richer than good Rhine wine.
Hurrah! nothing like beer, like old English beer, hurrah!

What is it that makes an Englishman brave,
Sooner than spirits that send to the grave?
Barley, drink divine!
Better than all your meagre wine,
Weakening stuff your poor thin wine;
Then fill up a cup with hearty cheer.
There's nothing like beer the heart to cheer.
No! ambrosia fine 'tis good as wine,
Clear, strong, and richer than good Rhine wine.
Hurrah! nothing like beer, like old English beer, hurrah!

I can't say much in favour of the next modern production, though at one time it was a popular music hall song of MacLaghlan's. The music is published by Messrs H. D'Alcorn & Co. of Rathbone Place:—

Bitter Beer.

The subject of my little song is one I hold most dear,
It supports our constitution, and it will for many a year;
John Bull, indeed, would be defunct, or else look very queer,
If Bass and Co. should cease to brew their glorious bitter beer.
Allsopp, Bass, and Salt, they each deserve a monument,
So give them while you're here;
Three cheers for Bass and Allsopp too,
And their glorious bitter beer.

I've tasted hock and claret too, Madeira and Moselle,
But not one of those boshy wines revives this languid swell;
Of all complaints from A to Z, the fact is very clear,
There's no disease but what's been cured by glorious bitter beer.
Allsopp, Bass, and Salt, &c.

I've lived in Scotland many years, and drank its mountain dew;
I don't deny but what it's good, and a stimulant, 'tis true;
I'm far from being prejudiced, as some may think, I fear,
Yet give to me a cooling draught of glorious bitter beer.
Allsopp, Bass, and Salt, &c.

Old Ireland's drink I have imbibed—yes, Kinnahan's double L.
And Kitty Trainer's famed potheen, and Dunville's, too, as well;
A glass of punch, of course, I know, will oft your spirits, cheer;
But still my favourite beverage is glorious bitter beer.
Allsopp, Bass, and Salt, &c.

That ale is not inimical to longevity is shown by the following extract from Taylor's (the water poet) epitaph on Old Parr:—

"He was of old Pythagoras' opinion,
That green cheese was most wholesome with an onion;
Coarse meslin bread, and for his daily swig,
Milk, butter-milk, and water, whey and whig:
Sometimes metheglin, and by fortune happy,
He sometimes sipped a cup of ale most nappy,
Cider or perry when he did repair
T' a Whitsun-ale wake, wedding, or a fair;
Or when in Christmas-time he was a guest
At his good landlord's house among the rest,
Else he had little leisure-time to waste;
Or at the ale-house huff-cup ale to taste."

The Cornishmen come next to Old Parr in living to a respectable old age. According to Burton, one Polyen lived to 130, a kinsman of his to 112, and one Beauchamp to 106. Carey made the following epitaph on a once well-known character who died in that county:—

"Here Brawn, the quondam beggar, lies,
Who counted by his tale
Some six score winters and above—
Such virtue is in ale.

"Ale was his meat, his drink, his cloth,
His physic too besides;
And could he still have drank his ale
Be sure he had not dy'd."

The next, which appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine" of February 2, 1793, rather damns with faint praise:—

"After entertainments given on some particular occasions near the city of Winchester it is customary to introduce a 'poculum caritatis' filled with a kind of beer called 'Ruff.' The origin

of this name has for years been merely matter of conjecture; but the following verses will explain whence the term is derived":—

EXTRACT FROM THE "ART OF LONGEVITY."

Written by Edmund Gayton, 1659. Chap. viii., on "Ale."

Drink famous, infamous, prais'd and disprais'd,
To Stygian lakes, that's muddy harbours rais'd
From common shores and father Ben's adventures,
How dar'st thou, boyled cogg, our muzzles enter?
But when the keen cheroketh* blows fat bumpkin,
Who will refuse to drink thee in a rumkin? †
Enough is written for thee *pro* and *con.*,
Yet since hops came thy name is almost gone;
But that the alderman hath cleans'd thy tide,
And makes us with thee yet amongst us bide,
And Huff of famous memory, that Huff
Who to his ale had no sign but his Ruff;
That, and his ale most smooth, did so well work
The house was full of Christian and of Turk:
And in demulsing lubrick morning's draught
A good estate into old Huff was quaft.
What is ale good for? Look against his doores,
And you shall see them rotted with ale showers:
It hath this special commendation,
To cleanse the water and to break the stone:
Just as a feather-bed the flint doth break,
S'ith other stone your North Down ale alike.
Thy mother barley is an enemy
To th' nerves, that makes men stagger after thee,
Drink beyond Huff's demensum, who did stint
In's regular Ruff his guests into a pint
(But at one session), yet go forth, and face
Abount, and then you might take t'other glass.

* Service wind. † In Norfolk a drinking glass.

John Gay's ballad is probably one of the best that were written during the last century :—

BALLAD ON ALE.

While some in epic strains delight,
Whilst others pastorals invite,
  As taste or whim prevail;
Assist me, all ye tuneful nine,
Support me in the great design,
  To sing of nappy ale.

Some folks of cider made a rout,
And cider's well enough, no doubt,
  When better liquors fail;
But wine, that's richer, better still,
Ev'n wine itself (deny't who will)
  Must yield to nappy ale.

Rum, brandy, gin, with choicest smack,
From Holland brought, Batavia rack,
  All these will nought avail
To cheer a truly British heart,
And lively spirits to impart,
  Like humming, nappy ale.

Oh! whether thee I closely hug
In honest can or nut-brown jug,
  Or in the tankard hail;
In barrel or in bottle pent,
I give the generous spirit vent,
  Still may I feast on ale.

But chief when to the cheerful glass,
From vessel pure, thy streamlets pass,
  Then most thy charms prevail;

Then, then, I'll bet, and take the odds,
That nectar, drink of heathen gods,
Was poor compar'd to ale.

Give me a bumper, fill it up:
See how it sparkles in the cup;
Oh, how shall I regale!
Can any taste this drink divine,
And then compare rum, brandy, wine,
Or aught with nappy ale?

Inspir'd by thee the warrior fights,
The lover wooes, the poet writes,
And pens the pleasing tale;
And still in Britain's isle confest,
Nought animates the patriot's breast
Like generous, nappy ale.

High Church and low oft raise a strife,
And oft endanger limb and life,
Each studious to prevail;
Yet Whig and Tory, opposite
In all things else, do both unite
In praise of nappy ale.

Inspir'd by thee, shall Crispin sing,
Or talk of freedom, church, and king,
And balance Europe's scale;
While his rich landlord lays out schemes
Of wealth in golden South Sea dreams,
Th' effects of nappy ale.

O blest potation! still by thee,
And thy companion Liberty,
Do health and mirth prevail;
Then let us crown the can, the glass,
And sportive bid the minnets pass
In quaffing nappy ale.

Ev'n while these stanzas I indite,
The bar-bell's grateful sounds invite
Where joy can never fail.
Adieu, my muse! adieu, I haste
To gratify my longing taste
With copious draughts of ale.

Gay, in his "Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London" (edition 1811), gives incidentally the following piece of advice:—

"Careful observers, studious of the town,
Shun the misfortunes that disgrace the clown;
Untempted, they contemn the juggler's feats,
Pass by the muse, nor try the cymbal's cheats:
When drays bound high, they never cross behind,
Where bubbling yest is blown by gusts of wind."

The following belongs to the "Fine Old English Gentleman" style of song, and shows the genial influence which nut-brown ale exerts over the actions of a man's life:—

THE DORSETSHIRE SQUIRE; OR, A MUG OF NUT-BROWN ALE.

A wealthy 'squire in Dorsetshire
Enjoyed the charms of life;
His time was spent in sweet content,
He never harboured strife.
This happy 'squire of Dorsetshire
Lived in a pleasant vale;
His chief delight, at noon and night,
A mug of nut-brown ale.

The wealthy 'squire of Dorsetshire
Would ne'er the poor oppress;
But aid impart, with cheerful heart,
To merit in distress.
No envious tongue, with venom stung,
'Gainst him did e'er prevail;

'Twas pleasure rare with him to share
A mug of nut-brown ale.

This is a far kindlier philosophy than that of the egotistical humbug who invited "John Brown to come and take a glass in his arbour when he'd pass," but inflicted his crude platitudes upon John without allowing him to get in a word edgeways.

Here are a few short extracts from the poets:—

COLERIDGE.

Beneath the roof, if thy cheered moments pass,
Fill to the good man's name one grateful glass:
To higher rest shall memory wake the soul,
And virtue mingle in the ennobled bowl.

MILTON.

For many a god o'er elegy presides,
Its spirits kindles, and its numbers guides;
There Bacchus, Ceres, Erato are seen
And, with her beautous boy, the Idalian queen:
And thence the chiefs of elegiac song
Drain the full bowl and join the jocund throng.

Then to the spicy nut-brown ale:—

FROM "A LITTLE WISH."

Grant, ye pow'rs, a little wine
For a guest that comes to dine,
And a stock of mild and stale,
Honest neighbours to regale,
And October strong and mellow,
Tubes and weed for hearty fellow;
This of Cestman moulds comprest,
This of Brocas very best.

THOMSON.

Nor wanting is the brown *October*, drawn,
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of *thirty years*: and now his honest front
Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
E'en with *the vineyard's* best produce to vie.

POOR ROBIN'S ALMANACK.

Now trees their leafy hats do bare
To reverence Winter's silver hair;
A handsome hostess, merry host,
A pot of ale now and a toast,
Tobacco and good coal fire,
Are things this season doth require.

DRYDEN.

Then our age was in its prime,
Free from rage, and free from crime,
A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

So big you look, though claret you retrench,
That, arm'd with bottled ale, you huff the French.

The rich, tir'd with continual feasts,
For change become their next poor tenant's guests,
Drink hearty draughts of ale from plain brown bowls,
And snatch the homely rasher from the coals.

With gown tuck'd up, to wakes, for Sunday next,
With humming ale encourages his text.

For 'twas their duty, all the learned think,
T' espouse his cause by whom they eat and drink.

In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
He plac'd a mighty jug of potent ale.

WILLIAM KING.

A cauldron of fat Beef and stoop of Ale
On the huzzaing mob shall more prevail,
Than if you give them with the nicest art,
Ragouts of Peacocks' brains, or Filbert tart.

POOLE'S ART OF BREWING.

The hints observed, once more shall English ale,
Nectarious juice! with fashion's sons prevail,
Strong beer its wonted excellences regain,
Our art improve—nor shall I write in vain.

ANON.

O, Girzy! Girzy! when thou go'st to brew,
Consider well what you're about to do;
Be very wise, very sedately think,
That what you're going now to make is drink;
Consider who must drink that drink, and then
What 'tis to have the praise of honest men.

Whom hath not an inspiring bumper taught
A flow of words, and loftiness of thought?

HORACE TRANSLATION.

The fool sucks wisdom, as he porter sups,
And cobblers grow fine speakers in their cups.

Beloe quotes the following epigram, which I believe appears in the Percy Collection:—

AD M BREWER MEDICUM.

This phrase, to drink a health, is only trew
Of drink which men of your profession brew.

BON GAULTIER.

And if you'd do a kindness to your fond desponding child,
Draw me a pot of Beer, mother, and, mother, draw it mild.

CHAUCER.

And brought of mighty ale a large quart

SAM BUTLER.

For he by geometric scale,
Could tell the size of pots of ale.

CONGREVE.

Prithee, fill me a glass
Till it laugh in my face
Of ale that is potent and mellow;
He that pines for a lass
Is an ignorant ass,
For a bumper has not its fellow.

OLD BALLAD.

Then Robin he took the Bishop by the hand,
And led him to merry Barnsdale;
He made him stay and sup with him that night,
And to drink wine, beer, and ale.

JOHN WHALLEY.

See the gay Unicorn the wood adorn,
Fair sign of plenty, with his ivory horn!
Here Ceres spread her fruits with lavish hand,
And Bacchus laughing waited our command.

Here cheerful plenty met the wearied guest,
And splendid welcome doubly crown'd our rest.

PRATT'S HARVEST HOME.

The life of a sportsman is free from all care,
Whene'er he makes merry with love and strong beer;
With his pipe and his friend he laughs hours away,
And sings, talks, and drinks till he hails a new day,
And then to the hill and the dale—hark, away!

SWIFT.

What advantage comes
To me from all a usurer's plumbs;
Though I should see him twice a day,
And am his neighbour cross the way,
If all my rhetoric must fail
To strike him for a pot of ale?

She (Gluttony) sent her priest in wooden shoes
From haughty Gaul to make ragoos;
Instead of wholesome bread and cheese,
To dress their soups and fricasses;
And, for our home-bred British cheer,
Botargo, catsup, and caveer.

FIELDING.

Woman! What is there in the world like woman!
Man without woman is a single boot,
Is half a pair of shears—Her wanton smiles
Are sweeter than a draught of cool small beer
To the scorched palate of a waking sot.

HENRY S. LEIGH'S CAROLS OF COCKAIGNE.

It's a singular fact that whenever I order
My goblet of Guiness' or bumper of Bass,
Out of ten or a dozen that sport round the border,
Some fly turns a somersault into my glass.

Oh! it's not that I grudge him the liquor he's tasted,
Supposing him partial to ale or to stout,
But consider the time irretreivably wasted
In trying to fish the small wanderer out.

Ah, believe me, proud fly! 'tis excessively sinful,
This habit which knocks even blue-bottles up,
Just remember what Cassio, on getting a skinful,
Observed about every inordinate cup.

Reflect on that proverb, diminutive being,
Which tell us "Enough's as good as a feast,"
And, mark me, there's nothing more painful as seeing
An insect behaving so much like a beast.

OH! WHEN MY FARM IS TAKEN.

Oh! when my farm is taken,
How delightful 'twill be o'er my acres to stump!
Then I'll marry a dairy-maid, jolly and plump,
But she shan't be as fat as my bacon.

I'll hire a lout to wield the flail,
Small beer shall serve the bumpkin!
While I with guzzling home-brew'd ale
Grow rounder than a pumpkin.

Reverting back somewhat we have the following well-known favourite, which appeared in the *London Chanticleer* for 1659:—

SUBMIT, BUNCH OF GRAPES.

Submit, bunch of grapes,
To the strong barley ear;
The weak wine no longer
The laurel shall wear.

Sack, and all drinks else,
Desist from the strife;
Ale 's the only *aqua vitæ*,
And liquor of life.

Then come, my boon fellows,
Let's drink it around;
It keeps us from grave,
Though it lays us on ground.

Ale 's a physician,
No mountebank bragger;
Can cure the chill ague,
Though it be with the stagger.

Ale 's a strong wrestler,
Kings all it hath met;
And makes the ground slippery,
Though it be not wet.

Ale is both Ceres,
And good Neptune too,
Ale's froth was the sea
From which Venus grew.

Ale is immortal;
And be there no stops,
In bonny lads quaffing,
Can live without hops.

Then come, my boon fellows,
Let's drink it around;
It keeps us from grave,
Though it lays us on ground.

The foregoing collection of songs, ballads, and poems, shows a pretty fair consensus of opinion as to the virtues of ale and beer among the great and gifted of many generations. By way of relief I will quote from an old pamphlet, intituled, "Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco contending for Superiority. A Dialogue. *HORAT Siccis omnia dura Deus Proposuit. London.* Printed by J. B. for John Grove, and are to be sold at his shop betwixt S. Katherine's Stairs and the Mill, next door to the sign of the Ship, 1658."

The play or mystery is a sort of compound of miracle-play, masque, and mumming, which so delighted our ancestors. The song it winds up with is far better known than the dialogue itself. Certainly there is plenty of action, bustle, and impending fight between the various *dramatis personæ*, until *Water* comes in and happily ends all disputes.

The Stationer to the Readers.

Gentlemen,—for in your drink you will be no less, I present you with this small collation. If either Wine and Sugar, Beer and Nutmeg, a Cup of Ale and a Tost, Tobacco, or altogether, may meet your acceptation, I am glad I had it for you. There

is a difference between themselves; but your palate may reconcile all. If anything distaste you, there is water to wash your hands of the whole Pamphlet. So hoping you will accept a Pledge of my service, and have a care of your own health, I beg me to you.—J. G.

The Speakers.

Wine. A Gentleman.
Sugar. His Page.
Beer. A Citizen.
Nutmeg. His Prentice.
Ale. A Countryman.
Toast. One of his rurall Servants.
Water. A Parson.
Tobacco. A swaggering Gentleman.

WINE, BEER, ALE, AND TOBACCO CONTENDING FOR SUPERIORITY.

Enter Beer, Wine, and Sugar.

Wine. How, Beer? We are not very good friends; no matter, I scorn to avoid him.

Beer. Beer-leave, sir. [*Jostles Wine.*

Wine. How now, Beer, running a-tilt, dost thou not know me?

Beer. I do mean to have the wall on you.

Wine. The wall of me, you would have your head and the wall knock'd together. Learn better manners, or I may chance to broach you.

Beer. Broach me, alas poor Wine, 'tis not your *Fieri Facias* can make Beer afraid, thy betters know the strength of Beer. I do not fear your colour, sir.

Sugar. So here will be some scuffling.

Wine. You'll leave your impudence, and learn to know your superiours, Beer, or I may chance to have you stopp'd up. What, never leave working? I am none of your fellows.

Beer. I scorn thou should'st.

Wine. I am a companion for Princes, the least drop of my blood is worth all thy body. I am sent for by the Citizens, visited by the Gallants, kiss'd by the Gentlewomen. I am their life, their genius, the Poeticall fury, the Helicon of the Muses, of better value than Beer; I should be sorry else.

Beer. Thou art sorry, Wine, indeed, sometimes; value? You are come up of late, men pay dear for your company, and repent it: that gives you not the precedency; though Beer set not so great a price upon himself, he means not to bate a grain of his worth, nor subscribe to Wine for all his braveries.

Wine. Not to mee?

Beer. Not to you: why, whence come you, pray?

Wine. From France, from Spain, from Greece.

Beer. Thou art a mad Greek indeed.

Wine. Where thou must never hope to come: who dares deny that I have been a traveller?

Beer. A traveller? in a tumbrel, a little Beer will go further; why, Wine, art thou not kept under lock and key, confin'd to some corner of a cellar, and there indeed commonly close prisoner, unless the Jaylor or Yeoman of the bottles turn the key for the chambermaid now and then, for which she vows not to leave him, till the last gaspe, where Beer goes abroad, and randesvous in every place?

Enter Ale.

Who's this? Ale! oh for the three men's song! this Ale is a stout fellow, it shall go hard, but Sugar which makes all sweet sometimes shall set him in his part of the discord!

Wine. Come, come, Beer, you forget how long you were t'other day; provoke me not too much, lest I bestow a firkin on you.

Beer. Strike if thou dar'st, Wine, I shall make thee answer as quick as the objection, and give you a dash.

Ale. Umph; what's this? it seems there's great difference between Wine and Beer. Sugar, what's the matter?

Sugar. Oh good man, Ale, I'm glad you're come, here's

nothing but contention: I have gone betwixt them once or twice, but I fear one or both will be spilt.

Ale. What do they contend about?

Sugar. For that, which aught I can apprehend, belongs as much to you as either of them.

Ale. Hah! to me! what's that?

Sugar. Ale by judicious men hath been held no despicable drink, for my own part it is nothing to me: you are all one to Sugar, whosoever be King, Sugar can be a subject, but yet 'twere fit Ale had his measure.

Ale. Are they so proud?

Sugar. They mind not you as if you were too unworthy a Competitor. See 'tis come to a challenge.

[*Wine throws down the glove, which Beer takes up.*

Ale. Leave your railing, and attend to my reasons, I claim your duties to me, for many prerogatives: my antiquity, my riches, my learning, my strength, my gravity.

Wine. Antiquity! your first reason's a very small one.

Ale. Dare any of you deny my antiquity? I say.

Wine. We must bear with him, 'tis in his Ale.

Ale. It only pleads for me: who hath not heard of the old Ale of England?

Beer. Old Ale; oh, there 'tis grown to a proverb, *Jones'* Ale's new.

Ale. These are trifles, and convince me not.

Wine. If we should grant your argument, you would gain little by't, go together, I do allow you both a couple of stale companions.

Beer. Wine, you're very harsh.

Ale. Let him; my second prerogative is my riches and possessions, for who knows not how many houses I have. Wine and Beer are fain to take up a corner, your ambition goes no further than a cellar, where the whole house where I am is mine, goes only by my name, is call'd an Ale-house; but when is either heard, the Wine-house or the Beer-house? You cannot passe a street, wherein I have not houses of my own, beside many that go by other men's names.

Beer. I confesse you have here and there an alehouse, but whose are all the rest? Hath not Beer as much title to them?

Wine. And yet I have not heard that either of you both have fin'd for Aldermen, though I confess that something has bin attempted out of Nicker Froth. Be rul'd by me, Beer and Ale, and aspire no higher then the common-Councel-houses. Oh impudence, that either of you should talk of houses, when sometimes you are both glad of a tub: dee hear, Ale? do not you know the man that did the bottle bring?

Ale. Thou art glad of a bottle thyself, Wine, sometimes; and so is Beer too, for all he frothes now.

Beer. So, so.

Ale. My third prerogative is my learning.

Wine. Learning? If you have the Liberal Sciences, pray be free and let's hear some.

Ale. For that, though I could give you demonstration, for brevitie's sake, I remit you to my books.

Beer. Books! Printed *Cum Privilegio* no doubt on't, and sold by the Company of Stationers! What are the names?

Ale. Admire me though when I name learned, though not the great, *Alexander Ale* and Tostatus the Jesuite.

Wine. Oh, learned Ale, you scorn to make Indentures any more, but you might as well have concluded this without book.

Beer. Why, you will shortly be Town-Clerk, the City Chronicler is too mean a place for you.

Ale. Now for my strength and invincibilitie.

Beer. But here let me interrupt you, talk no more of strength, none but Beer deserves to bee call'd strong; no pen is able to set down my victories.

[This tall talk goes on for about twelve pages, when matters become serious.]

Ale. Is Wine drawn? Then have at you; I'll make good Ale.

Beer. I stand for the honour of Beer, were you an army.

[*As they offer to fight, Water comes running in.*

Water. Hold, hold, hold. I know your ambition, you are all

my kinsmen, and the care of thy preservation made me break my banks to come to you. Will you refer yourselves to me and wade no further in these discontentments? I will undertake your reconcilement and qualifications.

All. Agreed.

Water. Then, without further circumlocution or insinuation, Water runs to the matter: You shall no more contend for excellencie, for Water shall allow each of you a Singularitie. First, you, Wine, shall be most in request amongst Courtiers, Gallants, Gentlemen, Poetical Wits, *Qui melioris lutid homines*, being farefined mould, shall chuse as a more nimble and active watering to make their brains fruitful: *Fecundi Calces quem non?* but so as not confin'd to them, not limiting them to you more then to exhilarate their spirits and acuate their inventions.

You, Beer, shall be in most grace with the Citizens, as being a more staied liquor fit for them that purpose retirement and gravitie, that, with the snail, carries the care of a house and family with them, tied to the attendance of an illiberal profession, that neither trot nor amble, but have a sure pace of their own. *Bos lassus fortius figit pedem.* The black ox hath trod upon their foot. Yet, I bound you not with the citie, though it be the common entertainment, you may be in credit with gentlemen's cellars and carry reputation before you from March to Christmas-tide, I should say, that Water should forget his tide.

You, Ale, I remit to the country as being more fit to live where you were bred. Your credit shall not be inferior, for people of all sorts shall desire your acquaintance, specially in the morning, though you may be allowed the day after. The parson shall account you one of his best parishioners, and the Churchwardens shall pay for your company, and, drawing their bills all the year long, you shall be loved and maintained at the parish charge 'till you be old, be allowed a *Robin Hood* for Mother Red Cap to hang at your door to beckon in customers; and if you come into the citie, you may be drunk with pleasure, but never come into the fashion. At all times you shall have respect, but in the winter morning without comparison. How do you like my censure now!

Ale. Water has deep judgment.

Water. And yet the world saies sometimes Water is shallow. Nay, I'll see you shake hands and tie a new knot of friendship.

Ale. We are henceforth brothers. Stay! [*Musick.* Hark, Musick! Oh, some friends of Wine, I know 'em; they often come upon the Water: let's entertain the Ayr a little, never a voice among you?

THE SONG.

Wine. I, jovial Wine, exhilarate the heart,
Beer. March Beer is drink for a king;
Ale. But Ale, bonny Ale, with spice and a toast
In the morning's a dainty thing.

Chorus—Then let us be merry, wash sorrow away,
Wine, Beer, and Ale shall be drunk to-day.

Wine. I, generous Wine, am for the court—
Beer. The citie calls for Beer;
Ale. But Ale, bonny Ale, like a lord of the soyl,
In the country shall domineer.

Chorus—Then let us be merry, wash sorrow away,
Wine, Beer, and Ale shall be drunk to-day.

Water. Why, now could I dance for joy.

Ale. Now you talk of dancing, Wine, 'tis one of your qualities; let's pay the musicians all together. We have often made other men have light heads and heels, there's no hurt a little in tripping.

[The eternal friendship and harmony thus commenced, continues until Tobacco enters and claims superiority of all, and a wordy war ensues, in the course of which the old military drill of loading a pipe is gone through.]

Ale. I remember I have heard him reported a souldier; and once being in company with a knap-jack man, a companion of his, I obtained a copie of his military postures, which put down the pike and pot-gun clean. Pray observe 'em:—

1. Take out your seal.
2. Draw your box.
3. Uncase your pipe.
4. Produce your rammer.
5. Blow your pipe.
6. Open your box.
7. Fill your pipe.
8. Ramme your pipe.
9. Withdraw your rammer.
10. Return your rammer.
11. Make ready.
12. Present.
13. Elbow your pipe.
14. Mouth your pipe.
15. Give fire.
16. Nose your tobacco.
17. Puffe up your smoke.
18. Spit on your right hand.
19. Throw off your loose ashes.
20. Present to your friend.
21. As you were.
22. Cleanse your pipe.
23. Blow your pipe.
24. Supply your pipe.

Tobacco. These are but childish amusements.

Wine. This ruffler may be troublesome, we were best admit him to our society, he is a dry companion, and you may observe how he hath insinuated already with the greatest. The ladies begin to affect him, and he receives private favours from their lips, every day he kisseth their hands, when he appears in a fair pipe; though we allow him not a prioritie, for our own sakes, let us hold

correspondence with him, lest he seduce men to forsake us, or at least to make use of us but for necessity.

Ale. Hum! he saies well, now I better consider 'twere safest to use him kindly, least by degrees he overthrow us and jet upon our privileges; for I heard a gentleman t'other day affirm, he had fasted three or four daies onely with Tobacco.

Wine. Beside, if we continue friends, he will be a preparative for our reception; without us he may subsist, but with him we are sure of a liberal entertainment.

Beer. I am converted; Wine, you are the best orator, speak for us.

Wine. Tobacco, you are a good fellow, all ambition laid aside, let us embrace as friends; excuse us that we have been a little merry with you, we acknowledge you a gentele drink, and you shall have all the respect will become Wine, Beer, or Ale, to observe you with: what should we contend for premacie, quarrel about titles, which, if to any, we acknowledge most properly belongs to you, for they are all but smoke. Let us unite the confederate states, for the benefits of men's low countries, live and love together. Wine doth here enter into league with Tobacco.

Beer. And Beer.

Ale. And Ale.

Tobacco. Are you in earnest? Why, then, Tobacco is so far from pride that he vows to serve you all; and when I leave to be a true friend may fire consume me and my ashes want a burial.

W., B., A. And when we falsifie may thunders strike us dead. [*They dance.*

In which, Wine falling down, one taketh Sugar by the heels and seems to shake him upon Wine.

In the second passage Beer falleth, and two take Nutmeg, and, as it were, grate him over Beer.

In the third, Ale falleth, one bringeth in a chafendish of coals, and another causes Tost to put his touch to it, afterwards it is clap't to Ale's mouth, and the dance concludeth.

Finis.

As a specimen of by-gone humour the foregoing is noteworthy as a literary curiosity. There is a marked similarity in many passages between this dialogue and the one between Claret and Darbie Ale. It would appear that the bond of friendly alliance between these erstwhile belligerent rivals has been well maintained ever since.

The Happy Fellow.

From the British Orpheus.

With my jug in one hand, and my pipe in the other,
I drink to my neighbour and friend;
My cares in a whiff of tobacco I smother,
For life, I know, shortly must end.
While Ceres, most kindly, refills my brown jug,
With good ale, I will make myself mellow;
In my old wicker chair, I will seat myself snug,
Like a jolly and true happy fellow.
Like a jolly, like a jolly, like a jolly and true happy fellow.

I'll ne'er trouble my head with the cares of the nation,
My own being all I need mind,
For the cares of this life are but grief and vexation,
To death we must all be consign'd.
Then I'll laugh, drink, and smoke, and leave nothing to pay,
But drop, like a pear that is mellow,
And, when cold in my coffin, I'll leave them to say,
"He's gone! What a hearty good fellow!"

A pipe is usually the complement of a pot, and tempts one to be discursive, so I will conclude this long chapter. The first I quote first appeared, as far as I can trace, in Dodsley's collection, but I am quoting from a work dated 1789, which was specially compiled to elevate the poetical taste of the young ladies of the period, and to "make them acquainted with the force and beauty

of their language." Certes there is plenty of force in the passages we have excised:—

> Boy! bring an ounce of Freeman's best,
> And bid the vicar be my guest:
> Let all be plac'd in manner due,
> A pot wherein to spit or spue,
> And "London Journal" and "Free Briton,"
> Of use to light a pipe.
> . . . . .
> Come, jovial pipe, and bring along
> Midnight revelry and song;
> The merry catch, the madrigal,
> That echoes sweet in City Hall;
> The parson's pun, the smutty tale
> Of country justice o'er his ale.
> I ask not what the French are doing,
> Or Spain to compass Britain's ruin:
> Britons, if undone, can go
> Where tobacco loves to grow.
>
> > British sons no longer now
> > Hurl the bar or twang the bow,
> > Nor of crimson combat think,
> > But securely smoke and drink.
>
> O thou, matur'd by glad Hesperian suns,
> Tobacco, fountain pure of limpid truth
> That looks the very soul; whence pouring thought
> Swarms all the mind; absorpt is yellow care,
> And at each puff imagination burns:
> Flash on thy bard, and with exulting fires
> Touch the mysterious lips that chaunt thy praise
> In strains to mortal sons of earth unknown.
> Behold an engine wrought from tawny mines
> Of ductile clay, with plastic virtue form'd,

And glaz'd magnific o'er, I grasp, I fill
From Pætotheke with pungent pow'rs perfum'd.
Itself one tortoise all, where shines imbib'd
Each parent ray; then rudely ramm'd illumine,
With the red touch of zeal enkindling sheet,
Mark'd with Gibsonian love; forth issue clouds,
Thought-thrilling, thirst-inciting clouds around,
And many mining fires; I all the while,
Lolling at ease, inhale the breezy balm.
But chief, when Bacchus went with thee to join,
In genial strife and orthodoxal ale,
Stream life and joy into the muse's bowl.
Oh, be thou still my great inspirer, thou
My muse; oh, fan me with thy zephyr's boon,
While I, in clouded tabernacle shrin'd,
Burst forth all oracle and mystic song.

The pot is never perfect without its companion the pipe, so here goes for

A Pot and a Pipe of Tobacco.

Some praise taking snuff,
And 'tis pleasant enough
To those who have got the right knack, O!
But give me, my boys,
Those exquisite joys,
A pot and a pipe of tobacco.

When fume follows fume
To the top of the room,
In circles pursuing their track, O!
How sweet to inhale
The health-giving gale
Of a pipe of Virginian tobacco.

Let soldiers so bold,
For fame or for gold,
Their enemies cut, slash, and hack, O!
We have fire and smoke,
Though all but in joke,
In a peaceable pipe of tobacco.

Should a mistress unkind
Be inconstant in mind,
And on your affections look black, O!
Let her wherrit and tiff,
'Twill blow off in a whiff,
If you take but a pipe of tobacco.

The miserly elf,
Who, in hoarding his pelf,
Keeps body and soul on the rack, O!
Would he bless and be blest,
He might open his chest,
By taking a pipe of tobacco.

Politicians so wise,
All ears and all eyes,
For news 'till their addled pates crack, O!
After puzzling their brains,
Will not get for their pains
The worth of a pipe of tobacco.

If your land in the claw
Of the limb of the law
You trust, or your health to the quack, O!
'Tis fifty to one
They're both as soon done
As you'd puff out a pipe of tobacco.

Life's short 'tis agreed—
So we'll try from the weed
Of man a brief emblem to tack, O!
When his spirit ascends
Die he must—and he ends
In dust, like a pipe of tobacco!

Before taking leave of tobacco, I cannot refrain from quoting the exquisite allegory, written by the Rev. Ralph Erskine. The first part is an adaptation of an old meditation upon smoking, and the second an addition or improvement thereon.

PART I.

This Indian weed, now wither'd quite,
Though green at noon, cut down at night,
Shows thy decay;
All flesh is hay.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The pipe so lily-like and weak,
Does thus thy mortal state bespeak,
Thou art e'en such,
Gone with a touch.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
Then thou behold'st the vanity
Of worldly stuff,
Gone with a puff.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,
Think on thy soul defiled with sin;
For then the fire
It does require.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And seest the ashes cast away ;
Then to thyself thou mayest say:
That to the dust
Return thou must.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

PART II.

Was this small plant for thee cut down ?
So was the plant of great renown,
Which mercy sends
For nobler ends.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Doth juice medicinal proceed
From such a naughty foreign weed ?
Then what's the power
Of Jesse's flower ?
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The promise, like the pipe, inlays
And by the mouth of faith conveys
What virtue flows
From Sharon's rose.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

In vain th' unlighted pipe you blow;
Your pains in outward means are so,
'Till heavenly fire
The heart inspire.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The smoke, like burning incense, towers,
So should a praying heart of yours,
With ardent cries,
Surmount the skies.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco

CHAPTER IX.

BARLEY AND MALT.

"Sir John Barleycorn was the strongest knight.'

"John Barleycorn's a wholesome blade,
Whom people tipple gaily;
And Vulcan's sons and every trade,
Their homage pay him daily."

I CANNOT do better than commence this chapter under the influence of a modern glee, which goes to an inspiriting tune. The song is so well-known that most readers will join in the air and chorus. I am indebted to the courtesy of Messrs Novello, Ewer & Co. for permission to reprint. The music is by E. Stirling, and the words are initialled A. T.:—

"Come out, 'tis now September,
The hunter's moon begun,
And through the wheaten stubble,
Is heard the frequent gun.
The leaves are paling yellow,
Or kindling into red,
And the ripe and golden Barley,
Is hanging down its head.
All among the barley,
Who would not be blithe,
When the free and happy barley,
Is smiling on the scythe.

The Spring, she is a young maid,
That does not know her mind,
The Summer is a tyrant
Of most unrighteous kind.
The Autumn is an old friend,
That loves one all he can,
And that brings the happy Barley
To glad the heart of man.
All among, &c.

The Wheat is like a rich man,
That's sleek and well to do,
The Oats are like a pack of girls,
Laughing and dancing too.
The Rye is like a miser,
That's sulky, lean, and small,
But the free and bearded Barley
Is the monarch of them all.
All among, &c.

There is certainly something enlivening and cheerful in the rustle of the ripened barley that other fields of golden grain do not impart to the same extent, harvest bugs notwithstanding, for those pests certainly do infest the bearded barley more than any other grain; but this is an incident only. Thomson puts this sentiment neatly:—

"The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull the Autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats,
And foams unbounded with the washy flood;
That by degrees fermented, and refined,
Round the raised nations pours the cup of joy."

Our Saxon ancestors, says Verstegan, called September "*Gerst-Monat*, for that barley which that moneth commonly yeelded was antiently called *gerst*, the name of barley being given unto it by

reason of the drinke therewith made, called beere, and from *beerlegh* it came to be *berlegh*, and from *berleg* to barley. So in like manner *beereheym*, to wit, the overdecking or covering of *beere*, came to be called *berham*, and afterwards *barme*, having since gotten I wot not how many names besides. . . . This excellent and healthsome liqour, beere, antiently also called *ael*, as of the Danes it yet is (beere and ale being in effect all one), was first of the Germans invented, and brought in use."

Of the medicinal virtues of barley, let us take Old Culpepper, herbalist and astrologer.

"The continual usefulness of barley hath made all in general so acquainted herewith, that it is altogether needless to describe its several kinds hereof plentifully growing, being yearly sown in this land. The virtues whereof take as followeth:—

"*Government and Virtues.*—It is a notable plant of *Saturn*; if you view diligently its effect by sympathy and antipathy, you may easily perceive a reason of them, as also why barley bread is so unwholesome to melancholy people. Barley, in all the parts and compositions thereof (except malt), is more cooling than wheat, and a little cleansing. And all the preparations thereof, as barley water and other things made thereof, do give great nourishment to persons troubled with fevers, agues, and heats in the stomach. A poultice made of barley meal, or flour, boiled in vinegar and honey, and a few dry figs put into them, dissolveth all hard imposthumes, and assuageth inflammations, being thereto applied. And being boiled with melilot and camomile flowers and some linseed, fenugreek and rue in powder, and applied warm, it easeth pains in side and stomach, and windiness of the spleen. The meal of barley and fleawort boiled in water, and made a poultice with honey and oil of lilies applied warm, cureth swellings under the ears, throat, neck, and such like; and a plaister made thereof with tar, wax, and oil, helpeth the king's evil in the throat; boiled with sharp vinegar into a poultice, and laid on hot, helpeth

Fevers, Agues, Stomach, Imposthumes, Inflamations, Spleen.

Ears, Throat, Neck, King's Evil, Leprosy, Flux, Gout, Itch, Eyes.

the leprosy; being boiled in red wine with pomegranate rinds, and myrtles, stayeth the lask or other flux of the belly; boiled with vinegar and quince it easeth the pains of the gout; barley flower, white salt, honey, and vinegar, mingled together, taketh away the itch speedily and certainly. The water distilled from the green barley in the end of *May* is very good for those that have defluctions of humours fallen into their eyes, and easeth the pain, being dropped into them; or white bread steeped therein, and bound on to the eyes, doth the same."

From Culpepper's Pharmacopœia to Punch's Modern Cookery Book is a leap or bound, but these two great authorities unite in praising the virtues of the simple grain:—

Air—*On the Banks of Allan Water.*

For a jug of Barley Water
Take a sauce pan not too small;
Give it to your wife or daughter,
If within your call.
If her duty you have taught her,
Very willing each will be
To prepare some Barley Water
Cheerfully for thee.

For a jug of Barley Water,
Half a gallon, less or more,
From the filter that you bought her,
Ask your wife to pour.
When a saucepan you have brought her,
Polish'd bright, as bright can be,
In it empty all the water—
Either you or she.

For your jug of Barley Water
('Tis a drink by no means bad),
Some two ounces and a quarter
Of pearl barley add.

When 'tis boiling, let your daughter
Skim from blacks to keep it free;
Added to your Barley Water
Lemon-rind should be.

For your jug of Barley Water
(I have made it very oft'),
It must boil, so tell your daughter,
Till the barley's soft.
Juice of a small lemon's quarter
Add, then sweeten all like tea,
Strain through sieve your Barley Water,
'Twill delicious be.

The next is a variation of the same theme:—

BARLEY BROTH.

Air—*The King, God bless him.*

A basin of Barley broth, make, make for me;
Give those who prefer it the plain:
No matter the broth, so of barley it be,
If we ne'er taste a basin again.
For, oh! when three pounds of good mutton you buy,
And of most of its fat dispossess it;
In a stewpan uncover'd, at first, let it lie,
Then in water proceed to dress it.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
In a stewpan uncover'd, at first, let it lie,
Then in water proceed to dress it.

What a tea-cup will hold—you should first have been told—
Of barley you gently should boil;
The pearl-barley choose—'tis the nicest that's sold—
All others the mixture might spoil.

Of carrots and turnips, small onions, green peas,
(If the price of the last don't distress one),
Mix plenty; and boil altogether with these
Your basin of broth when you dress one.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Two hours together the articles boil,
There's your basin of broth, if you'd dress one.

The above songs cannot be objected to by the most rigid abstainer; they combine the *utile et dulce*, the poetical and practical. To a certain extent the following does also:—

Bannocks o' Barley Meal.

Argyle is my name, and you may think it strange,
To live at a court and never to change;
All falsehood and flattery I do disdain,
In my secret thoughts no guile does remain.
My king and my country's foes I have fac'd,
In city or battle I ne'er was disgrac'd;
I've done what I could for my country's weel,
Now I'll feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

Adieu to the courts of gay London town,
For to my ain country I will gang down;
At the sight o' Kirkcaldy once again,
I'll cock up my bonnet and march amain.
O the muckle deil tak' a' your noise and strife,
I'm fully resolv'd for a country life,
Where a' the braw lassies that kens me weel,
Will feed me wi' bannocks o' barley meal.

I'll buy a fine present to bring to my dear,
A pair o' fine garters for Maggie to wear,
And some pretty things else, I vow and declare,
When she gangs wi' me to fam'd Paisley fair.

And when we are married we'll keep a braw cow,
My Maggie sall milk her, and I will plow;
We'll live a' the winter on beef and lang kail,
And wang at the bannocks o' barley meal.

If my Maggie should chance to bring me a son,
He's to fight for his king as his father has done;
I'll send him to Flanders some breeding to learn;
I'll aff into Scotland, and there keep a farm;
And thus we'll live, and industrious be,
And wha'll be so great as my Maggie and me?
We'll soon grow as fat as a Norway seal,
Wi' feeding on bannocks o' barley meal.

Probably the following is one of the oldest ballads on barley, for though it treats more especially on beer, it claims from its title to be a barley ballad. It is taken from the Roxburghe collection:—

THE LITTLE BARLEY-CORNE.

Whose properties and virtues here,
Shall plainly to the world appeare
To make you merry all the yeere.

(To the tune of "Stingo.")

Come and do not musing stand,
If thou the truth discerne,
But take a full cup in thy hand,
And thus begin to learne,
Not of the earth nor of the ayre,
At evening or at morne,
But joviall boyes your Christmas keep,
With the little Barley-Corne.

It is the cunningist alchymist,
That ere was in the Land,
'Twill change your mettle when it list,
In turning of a hand,

Your blushing Gold to Silver wan,
  Your Silver into brasse,
'Twill turne a Taylor to a man,
  And a man into an asse.

'Twill make a poore man wish to hang
  A signe before his doore,
And those that doe the pitcher bang,
  Though rich 'twill make them poore;
'Twill make the silliest poorest sneake,
  The king's great porter scorne,
'Twill make the stoutest Lubber weak,
  This little Barley-Corne.

It hath more shifts than *Lambe* ere had
  Or *Hoens Poens* too,
It will good fellowes show more sport
  Than Bankes his horse could doe;
'Twill play you faire above the boord,
  Unless you take good heed,
And fell you though you were a Lord,
  And justifie the deed.

It lends more yeeres unto old age,
  Than ere was lent by nature,
It makes the Poet's fancy rage,
  More than Castil and water;
'Twill make a huntsman chase a Fox,
  And never winde his horne,
'Twill cheere a Tinker in the stockes,
  This little Barley-Corne.

It is the only Will o' th' Wisp,
  Which leads men from the way,
'Twill make the tongue-ti'd Lawyer lisp
  And nought but (hic-cup) say;

'Twill make the Steward droope and stoop
His bils he then will scorne,
And at each post cast his reckining up,
This little Barley-Corne.

'Twill make a man grow jealous soone,
Whose pretty wife goes trim,
And raile at the deceiving moone,
For making hornes at him;
'Twill make the maidens trimly dance,
And take it in no scorne,
And help them to a friend by chance,
This little Barley-Corne.

It is the neatest serving man,
To entertain a friend,
It will doe more than money can
All jarring suits to end;
There's life in it, and it is here,
'Tis here within this cup,
Then take your liquor, doe not spare,
But cleare carouse it up!

The second part of the little Barley-Corne,
That cheereth the heart both evening and morne.

(To the same tune.)

If sicknesse come, this physick take,
It from your heart will set it,
If feare incroach, take more of it,
Your heart will soon forget it;
Apollo and the muses nine,
Do take it in no scorne,
There's no such stuffe to passe the time,
As the little Barley-Corne.

'Twill make a weeping widow laugh,
And soone incline to pleasure;
'Twill make an old man leave his staffe,
And dance a youthfull measure;
And though your clothes be neere so bad,
All ragged, rent, and torne,
Against the cold you may be clad,
With the little Barley-Corne.

'Twill make a coward not to shrink,
But be as stout as may be;
'Twill make a man that he shall thinke,
That Jone's as good as my Lady;
It will inrich the palest face,
And with Rubies it adorne,
Yet you shall thinke it no disgrace,
This little Barley-Corne.

'Twill make your gossips merry,
When they their liquor see,
Hey we shall nere be weary,
Sweet Gossip here's to thee!
'Twill make the country yeoman
The courtier for to scorne;
And talk of Law-suits o'er a can,
With this little Barley-Corne.

It makes a man that write cannot,
To make you large Indentures,
When as he reeleth home at night,
Upon the Watch he ventures;
He cares not for the candlelight,
That shineth in the horne,
Yet he will stumble the way aright,
This little Barley-Corne.

'Twill make a miser prodigall,
And show himselfe kind-hearted,
'Twill make him never grieve at all,
That from his coyne hath parted;
'Twill make the Shepherd to mistake
His sheep before a storme;
'Twill make the Poet to excell,
This little Barley-Corne.

It will make young lads to call
Most freely for their liquor,
'Twill make a young Lasse take a fall,
And rise againe the quicker;
'Twill make a man that he
Shall sleepe all night profoundly,
And make a man what ere he be,
Goe about his business roundly.

Thus the Barley-Corne hath power,
Even for to change our nature,
And make a Shrew within an houre,
Prove a kind-hearted creature;
And therefore here I say againe,
Let no man tak't in scorne,
That I the vertues doe proclaime,
Of the little Barley-Corne.

Of Malt Songs probably the oldest extant are the different versions of "John a Maut" and "Allane a Maut," taken from Whitelaw's "Scottish Ballads", and originally from the Bannatyne MSS. These ballads are interesting, as being the undoubted originals of Burns' well-known version of "John Barleycorn."

ALLANE A MAUT.

Quhen he wes zung, and cled in grene,
Haifand his air about his ene,
Baith men and wemen did him mene,

Quhen he grew on zon hillis he;—
Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

His foster faider, fare of the toun,
To vissy Allane he maid him boun;
He saw him lyane, allace, in a swoun
For fault of help, and lyk to de;—
Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

Thay saw his heid begin to ryfe;
Syne for ane nureiss they send belyfe,
Quha brocht with hir fifty-and-fyve
Of men of war full prevely;—
Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

Thay ruschit furth lyk helles rukis,
And every ane of yame had hukis;
They caut him shortly in your clukis,
Syne band him in ane creddill of tre;—
Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

Thay brot him invart in the land,
Syne every freynd made him his band,
Quhill they might owdir gang or stand,
Never ane fute fra him to fle;—
Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

The grittest cowart in this land,
Fra he with Allane enter in band,
That he may nowdir gang nor stand,
Zet fourty sall not gar him fle;—
Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

Sir Allanis hewmond is ane cop,
With an sege fedder on his top;
Fra hand to hand so dois he hop,
Quhill sum may nowdir speik nor se;—
Quhy should not Allane honorit be?

In Zule, quhen ilk man sings his carrell,
Gude Allane lyes in to ane barrell;
Quhen he is thair, he dowtis ne purrell
To cum on him be land or se;—
Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

Zet wes yair nevir sa gay ane gallane,
Fra he meit with our maister, Sir Allane,
Bot gif he hald him by ye hallane,
Bak wart on the flure fallis he;—
Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

My maister Allane grew so stark,
Quhill he maid mony cuning clerk;
Upoun yair faisis he settes his mark,
A bluid reid nois besyd ye e;—
Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

My maister Allane I may sair curs;
He levis no mony in my purs;
At his command I mon deburs
Moir nor ye twa pt of my fe;—
Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

And last, of Allane to conclude;
He is bening, courtas, and gude,
And servis ws of our daly fude,
And that with liberalitie;—
Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

The next version of the foregoing is taken from Jamieson's collection:—

Gude Allan a' Maut was ance cad Bear,
And he was cadged frae wa' to wear,
And draggit wi' muck and syne wi' rain,
Till he diet, and com' to life again.

He first grew grene, syne he grew white,
Syne a' men thocht that he was ripe;
And wi' crookit gullies and hafts o' tree
They've hew'd him down right douchtillie.

Syne they've set Allan up into stooks,
And casten on him mony pleasant looks;
They've turss'd him syne on a sled,
Till in the grain-yard they made his bed.

Then men clamb up upon a ladder,
And happet his head frae wind and weather;
They've ta'en him neist up in their arms,
And make his shak-down in the barns.

The hollin souples, that were sae snell,
His back they loundert, mell for mell;
Mell for mell, and baff for baff,
'Till his hide flew about his lugs like caff.

Then in cam' Jennie wi' her riddle,
And she gae mony a fike and fiddle;
Set up the doors, loot in the win',
To see what faucity fell frae him.

The stow'd him up intill a seck,
And o'er the horseback brook his neck;
Syne birstled they him upon the kill,
'Till he was bane dry for the mill.

They cowpet him then into the hopper,
And brook his banes, gnipper for gnoffer;
Syne put the burn until the fleed,
And leepit the e'en out o' his head.

Till in cam' Barmy-breeks his brither,
Like ae gude neibur to crak wi' anither;
Says Allane a Maut, "Are ye gaun to die?
Rise up man first, and dance wi' me."

They danced about frae hand to hand,
'Till they danced o'er the working stand;
Syn in cam' Jennie wi' her dish,
She gae mony a rummie rush.

And Uskie-bae ne'er bure the bell
Sae bald as Allan bure himsel',
Nor ever got his pride a fa'
Till Carlies passed him at the wa'.

Aytoun, in his Collection of Scottish Ballads, gives a somewhat modernised version of the foregoing, with the remark that, "This curious old ditty, in honour of malt, which possibly may be the original of the popular ballads still current in Scotland, under the name of 'John Barleycorn,' was preserved in the Bannatyne MSS., and has long been printed in the collections of Messrs Jamieson & Laing:—

When he was young and clad in green,
Having his hair about his een,
Baith men and women did him mene,
When he grew on yon hille's hie:
Why should not Allan honoured be?

His foster-father furth of the town,
To vissy Allan he made him boune;
He saw him lying, alace in a swoun,
For fault of help, and like to die:
Why should not Allan honoured be?

They saw his head began to rive,
Syne for a nourice they sent belive,
Wha broucht wi' her fifty and five
Of men of war full privily:
Why should not Allan honoured be

They rushed forth like hellish rooks,
And every ane o' them had hooks;
They caught him shortly in their crooks,
Syne band him in a cradle of tree:
Why should not Allan honoured be.

They brocht him inward in the land,
Syne every friend made him a band,
While they might either gang or stand,
Never a fool frae him to flee:
Why should not Allan honoured be?

The greatest coward in this land,
Frae he wi' Allan enter in band,
Tho' he may neither gang nor stand,
Yet forty shall not gar him flee:
Why should not Allan honoured be?

Sir Allan's hewmont is a cup,
With a segg feather on its top;
Frae hand to hand so does he hop,
Till some may neither speak nor see:
Why should not Allan honoured be?

In Yule when ilk man sings his carol,
Gude Allan hies into a barrel;
When he is there he doubts nae peril,
To come on him by land or sea:
Why should not Allan honoured be?

Yet was there never so gay a gallan'
Frae he met wi' our Master Allan,
But, gif he hauld him by the hallan,
Backwork upon the floor falls he!
Why should not Allan honoured be?

My Master Allan grew so stark,
While he made many a cunning clerk;
Upon their faces he sets his mark,
A blude-red nose beside their e'e:
Why should not Allan honoured be?

My Master Allan I sair may curse;
He leave nae money in my purse,
At his command I maun disburse,
Mair nor the twa part o' my fee:
Why should not Allan honoured be?

And last of Allan to conclude,
He is benign, courtass, and gude,
And serves us of our daily food,
And that with liberalitie:
Why should not Allan honoured be?

The next version, different from either the foregoing, is from the Roxburghe collection, No. 343. "Sir John Barley, a pleasant new ballad, to sing both Even and Morne, of the bloody murther of Sir John Barley-Corne." To the tune of "Shall I lye beyond thee."

As I went through the North Country,
I heard a merry greeting;
A pleasant toy and full of joy,
Two nobleman were meeting.

And as they walked for to sport,
Upon a summer's day,
When with another nobleman
They went to make a fray.

Whose name was Sir John Barley-Corne,
He dwelt down in a vale:
Who had a kinsman dwelt him night,
They call'd him Thomas Goodale.

Another named Richard Beere
Was ready at that time:
Another worthy knight was there,
Called Sir William White Wine.

Some of them fought in a blacke-jacke,
Some of them in a can:
But the chiefest in a blacke-pot,
Like a worthy nobleman.

Sir John Barley-Corne fought in a Boule,
Who wenne the victorie,
And made them all to fume and sweare,
John Barley-Corne should die.

Some said kill him, some said drowne,
Others wished to hang him hie:
And as many as follow Barley-Corne,
Shall surely beggars die.

Then with a plough they ploughed him up,
And thus they did devise,
To bury him quick within the earth,
And swore he should not rise.

With harrows strong they combèd him,
And burst clods on his head:
A joyful banquet then was made
When Barley-Corne was dead.

He rested still within the earth,
Till rain from skies did fall,
Then he grew up in branches greene,
And sore amaz'd them all.

And so grew up till mid-summer,
Which made them all afear'd:
For he was sprouted upon hie,
And got a goodly beard.

When he grew up till S. James tide,
His countenance was wan,
For he was grown unto his strength,
And thus became a man.

With hookes and sickles keene,
Into the field they hide,
They cut his legs off by the knees,
And made him wounds full wide.

Thus bloodily they cut him downe
From place where he did stand,
And like a thief for treachery,
They bound him in a band.

So then they tooke him up againe,
According to his kind:
And packt him up in severall stackes,
To wither with the wind.

And with a pitch-forke that was sharpe,
They rent him to the heart,
And like a thiefe for treason vile
They bound him in a cart.

And tending him with weapons strong,
Unto the towne they hie,
And straight they mowed him in a mow
And there they let him lie.

Then he lay groning by the wals,
Till all his wounds were sore,
At length they tooke him up againe,
And cast him on the floore.

Then hyred two with holly clubs,
To beat on him at once,
They thwacked so on Barley-Corne,
That flesh fell from the bones.

And then they tooke him up againe,
To fulfill women's minde.
They buffèd and they sifted him
Till he was almost blind.

And then they knit him in a sacke,
Which grievèd him full sore:
They steep'd him in vat, God wot,
For three days' space and more.

Then they tooke him up againe,
And laid him for to drie,
They cast him on a chamber floore,
And swore that he should die.

They rubbed and they stirred him,
And still they did him turne;
The Malt-man swore that he should die,
His body he would burne.

They spightfully tooke him up againe,
And threw him on a kill:
So dried him there with fire hot,
And thus they wrought their will.

Then they brought him to the mill,
And there they burst his bones;
The Miller swore to murther him
Betwixt a pair of stones.

Then they tooke him up againe,
An' serv'd him worse than that,
For with hot scalding liquor *ffore*
They wash't him in a vat.

But not content with this, God wot,
That did him muckle harme,
With threat'ning words they promises
To beat him into barme.

And lying in this danger deep
For fear that he should quarrell,
They tooke him straight out of the fat
An' turned him in a barrell.

And then they set a tap to him,
Even thus his death begun:
They drew out every drain of blood,
Whilst any drop would run.

Some brought jacks upon their backs,
Some brought bill and bow,
And every man his weapon had,
Barley-Corne to overthrow.

When Sir John Good-ale heard of this,
He came with muckle might,
And there he tooke their tongues away,
Their legs or else their sight.

And thus Sir John in each respect
So paid them all their hire,
That some lay sleeping by the way,
Some tumbling in the mire.

Some lay groning by the wals,
Some in the streets downe-right,
The best of them did scarcely know
What they had done ore night.

All you good wives that brew good ale,
God turne from you all teeres;
But if you put too much water in,
The Devil put out your eyes.

London: Printed for John Wright, and are to be sold at his shop in Guilt-spurre Street, at the sign of the Bible.

John Barley Corn.

Burns.

There were three kings into the East,
  Three kings both great and high,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
  John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and ploughed him down,
  Put clods upon his head;
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
  John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
  And showers began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
  And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
  And he grew thick and strong;
His head weel armed wi' pointed spears,
  That none should do him wrong.

The sober autumn entered mild,
  When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
  Showed he began to fail.

His colour sickened more and more,
  He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
  To show their deadly rage.

They've taen a weapon, long and sharp,
  And cut him by the knee;
Then tied him fast upon a cart
  Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgelled him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turned him o'er and o'er.

They fillèd up a darksome pit,
With water to the brim;
They heavèd in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor
To work him further woe;
And still, as signs of life appeared,
They tossed him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller used him worse of all,
For he crushed him 'tween two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drunk it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise;
For if you do but taste his blood
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;
'Twill heighten all his joy;
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Though the tear was in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man's a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

"Oh, Willie brewed a Peck o' Maut" is another of Burns' songs, drawn from the same source of inspiration. Of this song Burns says: "The air is Masterton's, the song mine. The occasion of it was this: Mr William Nicol, of the High School, Edinburgh, during the autumn vacation being at Moffat, honest Allan (who was at that time on a visit to Dalswinton) and I went to pay Nicol a visit. We had such a joyous meeting, that Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, that we should celebrate the business." Dr Currie, who mentions that Nicol's farm was that of Loggan, in Nithsdale, adds that, "These three honest fellows, all men of uncommon talents, were in 1798 all under the turf."

Oh, Willie Brewed.

Tune—"Willie brewed a peck o' maut."

Oh, Willie brewed a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to pree:
Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wad na find in Christendie.
We are na fou, we're no that fou,
But just a drappie in our ee;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be!
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!
We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loun is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the King amang us three!
We are na fou, &c.

The date of the song known as "Stingo, or Oil of Barley," is fixed by Mr W. Chappell, F.S.A., between 1620-1630. The learned editor of the old English Music then goes on to say:—

"Traces of that doughty hero, Sir John Barleycorn, so famous in the days of ballad singing, are to be found as far back as the time of the Anglo-Saxons, as appears from the following translation of the Exeter MSS., quoted by Mr Thos. Wright, F.S.A., in his literature and learning of the Anglo-Saxons, 1839:—

"'A part of the earth is prepared beautifully with the hardest, and with the sharpest, and with the grimest productions of men, cut (sworfen), turned and dried, bound and twisted, bleached and awakened, ornamented and poured out, carried afar to the doors of the people; it is joy in the inside of living creatures, it knocks and slights those of whom before, while alive, a long while it obeys the will, and expostulateth not; and then after death it takes upon it to judge and talk furiously. It is greatly to seek by the wisest man what this creature is.'"

After quoting so fully, I cannot do better than transcribe the song referred to:—

STINGO, OR OIL OF BARLEY.

There's a lusty liquor which
Good fellows use to take—a,
It is distill'd with nard most rich,
And water of the lake—a;
Of hop a little quantity,
And barm to it they bring too;
Being barrell'd up, they call't a cup
Of dainty good old stingo.

'Twill make a man indentures make,
'Twill make a fool seem wise,
'Twill make a Puritan sociate,
And leave to be precise;
'Twill make him dance about a cross,
And eke to run the ring too,
Or anything he once thought gross,
Such virtue hath old stingo.

'Twill make a constable over see
Sometimes to serve a warrant;
'Twill make a bailiff lose his fee,
Though he be a knave-arrant;
'Twill make a lawyer, though that he
To ruin oft men brings, too,
Sometimes forget to take his fee
If his head be lin'd with stingo.

'Twill make a parson not to flinch,
Though he seem wondrous holy,
And for to kiss a pretty wench,
And think it is no folly;
'Twill make him learn for to decline
The verb that's callèd *mingo*,
'Twill make his nose like copper shine,
If his head be lin'd with stingo.

'Twill make a weaver break his yarn,
That works with right and left foot,
But he hath a trick to save himself,
He'll say there wanteth woof to 't;
'Twill make a tailor break his thread,
And eke his thimble ring too,
'Twill make him not to care for bread,
If his head be lin'd with stingo.

'Twill make a baker quite forget
That ever corn was cheap,
'Twill make a butcher have a fit
Sometimes to dance and leap;
'Twill make the miller keep his room,
A health for to begin, too,
'Twill make him shew his golden thumb,
If his head be lin'd with stingo.

'Twill make an hostess free of heart,
And leave her measures pinching,
'Twill make an host with liquor part,
And bid him hang all flinching;
It's so belov'd, I dare protest,
Men cannot live without it,
And when they find there is the best
The most will flock about it.

And, finally, the beggar poor,
That walks till he be weary,
Craving along from door to door,
With *pre-commiserere;*
If he do change to catch a touch,
Although his clothes be thin, too,
Though he be lame, he'll prove his crutch
If his head be lin'd with stingo.

Now to conclude, here is a health
Unto the lad that spendeth,
Let every man drink off his can,
And so my ditty endeth;
I willing am my friend to pledge,
For he will meet me one day;
Let's drink the barrel to the dregs,
For the malt-man comes a Monday

Here is another variation on the same theme, and as the music was by Purday of St Paul's Churchyard, I take the song to be of more recent date than Burns :—

THE MERRY DAYS OF ENGLAND.

They were merry days for England, in cottage and in hall,
When Sir John Barleycorn was free, and paid no tax at all;
When Sir John Barleycorn was free, we'd neither want nor woe,
For he fill'd each manly heart with glee, and cheer'd both high and low.

They were merry days for England, when peasants brew'd good beer,
And Sir John Barleycorn was free to glad them all the year;
When Sir John Barleycorn was free our peasants were content,
Nor envied men of high degree their wealth and their descent.

They were merry days for England, as we read in song and tale,
When we'd neither whigs nor tories, but the merry nut-brown ale;
When Sir John Barleycorn was free, he cheer'd both high and low,
And instead of sickly pale-faced tea, we'd a drink to make hearts glow.

We'd have merry days in England in spite of care and toil,
If Sir John Barleycorn were free for the men who till the soil;
When Sir John Barleycorn is free we'll fear no foreign foe,
Nor sip slow death in poisoned lee, for the malt's pure juice shall flow.

They'll be merry days in England for the farmer and his man,
When Sir John Barleycorn is free to fill the earthen can,
When Sir John Barleycorn is free and pays no tax at all,
Then merry will our counties be from the cottage to the hall.

Here is one of the oldest malt ballads in the English language, from the Roxburgh collection:—

A New Ballad for you to looke on: how mault doth deale with everyone.—To the tune of Triumph and Joy.

Mass Mault he is a gentleman,
And hath been since the world began;
I never knew yet any man
That could match with Master Mault, sir.

I never knew any match Mault but once—
The Miller with his grinding stones;
He laid him so close that he crush't his bones,
You never knew the like, sir.

Mault, Mault, thou art a flowre,
Thou art beloved in every house,
Thou canst not be missing one halfe-houre,
You never saw the like, sir.

For laying of his stones so close
Mault gave the Miller a copper nose,
Saying thou and I will never be foes,
But unto thee I stick, sir.

Mault gave the Miller such a blow,
That from his horse he fell full low;
He taught his master, Mault, for to know,
You never saw the like, sir.

Our hostesse-maid she was to blame—
She stole Master Mault away from her dame,
And in her belly she hid the same,
You never saw the like, sir.

So when the Mault did worke in her head,
Twice a-day she would be sped;
At night she could not go to bed,
Nor scarce stand on her feet, sir.

Then in came the Master Smith,
And said that Mault he was a theefe;
But Mault gave him such a dash in the teeth,
You never saw the like, sir.

For when his nose was hot and red,
He had such an ach all in his head,
The Smith was fain to get him to bed,
For then he was very sick, sir.

The Carpenter came a peace to square,
He bade Mault come out if he dare,
He would empty his belly and beat his sides bare,
That he knew not where to sit, sir.

To fire he went with an armful of chips;
Mault hit him right between his lips,
And made him lame in both his hips,
You never saw the like, sir.

The Shooe-maker sitting upon his seat,
With Master Mault began to fret;
He said he would the nave so beat,
You never saw the like, sir.

Mault peept his head out of a hall;
The Shooe-maker said he would drink him up all;
They tumbled together till down they did fall,
You never saw the like, sir.

The weaver being in his loome,
He threatened Master Mault to hum,
When he had knit on to the thum,
You never saw the like, sir.

And such a court some weavers held—
They would pay our hostess when they had feld;
But when every one had his part and deald,
They knew not where to sit, sir.

The Tinker he tooke the Weaver's part,
Because that touching unto his art;
He took the pot and drank a quart,
The worde was very quicke, sir.

Mault had of him his owne desire—
He made him tumble into the fire,
And there he lost his burling ire,
He hath not found it yet, sir.

The Taylor came in to guide his sheares,
Mault and he were together by the eares;
Great is the company that Mault still reares,
You never saw the like, sir.

For when his pressing-iron was hot
He pressed a boord instead of a coat,
And sayled home in a feather-bed boat
You never saw the like, sir.

So then the Tinker he found his pan,
And said, Master Mault, I must be gone;
I am the good fellow that helpeth each one,
You never saw the like, sir.

The Tinker then thathe was faine
With Mault to have a bout or twain,
Mault hit him sore in every vaine,
You never saw the like, sir.

Then he spake the tinker anon,
He said he would prove himself a man;
He laid on Mault—the bonsse was gone,
The Bung and the Tinker fell seeke, sir.

The Taylor he did curse and ban,
He bad the boy go tap the can;
He'd have a bout with Malt anon,
You never saw the like, sir.

Aboozed they went to try their match,
And there they played at hops and catch,
Mault bestowed him under the hatch,
And made him keep the ship, sir.

Then came the Chapman travelling by,
And said, my masters, I will be w'ye;
Indeed, Master Mault, my mouth is dry,
I will gnaw you with my teëth, sir.

The Chapman he laid on apace,
Till store of blood came in his face,
But Mault brought him in such a case,
You never saw the like, sir.

The Mason came an oven to make,
The Bricklayer he his part did take;
They bound Mault to the good old stake,
You never saw the like, sir.

Then Mault began to tell his mind,
And plied them with ale, beere, and wine;
They left brick, axe, and trowell behind,
They could not lay a bricke, sir.

Then came the Labourer out with his hood,
And saw his two masters how they stood;
He took Master Mault by the whood,
And swore he would him stricke, sir.

Mault he ran and for feare did weep,
The Labourer he did skip and leape;
But Mault cast him in the mortar heape,
And there he fell asleep, sir.

The Butcher came to buy a sheepe :
He said he would make Mault to creepe ;
But Mault made him the cat to whip,
You never saw the like, sir.

The Glover came to buy a skin,
Mault hit him right below the chin,
The Pewter John came doubling in,
You never saw the like, sir.

And laid on head, armes, and joynts,
Took away his gloves and grosse of poynts,
And swore they had paid him in quarts and pints,
You never saw the like, sir.

Thus of my song I will make an end,
And pray my hostess to be my friend,
To give me some drinke now my money is spent,
Then Mault and I are quit, sir.

The next song is a thoroughly representative one, taken from Whitelaw's collection.

JOHN MAUT.

Ye'll a' ha'e heard tell O John Maut, John Maut,
Ye'll a' ha'e heard tell O John Maut :
He's been sae to blame, that he's got a bad name,
But, faith ! he's far waur than he's ca't, John Maut.

His doublet is raggit, John Maut, John Maut,
His doublet is raggit, John Maut,
His hat's down in the crown, he has awfu' like shoon,
And his stockings are waefully gaut, John Maut ;
Ye'll a' ha'e heard tell, &c.

He swears like a trooper, John Maut, John Maut,
He swears like a trooper, John Maut;
He ne'er sticks at a lee, and he'll fecht wi' a flee,
Tho' nane but himsel's in the faut, John Maut.
Ye'll a' ha'e heard tell, &c.

He's whiles in the skies, John Maut, John Maut,
He's whiles in the skies, John Maut;
But down in the mud, he plays clash-wi' a thud,
And his claes ye might clean wi' a claut, John Maut.
Ye'll a' ha'e heard tell, &c.

The weans they get fun wi' John Maut, John Maut,
The weans they get fun wi' John Maut;
They hoot and they cry as they see him gan by,
But whiles, though, he lends them a claut, John Maut.
Ye'll a' ha'e heard tell, &c.

The lasses a' lo'e John Maut, John Maut,
The lasses a' lo'e John Maut;
They swear it's no true, but they get themselves fou,
And then they sairly misca't John Maut.
Ye'll a' ha'e heard tell, &c.

The wives are fond o' John Maut, John Maut,
The wives are fond o' John Maut;
They say he is gran', they ne'er mind their guidman,
But they coax, and they cuddle, and daut John Maut.
Ye'll a' ha'e heard tell, &c.

Sae, I redd ye tak' tent o' John Maut, John Maut,
I redd ye tak' tent o' John Maut;
He's no weel to ha'e for a frien' or a fae,
Sae I redd ye keep out o' his claut, John Maut.
Ye'll a' ha'e heard tell, &c.

Jamieson, in his collection, gives the following as the original version which Burns adapted. Dixon states, however, in his

Ballads of the Peasantry of England, that John Barley Corn was a very ancient West Country Ballad:—

JOHN BARLEY CORN.

There came three merry men from the East,
And three merry men they be;
And they have sworn a solemn oath,
John Barley Corn should dee.

They've ta'en a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head;
And they have sworn a solemn oath,
John Barley Corn was dead.

But the Spring time it came on at last,
And showers began to fall;
When Barley Corn sprang up again,
Which did surprise them all.

Then the Summer heat on him did beat,
And he grew pale and wan;
John Barley Corn has got a beard
Like any other man.

They've ta'en a hook that was full sharp,
And cut him above his knee;
And they've bound him intill a corn cart,
Like a thief for the gallows tree.

They've ta'en twa sticks, that were full stout,
And sore they beat his bones;
The miller used him worse than that,
And ground him between two stones.

The browster-wife we'll not forget;
She well her tale can tell;
She's ta'en the sap out of his bodie,
And made of it gude ale.

And they have fill'd it in a cup,
And drank it round and round,
And aye the mair they drank o' it,
The mair did joy abound.

John Barley Corn is the mightiest man
That ever throve in land;
For he could put a Wallace down
Wi' the turnin' of his hand.

He'll gar the huntsman shoot his dog;
His gold a miser scorn;
He'll gar a maiden dance, stark naked,
Wi' the toomin' of a horn.

He'll change a man into a boy,
A boy into an ass;
He'll change your gold into silver,
And your silver into brass.

And here we have his very heart-blood,
Sae bizzin' bright and brown;
And aye we'll birl the tither stoup,
And aye we'll bend it roun',

And ye will drink a health to me,
And I'll drink ane to you;
For he never misses health or wealth,
That wi' Johnny's blood is fu'.

Burns's edition is too well-known to need reprinting.

John Philips, the scholarly author of "The Splendid Shilling" and "Cyder," did not disdain to pen a few stanzas in praise of Barley and the produce thereof, in his poem of "Cerealia":—

"Of English tipple, and the potent grain,
Which in the conclave of Celestial powers

Bred fell debate, sing, Nymph of heavenly stem,
Who on the hoary top of Pen-main-maur
Merlin the seer did visit, whilst he sate
With astrolabe prophetic, to foresee
Young actions issuing from the Fates' divan.
Full of thy power infus'd by nappy ALE,
Darkling he watch'd the planetary orbs,
In their obscure sojourn o'er heaven's high cope.

. . . . . .

Then from beneath her Tyrian vest she took
The bearded ears of grain she most admir'd,
Which god's call Chrithe, in terrestrial speech,
Eycleped Barley. "'Tis to this," she cry'd,
"The British cohorts owe their martial fame,
And far-redoubted prowess, matchless youth!
This, when returning from the foughten field,
Or Noric, or Iberian, seam'd with scars,
(Sad signatures of many a dreadful gash!)
The veteran, carousing, soon restores
Puissance to his arm, and strings his nerves."

. . . . . .

Bloomfield, in his "Banks of the Wye," follows in a somewhat similar, though more homely, strain:—

"And deem not that, where cider reigns,
The beverage of a thousand plains,
Malt, and the liberal harvest horn,
Are all unknown, or laugh'd to scorn;
A spot that all delights might bring,
A palace form an eastern king,
Canfrome, shall from her vaults display
John Barleycorn's resistless sway.
To make the odd of fortune even,
Up bounced the cork of 'seventy-seven,'
And sent me back to school; for then,
Ere yet I learn'd to wield the pen;

The pen that should all crimes assail,
The pen that leads to fame—or jail;
Then steam'd the malt, whose spirit bears
The frosts and suns of thirty years!"

Somerville also grows patriotic over the "Barley Broth," in his "Hobbinol," Canto III.

"Nor does the jolly god
Deny his precious gifts; here jocund swains,
In uncouth mirth delighted, sporting quaff
Their native beverage; in the brimming glass
The liquid amber smiles. Britons, no more
Dread your invading foes; let the false Gaul,
Of rule insatiate, potent to deceive,
And great by subtile wiles, from the adverse shore
Pour forth his numerous hosts; Iberia! join
Thy towering fleets, once more aloft display
Thy consecrated banners, fill thy sails
With prayers and vows, most formidably strong
In holy trumpery, let old Ocean groan
Beneath the proud Armada, vainly deem'd
Invincible; yet fruitless all their toils,
Vain every rash effort, while our fat glebe,
Of barley grain productive, still supplies
The flowing treasure, and with sums immense
Supports the throne; while this rich cordial warms
The farmer's courage, arms his stubborn soul
With native honour, and resistless rage
Thus vaunt the crowd, each freeborn heart o'erflows
With Britain's glory, and his country's love."

In Staffordshire they now use a sort of malt made of oats mixed with barley, which they call dreg-malt. And in Essex, &c., they have a grain called dreg, of which Tom Tusser, in his "Husbandrie," says:—

"Sow barley and dreg, with a plentiful hand,
Lest weed 'sted of seed overgroweth thy land.
Thy dreg and thy barley, go thresh out to Malt."

In Cowels' "Interpreter," 1701 A.D., the word is given as a verb, Dragium.

The following fragmentary verses, descriptive of rustic rejoicings in harvesting the last load of barley into the mow, are taken from a longer ballad quoted in Hone's Every Day Book:—

THE HARROW AND THE PLOUGH.

Let the scythe and sickle lie
Undisturb'd for many a day;
Labour stoops without a sigh,
And grisly care is gay;
Bless the Harrow and the Plough!
Bless the glorious *Barley Mow.*

Now the miller's hoppers play;
Now the maltster's kiln is dry;
Empty casks prepare the way,
And mirth is in the eye:
Praise the sun and trim the bough—
Hail the golden *Barley Mow.*"

The ploughshare as a means to that end which is consummated when the last load is drawn to the barley mow, deserves praises:—

THE PLOUGHSHARE OF OLD ENGLAND.

The sailor boasts his stately ship, the bulwark of our isle,
The soldier loves his sword, and sings of tented plains the while,
But we will hang our ploughshare up within our father's halls,
And guard it as the deity of plenteous festivals.

We'll pluck the brilliant poppies, and the far-fam'd barley corn,
To wreath with bursting wheat ears that outshine the saffron morn,
We'll crown it with a glowing heart, and pledge our fertile land,
The ploughshare of Old England and the sturdy peasant band.

The work it does is good and blest, and may be proudly told,
We see it in the teeming barns and fields of waving gold,
Its petal is unsullied, no blood-stain lingers there—
God speed it well and let it thrive unshackled everywhere.

The bark may rest upon the wave, the spear may gather dust,
But never may the prow that cuts the furrow lie and rust.
Fill up, fill up, with glowing heart, and pledge our fertile land,
The ploughshare of Old England and the sturdy peasant band.

Not less noteworthy than either of the foregoing is "The Barley Mow Song," which was always "sung at country meetings in Devon and Cornwall, particularly on completing the carrying of the barley, when the rick, or mow of barley, is finished. On putting up the last sheaf, which is called the craw (or crow) sheaf, the man who has it cries out, 'I have it, I have it, I have it;' another demands, 'What have 'ee, what have 'ee, what have 'ee?' and the answer is, 'A craw! a craw! a craw!' upon which there is some cheering, &c., and a supper afterwards. The effect of 'The Barley Mow Song' cannot be given in words; it should be heard to be appreciated properly—particularly with the west-country dialect." "Ah me and waes me!" as old T. Carlyle wailed. Old times have changed, old manners gone, and these good old customs which brought master and man together are fast dying out.

Here's a health to the barley mow, brave boys,
Here's a health to the barley mow!
We'll drink it out of the jolly brown bowl,
Here's a health to the barley mow!
Here's a health to the barley mow, brave boys,
Here's a health to the barley mow!

We'll drink it out of the nipperkin, boys,
Here's a health to the barley mow!
The nipperkin and the jolly brown bowl,
Here's a health, &c.

We'll drink it out of the quarter-pint, boys,
Here's a health to the barley mow!
The quarter-pint, nipperkin, &c.
Here's a health, &c.

We'll drink it out of the half-a-pint, boys,
Here's a health to the barley mow!
The half-a-pint, quarter-pint, &c.
Here's a health, &c.

We'll drink it out of the pint, my brave boys,
Here's a health to the barley mow!
The pint, the half-a-pint, &c.
Here's a health, &c.

We'll drink it out of the quart, my brave boys,
Here's a health to the barley mow!
The quart, the pint, &c.
Here's a health, &c.

We'll drink it out of the pottle, my boys,
Here's a health to the barley mow!
The pottle, the quart, &c.
Here's a health, &c.

We'll drink it out of the gallon, my boys,
Here's a health to the barley mow!
The gallon, the pottle, &c.
Here's a health, &c

We'll drink it out of the half-anker, boys,
Here's a health to the barley mow!
The half-anker, gallon, &c.
Here's a health, &c.

We'll drink it out of the anker, my boys,
Here's a health to the barley mow!
The anker, the half-anker, &c.
Here's a health, &c.

We'll drink it out of the half-hogshead, boys,
Here's a health to the barley mow!
The half-hogshead, the anker, &c.
Here's a health, &c.

We'll drink it out of the hogshead, my boys,
Here's a health to the barley mow!
The hogshead, half-hogshead, &c.
Here's a health, &c.

We'll drink it out of the pipe, my brave boys,
Here's a health to the barley mow!
The pipe, the hogshead, &c.
Here's a health, &c.

We'll drink it out of the well, my brave boys,
Here's a health to the barley mow!
The well, the pipe, &c.
Here's a health, &c.

We'll drink it out of the river, my boys,
Here's a health to the barley mow!
The river, the well, &c.
Here's a health, &c.

We'll drink it out of the ocean, my boys,
Here's a health to the barley mow!
The ocean, the river, the well, the pipe, the hogshead, the half-hogshead, the anker, the half-anker, the gallon, the pottle, the quart, the pint, the half-a-pint, the quarter-pint, the nipperkin, and the jolly brown bowl!
Here's a health to the barley mow, my brave boys!
Here's a health to the barley mow!

The foregoing verses are very much *ad libitum*, but always in the third line repeating the whole of the previously named measures, as shown in the recapitulation at the close of the last verse. Those who have ever been privileged to go to a real old harvest home supper will know that the boys emptied the cans, the nipperkins, &c., most conscientiously.

There have been many mutilated versions of the following, but the subjoined is the full and true and an authorised report.

IN THE HIGH COURT OF JESTICE.

The

Whole TRYAL and Indictment

of

Sir *John Barley-Corn*, Knight.

A Person of Noble Birth and Extraction and well known to both Rich and Poor throughout the Kingdom of *Great Britain:* Being accused for several Misdemeanours by him committed against Her Majesty's Liege people; by Killing some, Wounding others, and bringing Thousands to Beggary, to the ruin of many a good family.

Here you have the Substance of the Evidence given in against him on his Tryal, with the names of *Judges*, *Jury*, and *Witnesses;* also the comical Defence Sir *John* makes for himself, and the good Character given by some of his Neighbours; namely, *Hewson*, the Cobler, an honest friend to Sir *John*, who is Entom'd as a Memorandum at the *Two Brewers* in *East Smithfield.*

Taken in Short Hand by Timothy Toss Pot, *Foreman of the Jury.*

London: Printed for *J. Dutton*, near *Fleetstreet*, 1709.

The whole Tryal and Indictment of Sir John Barley-Corn, *Knight.*

By a Special Commission of the Peace, held *October* the 16*th*, at *Full-pot-Hall*, in the Kingdom of *Utopia*, before the Right

Worshipful Sir *Solomon Sobersides*, and Sir *Lucifer Bellswagger*, chief Judges of the Court of King *Bacchus*, the aforesaid Sir *John Barley-Corn*, Knight, was brought on his Tryal. The Court being sat, and the Prisoner placed at the Bar, the Jury was called over as follows:—

Timothy Tosspot.	*Richard Standfast.*
Benjamin Bumper.	*Small Stout.*
Gills Lick-Spigot.	*John Never Sober.*
Barnaby Full-Pot.	*Obadiah Thirsty.*
Lancelot Toper.	*Nicholas Spend Thrift.*
John Six-go-Downs.	*Edmond Empty-Purse.*

Against whom the Prisoner, Sir *John*, having no Exceptions, the Clerk proceeded to open the Indictment as follows:—

Clerk.] Sir *John Barley-Corn*, of the County of *Drink Malt*, Kt., for that thou hast in a very bold and audacious manner, knocked down, killed, maimed, and despoiled many of Her Majesty's good and lawful Subjects; also, that thou hast for many years, and still doth hold a trayterous Conspiracy with *Barnaby Hop*, Esq., and *Timothy Mash Fat*, a Brewer, two as notorious persons as thyself, by and with their assistance, to intoxicate the heads of honest and well meaning People, to the ruining and impoverishing of their Persons and Estates; so that many poor Mans Wife and Children sit at home, wanting what they sinfully waste in thy inticing Company, as will appear by many credible Witnesses, who are deplorable instances of the truth of this indictment. Therefore what sayest thou? Art thou Guilty of the Fact for which thou standest Indicted, or not Guilty?

Sir *John.*] Not Guilty.

Clerk.] How wilt thou be try'd!

Sir John.] By the Opinion of all Judicious Persons.

Clerk.] Cryer, Make Proclamation.

Cryer.] O yes, O yes; If any Person can inform the Judges of any Murders, Treasons, or other Misdemeanours committed by the Prisoner at the Bar, let them come into Court, and they shall be heard in their several Orders,

Clerk.] Call *John Vulcan* the Blacksmith.

Vulcan.] Here.

Clerk.] Inform the Judges what thou hast to alledge against the Prisoner at the Bar.

Vulcan.] *May it please your Honours Worships, and you Gentlemen of the Jury, I am very well—nay very intimately acquainted with the Prisoner at the Bar, and that your Worships will have reason to judge when I have told you all. I am a Blacksmith by my Trade, and being liable to much Heat, had an unquenchable Spark in my Throat, which sometimes, I may say often, going to quench with a single Pot, Sir* John *has laid hold of me, and so drawn me in that I have not been able to part without a gallon, and when I would have gone about my Business, he has catched me fast hold of the Noddle, trip'd up my Heels, and laid me flat on my Back, and made me unfit to go to work for three Days afterwards; and besides having my Head and my Bones ake the next Morning; it has set my Wife's tongue a'going like a Paper Mill; so that with the Life I have lived on one side, and having my Pocket pick'd on t'other side, it makes me truly sensible of my Error, and that I think Sir* John *ought to be punished for seducing honest Men at this rate, so that I can hardly keep a Half Peck Loaf in my Cupboard for keeping me Company. This, Gentlemen, is my grievance, aud I hope that the Prisoner at the Bar shall be punish'd accordingly.*

Clerk.] Call *William Shuttle* the *Weaver.*

Shuttle.] Gentlemen, I have a few things to alledge against the Prisoner at the Bar, and those I shall sum up in a very few Words. I am but a poor Man, and have a Wife and a great charge of Children; I am a Weaver by my Trade, and can never sit at my loom, but this Wicked Companion is enticing me from my Work, and is never quiet until he get me to the Ale House, and when I am there I have no mind to come Home again, where he always picks a Quarrel with me and abuses me, and sometimes he sets upon me like a Robber or Footpad, tyes me Neck and Heels, throws me into a Ditch and there leaves me till next morning with never a Penny in my Pocket; so that if you Hang him, Behead him or Quarter him, you have my free Con-

sent with all my Heart and Soul from the very bottom of my Belly.

Clerk.] Call *Thomas Snip* the Taylor. What do you know of the Prisoner at the Bar?

Snip.] Know! I'm sure I know no good of him; for my part I never cared for his Company in my Life, for I always lov'd my Neighbour *Wheat* better than *Barley*. But one time as I was coming home from Work, I espy'd Sir *John* and two or three good Fellows a' quarrelling, so what do's I but steps between them, and makes them good Friends. Sir *John* presently pick'd a quarrel with me, gave me such a knock of the Crown that I fell Backwards and had likely to Burst myself. I broke my Yard and both my Elbows, so that I could not work for a Fortnight afterwards; and what is still worse, he is got acquainted with my Wife and sends her home in a Scolding Mood every Night, and for my part unless I am as Drunk as she, I dare not say my Soul's my own; and if he continues to debauch her in that manner, I am an undone Man. Therefore I hope your Worships will take it into your Considerations and put him to the same Death that I have put many of my Enemies to—that is, Snap off his Head.

Clerk.] Call *Sarah Stitch.* Woman, tell the Court what you know of the Prisoner at the Bar—Sir *John Barley-Corn*—and speak out that the Court and Jury may hear you.

Sarah Stitch.] Yes, sir, I will. I am sure I've reason enough to speak, that all the Town may hear me. May it please the Worshipful Bench, I am a poor Journeyman Shoemaker's wife; and there's hardly a night I come home from my Business, for I sell Fish about the Streets, but I find my Husband in Sir *John Barley-Corn*'s company, and ten to one, if I ask him to come home, and Sir *John* and he be very great, but he gives me a Kick of the Breach—an't please your Honours. He can earn his ten shillings a week, but what by neglecting his work to follow Sir *John* up and down, and what he spends in his company, it hardly comes to Ten Pence a Week. We have three children, and if I did not bustle in the World we might all starve, and what vexes me more is, when my husband was arrested by Mr

Wheat! the Baker, and in trouble, I went in all haste to his old Friend Sir *John Barley-Corn* to see if I could borrow a crown towards paying the Bailiffs, but instead of lending me anything, he told me he did not value my Husband's Company, and that he had warned him several times to keep out of it; and yet this Fool when he has got 6d. in his Pocket will immediately run and spend it with him. So that if he bean't punished some how or other, I and my children are like to trouble the Parish.

Clerk.] Call *James Wheat* the *Baker.*

Wheat.] Most reverend Judge, I have this to say against the Prisoner at the Bar, that I am daily and hourly abused by him. I have been a Man esteem'd of among the best of People—Lords, Knights, and Esquires—and none could please them so well as *James Wheat* the *Baker.* But the case is alter'd; Sir *John Barley-Corn* is the man that carries it. He is preferred in Gentlemen's Houses, and is in favour with all Servants, especially the Butler. Many Country Gentlemen worship him and fall down before him; nay, I can prove he has made many a one consume his Estate, and to sell House and Land and leave his Family Beggars, and all to maintain this idle and pernicious Companion, Sir *John Barley-Corn;* and when Men have nothing left, for the fancy they bear to Sir *John Barley-Corn,* they'll rob and steal to keep him Company, when he is such an ungrateful Fellow himself, that if they were starving he wou'd not give them a Meal's Meat. Therefore, I hope your Honours will take it into your Considerations, and as a common Disturbance and Grievance to Mankind, far beyond any Thief that steals their goods, let him suffer Death according to his Demerits.

Sir *Oliver Sobersides.*] Sir *John,* you hear the charge against you; what have you to say for yourself? You are represented as a Destructive Person to the Commonwealth, and, indeed, as the Evidence stands against you, unless you clear yourself, I cannot see but that you highly deserve to suffer; it now comes in course that you make your Defence.

Sir *Lucifer Bellswagger.*] I am of opinion, Brother Judge, that Sir *John* will and can fairly vindicate himself from this charge.

I wou'd have no man condemn him before he is heard. Nor can I see any harm in keeping him Company, so long as he does not force them. It shows rather that he is a facetious, merry person, and of pleasant Behaviour that his company is so desirous. Therefore let's hear him before we determine anything.

Sir *John.*] I humbly beg that I may have the benefit of the Law, the Benefit of every Free Born Subject, to speak for myself. Every man will strive to make his Case seem as good as he can, although he himself is in the greatest Fault, as the old Proverb says, *Some had better steal a sheep than look over the hedge*, which is like my case, and I am afraid that there is Malice and Bribery against me. Now, as I am accused by all those persons, I shall answer them all together and speak nothing but the Truth. I confess my Name is *Barley-Corn*, and have been deservedly Knighted for the Service I have done the Commonwealth, of which I am a good and loyal Member. In the first place, Gentlemen, besides making many an honest Man's Pot Boil. I do service to the Commonwealth by raising the Excise, a third part which is one of the best Branches of the Crown Revenue. I am deservedly esteem'd by all sober and moderate People, for the Good I do when seasonably consulted, and put to a right use. I am one that never forces any Body—but leave them alone to do as they please—either to keep me Company or let it alone, so that if they keep me Company, they may thank themselves. And, whereas, they say they are ruined by Sir *John Barley-Corn*, I will prove the Indictment to be wrong laid, for 'tis not *Barley-Corn* does all this they complain on, but my Uncle *Mault*, for I am an innocent Person till I am found in his Company, therefore I hope you will not adjudge me for my Uncle's faults, *but put the saddle on the right horse.*

Sir *Oliver Sobersides.*] Truly, there is some reason in that. Mr Mault, what do you say for yourself? If you are not prepared, the Court is willing to grant you time.

Mr *Mault.*] No, I am willing to answer for myself. As for my part, I will leave my case to the Bench. First, I pray, consider with yourselves. All Trades will live, and altho' I sometimes with my cousin, Sir *John's*, help, make a Cup of good

Liquor, and many men come to taste it, yet the Fault is in neither of us, but in them that make the Complaint. Else let 'em stay till they are sent for. Who can deny but that Mr *Mault* can make a cup of good liquor by the help of a good Brewer, and when it is made it must be sold. I pray, which of you all can live without it? Where else would you sop your Toast and Nutmeg; and what should asswadge the thirst of Gammons and Red Herrings, were I to suffer? Lords, Knights, and Esquires would want their *March* beer and *October*, to treat their Tenants and their Friends. Bottle, Ale, and Stout would be wanted at *Islington* and *Highgate* to treat your Wives with. Old women would want Hot Pots of Brandy and Ale, and the good wife that lies in could have no Caudle. And consider whether these Grievances would not overwhelm the slender Complaint of these Persons who have been of a greedy Mind, and cannot afford the expense, and may justly be compared with the *Fox* in the Fable, *who would, when he could not come at the Grapes, cry'd they were sowre.* Then, pray, judge whether they or we were in the fault?

Sir *Lucifer Bellswagger.*] Truly, I can't see wherein you are blameable at all if you make this appear. Have you no witnesses to call.

Sir *John* and Mr *Mault.*] Yes, several. Call William *Fallow Field*, the *Plowman.* (*The Plowman* enters.)—Gentlemen, I pray, may a man speak without Offence—that do's intend to speak nothing but the Truth and no more.

The *Judges.*] Yes, thou may'st be bold to speak the Truth and no more, for that is the Cause we sit herefore—therefore speak boldly, that we may understand thee.

The *Plowman.*] Gentlemen, in the first place, let me hear what bold, impudent Rogue dare speak one word against Sir *John Barley-Corn?* Whosoever he is, he is no better than a Rogue, a Thief, a Vagabond, a Traytor to the Brown Loaf, a Thief to the Brass Pot, the Oven, and the Spit. Nay, he is a Traytor to the whole World that would take away the life of so noble a man as Sir *John Barley-Corn*, for he is a Man of an Ancient House, and is come of a noble Race; there is neither Lord, Knight, or Squire but they love his company, and he theirs, as

long as they do not abuse him. He will abuse no man, but doth a great deal of Good, as I can make appear in many kinds of ways. And in the first place, few Plowmen can live without him, for if it were not for him we could not pay our Landlords and our Rents, and then, I pray, what would such Men do for Money and Fine Cloaths?

Nay, your gay Ladies would care but little for you if you had not your rent coming in to maintain them, and we could not pay it but that Sir *John Barley-Corn* feeds us with Money; and yet would ye seek to take his life? For shame—let your Malice cease, and pardon his life, or else we are all undone. [Enter Mr *Grains* the *Brewer.*] Gentlemen, I beseech you hear me speak. My name is *Grains*, a *Brewer*, and I do believe few of you can live without a cup of good Liquor, no more can I tell how to live without the aid of Sir *John Barley-Corn.* As for my own part, I maintain a great Charge, and keep a great many men at work. I pay Taxes Forty Pounds a Year to Her Majesty, God Bless Her—and all this is maintained by the help of Sir *John*—then how can any man for shame take away his Life? [Enter Mrs *Full Pot* the *Hostess.*] Take his Life! I pray which is that who would take his Life? It is Sir *John Barley-Corn*, Mrs *Hostess*; they say they would take off his Head. How—take off his Head—then they shall take off mine too. What impudent Rogues be they that say so! I am persuaded they be none that loves the poor Commonalty. Surely they be none but some miserable Rogues, that make their Bags their God, heaping up their chests of Money to stop the Devil's Mouth when he comes to fetch them. Such as these would have nobody live but Themselves. Indeed, such as these do not care to take off the Head of any Man, if they could but Inrich themselves by it. Away Vagabonds. Away you Blood-sucking Rogues, away you Muck Worms of the World, you would have nobody live but yourselves. I hope Sir *John* will stay among us when *Old Nick* will fetch such as you away by Ten at a Burthen. Gentlemen, I do beseech you not to take any notice of what such Fellows say, for they care not what Blood they shed. As for Sir *John*, I know him to be an honest Man, and never abused any Man, it

they abuse not him. First, in so doing they abuse themselves, for all they say he abuses them. I do protest to you, Gentlemen, before you do take his life, you shall take mine. Nay, I beseech you, give me leave to speak to you—if you put him to Death all *England* is undone, for there is not such another in the Land that can do as he can do, and hath done; for he can make a Coward to fight with a Valiant Soldier. Nay, he can make a Cripple to go, he can make a good Soldier feel neither Hunger nor Cold. Besides for Valour in himself, there is few that can Encounter with him, for he can pull down the strongest man in the World, and lay him fast asleep. Therefore I beseech you, Gentlemen, let him live, or else we are all undone. [*Court.*] Have you any more? [Sir *John.*] Call Mr *Overgage* the *Exciseman.* [Enter *Exciseman.*] Gentlemen, all that this woman has said before you is true. Besides all other benefits accruing by Sir *John* and his worthy Uncle Mr *Mault*, there are upwards of 1500 idle, broken Fellows of us maintained in *England*—besides in *Ireland* and *Scotland*; and if they suffer, we and our Families must all starve, for we are too lazy to work. Therefore, I hope, among the rest you will consider our Cases and acquit the Prisoners.

Court.] Gentlemen of the Jury. You have heard the Evidence on both sides, now as to the Validity of it. I find the soberest persons are those for the prisoners. 'Tis true, Sir *John* is accused of ingratitude, and that in some measure may be true. Yet no person is bound by the Laws to support another in his Extravagance, nor to do more than they please. Therefore we think, if you believe the credit of Sir *John's* Winesses, you must acquit the Prisoners, or if you think the other of most credit, then you are to find them guilty. But that is left with you, and so go together.

The jury went out, and after half an hour's stay return'd into Court.

Clerk.] Gentlemen of the Jury, are you agreed in your Verdict?

Jury.] Yes.

Clerk.] Who shall say for you?

Jury.] Our *Foreman Timothy Tosspot.*

Clerk.] Sir *John Barley-Corn* and *Matthew Mault,* hold up your hands. Look on the Prisoners; what say you, are they guilty of the Crimes for which they stand Indicted, or not Guilty?

Foreman.] *Not Guilty.*

Clerk.] And so say you all.

Jury.] Yes.

Clerk.] Prisoners, down on your knees and thank the Court. Upon which Sir *John Barley-Corn* and his Uncle, paying their Fees, went out of Court, and so to the Tavern, and there composed the following SONG:—

The Tune is, *Sir John Barley-Corn.*

ALL you that be good Fellows,
come listen unto me,
If that you keep the Ale House,
and merry Company.

My name is Sir John Barley-Corn,
which many know full well.
My Brother's name is Master Mault,
as many a one can tell.

Though Smug *the honest Blacksmith*
on me doth sore complain.
E'er long I know I shall not miss
to shoot him through the brain.

And honest Will *the* Weaver,
for all he is so stout,
I know he'll do his Endeavour
to have the other Bout.

And Nick *the nimble* Taylor
will venture his best Shears,
Till Barley-Corn *and* Master Mault
doth take him by the Ears.

Though Master Wheat *the* Baker,
he be my younger brother,
He'll not deny a Bout to try
with me or any other.

There's not a Tradesman in this Land
that ever yet was Born,
But will not touch, sometimes too much,
of Sir John Barley-Corn.

Therefore, all honest Tradesmen,
a good word for me give,
And pray that Sir John Barley-Corn
may always with you live.

FINIS.

From this verdict may be learned the folly of excess, and the injustice of charging a cheering beverage with the evil consequences of a man taking a cup more of it than will do him good.

The following extract belongs to the same period. The first stanza is from an anonymous song in praise of wine :—

John Barleycorn's a wholesome blade,
Whom people tipple daily ;
And Vulcan's sons and ev'ry trade
Their homage pay him gaily.

CHAPTER X.

HOPS.

"*The flow'ry hop, whose tendrils climbing round*
The tall aspiring pole, bear their light heads
Aloft, in pendent clusters, which in malt's
Fermenting tuns infus'd, to mellow age
Preserves the potent draught."

R. DODSLEY.

HOPS, says Culpepper, are so well known that they need no description; I mean the manured kind, which every good husband or housewife is acquainted with.

Descript.—The wild hop groweth up as the other doth, ramping upon trees or hedges that stand next to them, with rough branches and leaves like the former, but it giveth smaller heads, and is far less plenty than it, so that there is scarce a head or two seen in a year on divers of this wild kind, wherein consisteth the chief difference.

Place.—They delight to grow in low moist grounds, and are found in all parts of this land.

Government and Virtues.—It is under the dominion of *Mars*.

This, in physical operations, is to open obstructions of the liver and spleen, to cleanse the blood, to loosen the belly, to cleanse the reins from gravel, and provoke urine. The decoction of the top of hops, as well of the tame as of the wild, worketh the same effects. In cleansing the blood, and all manner of breakings-out of the body; as also all tetters, ringworms, and spreading sores, the morphew and all discolouring of the skin. The decoction of the flowers and tops

Provokes, Diswig, Yellow Jaundice, Liver, Stomach, Agues.

do help to expel poison that any one hath drank. Half a dram of the seed in powder taken in drink, killeth worms in the body, and expelleth urine. A syrup made of the juice and sugar, cureth the yellow jaundice, easeth the headache that comes of heat, and temperateth the heat of the liver and stomach, and is probably given in long and hot agues that rise in choler and blood. Both the wild and the manured are of one property, and are alike effectual in all the aforesaid diseases.

By all these testimonies beer appears to be better than ale.

Mars owns the plant, and then *Dr Reason* will tell you how it performs these actions.

Chambers in his great work takes a similar view as to the medical properties of hops as does the old herbalist quoted above.

"In the springtime," says Chambers, "when the bud is yet tender, the tops of the plants being cut off and boiled, are eat like asparagus, and found very wholesome and effectual to loosen the body; the heads and tendrils are good to purify the blood in scurvy and most cutaneous diseases; decoctions of the flowers and syrups thereof, are of use against the pestilential fevers; julips and apozems are also prepared with hops for hypochondriacal and hysterical affections. A pillow stuffed with hops, and laid under the head, is said to procure sleep in fevers attended with delerium."

Addington, Lord Sidmouth, Pitt's rival and Premier of England, the son of an eminent doctor, prescribed a pillow stuffed with hops for the use of George III., and this sudorific became a fashionable remedy for headache and nervous complaints, and this remedy for sleeplessness was at one time very fashionable. A similar prescription was adopted in the case of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales during his dangerous illness, and in each case the cure was ascribed to the *Humulus lupulis*.

A Belgian journal devoted to the interests of the hop trade, says that in that country the herb is not only used in brewing, but its tender tops serve the Belgians for asparagus, an infusion of its flower yields a well-known yellow dye for wool, its stalks yield a flax that in Sweden is woven into cloth, and a bag of hops is often used in medicine to allay inflammation. The strong bitter odour

of the ripened bloom has a strangely exhilarating effect in cases of despondency; and the dried hop itself has curious sleep-beguiling properties, occasionally taken advantage of in critical cases. But the principal use of hops is in the brewery, for the preservation of malt liquors, which, by the super-addition of balsamic aperient and diuretic bitter, become less viscid, less apt to turn sour, more detergent, more disposed to pass off by urine, and in general, more salubrious. They are said to contain an agreeable odorous principle, which promotes vinous fermentation. When slightly boiled or infused in warm water, they increase its spirituosity. The "Old Ale Knights of England," as Camden calls the sturdy yeomen of the fifteenth century, were ignorant of the ale to which hops, in after years, gave both flavour and preservation.

Baker, in his "Chronicles," gave currency to the following doggrel:—

> "Turkeys, Carp, Hops, Piccarel, and Beer,
> Came into England all in one year."

This statement was incorrect, however; beer was known and appreciated in this country from time immemorial, as has been shown; whereas the time referred to by Baker was during the early part of the reign of Henry VIII. At the time the *Promptorium* was compiled in 1440, the use of hop was not unknown. A writer in *Notes and Queries* states that Ale, the Saxon drink, was a thick, sweet, *unhopped liquor*, and as such distinguished from the more modern *hopped* beer. Professor Johnston quotes from Gerrard as follows:—"The manifold virtues in hopes do manifestly argue the wholesomeness of beer above ale;" and the Professor conjectures that the origin of this distinction may be due to the use of the word *beer* in the Low Countries from whence hops were introduced. It would appear, however, that beer was known in this country, and specified as such, before the use of hops, which were imported in 1524, though other bitters had supplied their place. The prejudices that existed against the favourite bitter were very great.

According to the Harleian MSS., we find that two centuries

ago an ale-man brought an action and recovered damages against his brewer, for spoiling his ale by putting in "a certain weed called a hoppe." Old Fuller, too, in his "Worthies," mentions a petition to Parliament in the reign of Henry VI., against the wicked weed called hops. They were not so bitter in themselves as others have been against them, and accusing hops as a noxious preservative of beer but destructive to those who drank it. Bartholimis, in his "Medicina Danonini," inveighs against the use of hops in beer as pernicious and malignant, and recommends that shavings of deal boards be substituted. These, he affirmed, gave a grateful odour to the drink.

Fuller discredits the idea that hops were known in Henry VI.'s time, and concurs in the popular belief that they were introduced into this country from Artois in 1524. In consequence of the opposition of the faculty to this "wicked weed," a law was passed in 1528 prohibiting its use under severe penalties. Fuller could not have been correct, for the authority I have already quoted, states that he has seen a lease dated 1465, containing a clause prohibiting the tenant from burning the hoppolis (hope tymbre). From this it would appear that hops were not only known but cultivated at that early date, the probability being that the plant is indigenous to this country, and in common with ale-hoof or ground ivy, has been used from very ancient times as a bitter condiment for beer, one important fact being that the English hope has from a remote period been considered superior to those grown in any other country. Henry VIII. forbade the use either of hops or sulphur in ale, but the edict was a short-lived one, for in the succeeding reign we find that both the royal and popular tastes had altered. During the last year of Edward VI.'s reign, privileges were granted to proprietors of hop grounds. The plant is mentioned in the Statute Book, 1528, Henry VIII.; in 1552, 5 and 6 Edward VI., cap. 5; in James I., 1603, cap. 18. Tusser, who flourished from 1523 to 1580, celebrated the praise of what, even at the date of his writing, was known as the "wicked weed." William King, in his "Art of Cookery," letter IV., embodies this sentiment, "Neither can a poet put hops in an Englishman's drink before heresy came in."

"The hop for his profit I thus do exalt,
It strengtheneth drink and it flavoureth malt,
And being well brewed, long kept it will last,
And drawing abide, if ye draw not too fast."

In the reign of James I. the plant was not sufficiently cultivated to supply the home demand, and in 1608 a statute was enacted against the importation of foreign hops. Whatever difficulties may have attended the first introduction of the fragrant bitter into universal use in Breweries, it is certain that it will never be displaced in the concoction of the national drink, notwithstanding the laudations that are sounded in favour of "Quassia and Hop substitutes." Bate Dudley, in his opperetta of "The Woodman," puts this sentiment neatly:—

"Hail to the vine of Briton's vale,
Whose stores refine her nut-brown ale,
Till that like nectar flows,
Whose virtues to this Isle confin'd,
Was sent to cheer a Briton's mind,
Too generous for her foes."

There is a little poetic license taken (and granted) in the fourth line of the above stanza. The next stanzas are from Dr. Bushnan's "Burton and its Bitter Beer," but I cannot tell whether it is original or "adapted" by the author:—

Gathering the Hop.

When the plants are laden with beautiful bloom,
And the air breathes around us its rich perfume;
And the village reapers exultingly come
To gather the fruits of their harvest home.
More graceful the hop than the far-fam'd vine,
More tenderly, too, doth its tendrils twine;
And there, like the spirit of all sweet flowers,
The peasant girl glides through its fairy bowers.

And far and near,
With accent clear,
The hop-picker's song salutes the glad ear;
The old and the young
Unite in the throng,
And echo re-echoes their jocund song.
The hop-picking time is a time of glee,
So merrily, merrily, now sing we;
For the bloom of the hop is the secret spell
Of the bright pale ale we love so well;
So gather it quickly, with tender care,
And off to the waggons the treasure bear.

The total area of land under hop-cultivation throughout the world is estimated at about 300,000 acres, of which nearly a fourth are in Bavaria.

CHAPTER XI.

SCOTCH ALE SONGS.

There lived in Gothick days, as legends tell,
A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree;
Whose sires perchance in fairyland might dwell,
Sicilian groves, or Vales of Arcady;
But he I ween, was of the north countree;
A nation famed for song, and beauty's charms;
Zealous yet modest; innocent though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms.

JAS. BEATTIE, The Minstrel.

THE Scotch, as I have pointed out in an earlier part of this work, were the earliest Beer-drinkers and ergo Brewers, and from them the Sassenachs learned to love the liquor. The feasts of Moira were recorded by Ossian as the strength of the shell went round. In a land where ploughmen are poets, and shepherds were sweet minstrels, and the most unlettered hind had the spirit of poesy, it is not to be wondered at that the praise of ale has been duly honoured in song and story. Poetry is indigenous to the country, *poeta nascitur non fit,* and the ploughboy alternately whistles the airs and sings the words of the plaintive love-songs, or the more stirring lays of feasting and fighting, as he ploughs the breezy upland slopes where in due time the yellow corn ripens in the long golden rigs, and the mountain tops glow afar off with their ever changing tints and hues.

"The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light."

And the

"Lasses are lilting before the break of day."

The Scotch, however, though a poetical, have ever been a practical nation, and the art of brewing is maintained in all its native supremacy, and a glass of prime Edinbro' ale there is a thing to remember, whether it be brewed by Younger or Disher. These drinks are known and properly appreciated by Southerners as by Hielandman, and like the Scot abroad, they do not "go bock again," when once they have crossed the Border. Alloa, again, must be the very Burton of the north, considering that it maintains seven breweries, where, in common with all the others in the country, the "NATIONAL GUARDIAN" keeps constant watch and ward over the Brewer's interests.

All the songs breathe a kindly social spirit. Royalty must of course come first, in the person of Old King Cole, who flourished in the fifth century. He ruled over Coila or Ayrshire, and was the father of Fin M'Coul the giant. The history of his domestic life is founded on facts which appear in Scottish history; the particular record now given was taken from Herd's Archives:—

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF OLD KING COLE.

The last new Version.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He call'd for his pipe, he call'd for his glass,
And he call'd for his fiddlers three.
There was Paganini and Spagnioletti,
And to make up the three, Mori;
For King Cole he was fond of a tri——
O—— fond of a trio was he.
For old King Cole, &c.

Old King Cole kept court at the "Hole
O' the wall" in Chancery—
—Lane, near the street, which is termèd "Fleet,"
(A queer name for Chanceree,)

So his subjects to cloak, from the very provok—
—ing bills of an attornee.
Old King Cole turn'd his eyes to Coke,
And a very good lawyer was he.
For old King Cole, &c.

Old King Cole, though a merry old soul,
Not read nor write could he;
For to read and write, 'twere useless quite,
When he kept a secretaree.
So his mark for "Rex" was a single "X"
And his drink was ditto double;
For he scorn'd the fetters of four and twenty letters,
And it sav'd him a vast deal of trouble.
For old King Cole, &c.

Old King Cole, was a musical soul,
So he call'd for his fiddlers three;
And he serv'd 'em out a dozen pounds of best German resin,
And they play'd him a symphony.
Spagnioletti and Mori, they played an oratori,
While the great Paganini
Play'd "God save the King" on a single string,
And he went twelve octaves high.
For old King Cole, &c.

Old King Cole lov'd smoking to his soul,
And a pipe, hard, clean, and dry;
And Virginny and C'naster from his baccy-box went faster,
Than the "Dart," or the "Brighton Fly."
With his fiddlers three, and his secretaree,
He'd kick up such a furious fume,
You'd think all the gas of London in a mass,
Had met in his little back-room.
For old King Cole, &c.

Old King Cole was a mellow old soul,
And he lov'd for to lave his clay,
But not with water, for he had in that quarter,
An hydrophobia.
So he always ordered hemp for those that join'd a temp-
—erance society;
And he swore a drop too much, should always finish such
As refuse for to wet t'other eye.
For old King Cole, &c.

On old King Cole's left cheek was a mole,
So he call'd for his secretaree;
And he bade him look in a fortune-telling book,
And read him his destiny.
And the secretary said, when his fate he had read,
And cast his nativity:
A mole on the face, boded something might take place,
But not what that something might be.
For old King Cole, &c.

Old King Cole, he scratch'd his pole,
And resign'd to his fate was he;
And he said it is our will, that our pipe and glass you fill,
And call for our fiddlers three.
So Paganini took Viotti in by,
And his concerto play'd he;
But at page forty-four King Cole began to snore,
So they parted company.
For old King Cole, &c.

Old King Cole drank so much alcohol,
That he reek'd like the worm of a still;
And while lighting his pipe, he set himself alight,
And he blew up like a gunpowder mill.

And these are the whole of the records of King Cole,
From the Cotton Library,
If you like you can see 'em at the British Museum,
In Russell Street, Bloomsbury.
For old King Cole, &c.

His subjects duly followed the example of their King:—

We're a Noddin.

Music—at Wybrow's,

We're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
We're a' noddin, at our house at hame.

Gude e'en to you, Kimmer, and how do ye do?
Hiccup—quo' Kimmer, the better that I'm fou,
We're a' noddin, &c.

Kate sits i' the neuk, sippin' hen broo,
Deil take Kate, and she be na noddin too!
We're a' noddin, &c.

How's a' wi' you, Kimmer, and how do ye fare?
A pint o' the best o't, and twa pints mair.
We're a noddin, &c.

How's a' wi' you, Kimmer, and how do ye thrive?
How mony bairns hae ye?—quo' Kimmer, I hae five,
We're a' noddin, &c.

Are they a' Johnny's?—Eh! atweel na;
T'wa o' them were gotten when Johnny was awa'.
We're a' noddin. &c.

Cats like milk weel, and dogs like broo,
Lads like lasses weel, and lasses lads too.
We're a' noddin, &c.

Kail-Brose o' auld Scotland.

When our ancient forefathers agreed wi' the laird,
For a piece o' gude ground to be a kail-yaird,
It was to the brose that they paid their regard.
O, the kail-brose o' auld Scotland,
And O, the Scottish kail-brose.

When Fergus, the first of our kings, I suppose,
At the head of his nobles had vanquished our foes,
Just before they began, they'd been feasting on brose.
O, the kail-brose, &c.

Our sodgers were dress'd in their kilts and short hose,
Wi' their bonnets and belts, which their dress did compose,
And a bag of oatmeal on their backs to be brose.
O, the kail-brose, &c.

At our annual election for bailies or mayor,
Nae kickshaws o' puddins or tarts were seen there;
But a cog o' gude brose was the favourite fare.
O, the kail-brose, &c.

But now since the thistle is join'd to the rose,
And the English nae langer are counted our foes,
We've lost a good deal o' our relish for brose.
O, the kail-brose, &c.

Yet each true-hearted Scotsman, by nature jocose,
Likes always to feast on a cog o' gude brose;
And thanks be to heav'n, we've plenty o' those.
O, the kail-brose, &c.

Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Stra'bogie;
Gin I hae but a bonny lass,
Ye're welcome to your cogie,

And ye may sit up a' the night,
And drink till it be braid day-light:
Gae me a lass that's clean and tight,
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

In cotillons the French excel;
John Bull in country dances;
The Spaniards dance fandangoes well,
Mynheer an Al'mande prances;
In foursome reels the Scots delight,
At threesome they dance wondrous light,
But twasome ding a' out o' sight,
Danc'd to the reel o' Bogie.

Come lads, and view your partners well,
Wale each a blythesome rogie;
I'll tak this lassie to mysel,
She looks sae keen and vogie:
Now, piper lad, bang up the spring,
The country fashion is the thing,
To prie their mou's ere we begin
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got his lass,
Save yon auld doited fogie,
And ta'en a fling upon the grass,
As they do in Stra'bogie:
But a' the lasses look sae fain,
We canna think oursels to hain,
For they maun hae their come-again
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now a' the lads hae done their best,
Like true men o' Stra'bogie;
We'll stop a while and tak a rest,
And tipple out a cogie.

Come now, my lads, and tak your glass,
And try each other to surpass,
In wishing health to every lass,
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

The Three Gir'd Cog.

Air—"There's Cauld Kail in Aberdeen."

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Stra'bogie,
And ilka lad maun hae his lass,
But I maun hae my cogie.
For I maun hae my cogie, sirs,
I canna want my cogie;
I wadna gi'e my three gir'd cog
For a' the wives in Bogie.

Johnny Smith has got a wife
Wha scrimps him o' his cogie;
But were she mine, upon my life
I'd dook her in a bogie.
For I maun hae my cogie, sirs,
I canna want my cogie,
I wadna gi'e my three gir'd cog,
For a' the wives in Bogie.

T'wa three toddlin' weans they hae,
The pride o' a Stra'bogie;
Whene'er the totums cry for meat,
She curses aye his cogie.
Crying "Wae betide the three gir'd cog!
Oh, wae betide the cogie!
It does mair skaith than a' the ills
That happen in Stra'bogie."

She fand him ance at Willie Sharpe's,
And what the maist did laugh at,
She brak the bicker, spilt the drink,
And tight'ly gouff'd his haffet.
Crying "Wae betide the three gir'd cog!
Oh, wae betide the cogie!
It does mair skaith than a' the ills
That happen in Stra'bogie."

Yet here's to ilka honest soul
Wha'll drink wi' me a cogie,
And for ilk silly whinging fool,
We'll dook him in the bogie.
For I maun hae my cogie, sirs,
I canna want my cogie,
I wadna gi'e my three gir'd cog,
For a' the wives in Bogie.

This song was popular in Aberdeenshire in the middle of the eighteenth century. There are, at least, half-a-dozen Scottish songs parodies upon, or emendations of, this. One, by Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon, appears among the miscellaneous songs in this volume, and a second was printed in Herd's collection.

The Old Man's Consolation.

I.

Come carls a' of fumblers' ha'
And I will tell you of our fate,
Since we have married wives that's braw,
And canna please them when 'tis late:
A pint we'll tak our hearts to cheer;
What faults we have our wives can tell;
Gar bring us in baith ale and beer,
The auldest bairn we hae's oursell.

II.

Christening of weans we are rid of,
The parish priest 'tis he can tell,
We aw him naught but a grey groat,
The offering for the house we dwell.
Our bairn's tocher is a' paid,
We're masters of the gear our sel';
Let either weal or wae betide,
Here's a health to a' the wives that's yell.

III.

Our neebor's auld son and the lass,
Into the barn amang the strae,
He grips her in the dark be guess,
And after that comes muckle wae.
Repentance ay comes after him,
It costs the carl both corn and hay;
We're quat of that with little din,
Sic crosses haunt ne'er you nor I.

IV.

Now merry, merry may we be,
When we think on our neebor Robie,
The way the carl does, we see,
Wi' his auld son and his daughter Maggie;
Boots he maun hae, pistols, why not,
The hussy maun hae corkit shoon:
We are nae sae; gar fill the pot,
We'll drink to a' the hours at e'en.

V.

Here's a health to John Mackay we'll drink,
To Hughie, Andrew, Rab, and Tam;
We'll sit and drink, we'll nod and wink,
It is o'er soon for us to gang.

Foul fa' the cock, he's spilt the play,
And I do trow he's but a fool,
We'll sit the while, 'tis lang to day,
For a' they rave at Yool.

VI.

Since we have met, we'll merry be,
The foremost hame shall bear the mell;
I'll set me down, lest I be free,
For fear that I shou'd bear mysel.
And I, quoth Rab, and down sat he,
The gear shall never me outride,
But we'll take a soup of the barley-bree,
And drink to our yill beside.

Up in the Morning Early.

(From the collection of Manuscript Songs by Peter Buchan.)

Up in the morning, up in the morning,
Up in the morning early;
Frae night till morn our squires they sat,
An' drank the juice o' the barley.
Some they spent but ae hauf-crown,
And some six crowns sae rarely;
In the alewife's pouch the siller did clink,
She got in the morning early.
Up in the morning early, &c.

I hae got fou, Beldornie cried;
Wardess replied, I am fou tee;
Then said Darlicha, Beware o' a fa',
An' haud by the wa' as I dee.
Up in the morning early, &c.

Be wyllie, my boys, be wise, my boys,
Lat sorrow gae through your thinking;
Gin ye haud on as ye hae begun,
Your pouches will leave aff clinking.
Up in the morning early, &c.

We will gae hame, said Lord Aboyne;
Na, sit awhile, quo' Towie;
Oh, never a foot, said Lochnievar,
As lang's there's beer in the bowie.
Up in the morning early, &c.

There they sat the lee-lang night,
Nor stirr'd till the sun shone early;
Then made an end as they began,
And gaed hame in the morning early.
Up in the morning early, &c.

The "boon companions" named in this song were all Aberdeenshire gentlemen. The Lord Aboyne was afterwards Duke of Gordon, and author of one of the versions of the song of "Cauld Kail in Aberdeen."

Auld Lang Syne.

This is so well known that it is scarcely necessary to reprint it. No Scottish gathering could close amicably without its being sung in its characteristic manner. The "richt gude-willie waught" in the invitation to the friend to stand his pint-stoup first, indicates that the song is essentially a beer song.

The words are generally attributed to Burns, but he himself did not claim the credit of it, but stated that he took it down from

an old man's singing. The air is said to have belonged to the Roman Catholic Church.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And the days of auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup of kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine,
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And there's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak a richt gude-willie waught
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup of kindness yet,
For auld laug syne.
For auld, &c.

Gudewife, Count the Lawin.

Robert Burns.

Gane is the day, and mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er stray for faut o' light;
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
And blude-red wine's the rising sun.
Then, gudewife, count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin,
Then, gudewife, count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And semple folk maun fecht and fen',
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.
Then, gudewife, &c.

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An ye drink but deep, ye'll find him out.
Then, gudewife, &c.

A Cogie o' Yill.

Andrew Sheriffs, 1787.

Air—"A Cogie o' Yill."

A cogie o' yill
And a pickle aitmeal,
And a dainty wee drappie o' whisky,

Was our forefathers' dose
For to sweep down their brose,
And keep them aye cheery and frisky.
Then hey for the whisky, and hey for the meal,
And hey for the cogie, and hey for the yill;
Gin ye steer a' thegither, they'll do unco weel
To keep a chiel cheery and brisk aye.

When I see our Scots lads,
Wi' their kilts and cocauds,
They sae often hae lounder'd our foes, man;
I think to mysel'
On the meal and the yill,
And the fruits o' our Scottish kail-brose, man.
Then hey, &c.

When our brave highland blades
Wi' their claymores and plaids,
In the field drive like sheep a' our foes, man;
Their courage and power
Spring frae this to be sure,
They're the noble effects o' the brose, man.
Then hey, &c.

But your spindle shank'd sparks,
Wha sae ill fill their sarks,
Your pale-visaged milk-sops and beaux, man;
I think when I see them,
'Twere kindness to gie them
A cogie o' yill or o' brose, man.
Then hey, &c.

What John Bull despises,
Our better sense prizes,
He denies eatin' blanter ava, man;
But by eatin' o' blanter,
His mare's grown, I'll warrant her,
The manliest brute o' the twa, man.
Then hey, &c.

Sae Will We Yet.

From "Whistle Binkie," 1838. Published anonymously, but understood to be by Robert Nichol.

Come sit down, my cronies, and gie us your crack,
Let the win' tak' the cares o' this world on its back;
The langer we sit here and drink, the merrier will we get—
We've aye been provided for, and sae will we yet.

Then bring us a tankard o' nappy gude ale,
To cheer up our hearts, and enliven our tale;
Till the house be rinnin' roun' about, it's time enough to flit—
We've aye been provided for, and sae will we yet.

May the taxes come off, that the drink may be cheap,
And the yill be as plentiful as gin it were a spate;
May the enemies o' liberty ere lang get a kick—
They've aye gott'n 't hitherto, and sae shall they yet.

Now, God bless the Queen, an' aye prosper her days,
For I'm sure that Her Majesty has baith meat and claes;
And lang on the throne o' her faithers may she sit—
They've aye been provided for, and sae will they yet.

Then push round the jorum, and tak aff your dram,
An' laugh and be thankfu' as lang as ye can;
For seed-time and harvest ye ever shall get,
When ye fell ye aye got up again, and sae will ye yet.

Sanct Mungo.

Alexander Rodger.

From "Whistle Binkie." Mungo is the patron saint of the Glasgow Cathedral. The Molendinar Burn, alluded to in the third line, is the Glasgow Lethe that separates the two great

repositories of mortality—the churchyard of the Cathedral and the Necropolis.

Sanct Mungo wals ane famous sanct,
And ane cantye carle wals hee,
He drank o' ye Molendinar Burne,
Quhan bettere hee culdna prie.

Yit quhan he culd gette strongere cheere,
He neuer wals wattere drye,
But dranke o' ye streame o' ye wimpland worme,
And loot ye burne rynne bye.

Sanct Mungo wals ane merrye sanct,
And merrylye hee sang;
Quhanever hee liltit uppe his sprynge,
Ye very Firre Park rang.

But thock he weele culd lilt and synge,
And mak sweet melodye,
He chauntit aye ye bauldest straynes
Quhan prymed wi' barlye-bree.

Sanct Mungo was ane godlye sanct,
Far-famed for godlye deedis,
And grete delyte he dayle took
Inn countynge owre hys beadis.

Yit I, Sanct Mungo's youngeste sonne,
Can count als welle als hee;
Butte ye beadis quhilk I like best to count,
Are ye beadis o' barlye-bree.

Sanct Mungo wals ane jolly sanct:—
Sa weele hee lykit gude yil,
Thatte quhyles hee staynede hys quhyte besture,
Wi' dribblands o' ye still.

Butte I, hys maist unwordye sonne,
Have gane als farre as hee,
For ance I tynde my garmente skirtis,
Throuch lufe o' barlye-bree.

Daft Days.

By Hew Ainslie. First published in "Whistle Binkie," First Series, 1838.

"The midnight hour is clinking, lads,
An' the douce an' the honest are winking, lads,
Sae I tell ye again,
Be 't weel or ill ta'en,
It's time ye were quatting your drinking, lads."

"Gae ben an' mind your gantry, Kate,
Gie's mair o' your beer, an' less bantry, Kate,
For we vow whar we sit,
That afore we shall flit,
We'll be better acquent wi' your pantry, Kate.

"The daft days are but beginning, Kate,
An' we've sworn, (wad ye hae us be sinning, Kate?)
By our faith an' our houp,
We shall stick by the stoup,
As lang as a barrel keeps rinning, Kate.

"Through spring an' through simmer we moil it, Kate,
Through hay an' through harvest we toil it, Kate;
Sae ye ken, when the wheel
Is beginning to squeel,
It's time for to grease and to oil it, Kate.

"Then score us anither drappy, Kate,
An' gie us a cake to our cappy, Kate;
For, by spigot an' pin,
It were mair than a sin
To flit when we're sitting sae happy, Kate.'"

SCOTIA'S SONS HAE AYE BEEN FREE.

By M'Phail, in Chambers' Scot. Songs.

Blythe, blythe, around the nappie,
Let us join in social glee,
While we're here we'll hae a drappie,
Scotia's sons hae aye been free.
Our auld forbears, when ower their yill,
And cantie bickers round did ca',
Forsooth! they cried, anither gill!
For sweirt we are to gang awa.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

Some hearty cock would then hae sung
An old Scotch sonnet aff wi' glee,
Syne pledged his cogue: the chorus rung
Auld Scotia and her sons are free.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

Thus crack, and jokes, and sangs gaed roun',
'Till morn the screens o' light did draw;
Yet, dreich to rise, the carles roun',
Cried, Deoch an dhoras, then awa!
Blythe, blythe, &c.

The landlord then the nappie brings,
And toasts, "Fu' happy a' may be,"
Syne tooms the cogue; the chorus rings
Auld Scotia's sons shall aye be free.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

Then like our dads o' auld lang syne,
Let social glee unite us a'.
Aye blythe to meet, our mous to weet,
But aye as sweirt to gang awa!
Blythe, blythe, &c.

A Tavern Scene.

Now but and ben the change-house fills
Wi' yill-caup commentators—
Here's crying out for cakes and gills,
And there the pint-stoup clatters.
While thick and thrang, and loud and lang—
Wi' logic and wi' scripture,
They raise a din that in the end
Is like to breed a rupture
O' wrath that day. (*Burns'* "*Holy Fair.*")

And thou, great god of aqua-vitæ!
Wha sways the empire of this city,
(When fou we're sometimes capernoity)
Be thou prepared,
To save us frae that black banditti
The City Guard.
(*Fergusson's* "*Daft Days.*")

The following appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1754:—

An ale house is called a change, and the person who keeps it a gentleman; nor is it uncommon to see a lord dismount from his horse, and, taking one of these gentlemen in his arms, make him as many compliments as if he were a brother peer, and the reason is that the alehouse-keeper is of as good a family as any in Scotland, and perhaps has taken his degree as master of arts at the university.

Todlen But, and Todlen Ben.

Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany.

When I hae a saxpence under my thumb,
Then I get credit in ilka toon;
But ay when I'm poor, they bid me gang by;
O! poverty parts good company.
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
Couldna my love come todlen hame.

Fair-fa' the gudewife, and send her good sale,
She gi'es us white bannocks to drink her ale,
Syne if that her tippeny chance to be sma',
We'll tak' a good scour o't, and ca't awa.
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
As round as a neep comes todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
And twa pint-stoups at our bed's feet;
And aye when we waken'd, we drank them dry—
What think ye of my wee kimmer and I.
Todlen but, and todlen ben,
Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.

Leeze me on liquor, my todlen dou,
Ye're ay sae gude humour'd when weeting your mou;
When sober sae sour, ye'll fight wi' a flee,
That 'tis a blythe sight to the bairns and me.
When todlen hame, todlen hame,
When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.

The Social Cup.

By Charles Gray.

The gloaming saw us a' sit down,
And mickle mirth has been our fa';
But ca' the other toast aroun',
Till chanticleer begins to craw.
Blythe, blythe, and merry are we,
Blythe are we, ane an a';
Aften hae we canty been,
But sic a nicht we never saw.

The auld kirk bell has chappit twal';
Wha cares though she had chappit twa,
We're licht o' heart, and winna part,
Though time and tide should rin awa.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

Tut! never speir how wears the moon,
The moon's still blinkin' i' the sky;
And gif like her we fill our horn,
I dinna doubt we'll drink it dry.
Blythe, blythe, &c.,

Should we gang by the Auld-kirk-hatch,*
Or round the haunted humlock knowe,
Auld Clootie there some chield might catch,
Or fleg us wi' a worricow!
Blythe, blythe, &c.

Then fill us up a social cup,
And never mind the dapple dawn;
Just sit awhile, the sun may smile,
And light us a' across the lawn.

When brewing was done by women (Ale Wives), who afterwards retailed their liquor, they occasionally—as many other publicans have done—drank the profits. Here is a sad picture of a dissipated old lady, taken from Peter Buchan's collection:—

THE ALE WIFE AND HER BARREL.

My mind is vex'd and sair perplex'd,
I'll tell you all that grieves me,
A drunken wife I hae at hame,
Her noisome din aye deaves me.
The ale-wife, the drunken wife,
The ale wife, she grieves me;
My wifie and her barrellie,
They'll ruin me and deave me.

She takes her barrel on her back,
Her pint-stoup in her hand,
And she is to the market gane,
For to set up a stand.
The ale-wife, &c.

* A haunted spot near Anstruther, in Fife, the residence of the author.

And whan she does come hame again,
  She wides through girse and corn,
Says, I maun hae anither pint,
  Though I should beg the morn.
    The ale-wife, &c.

She sets her barrel on the ground
  And travels but and ben;
I canna get my wifie keepit
  Out amo' the men.
    The ale-wife, &c.

We might well pity the husband of such a wee wifie; Roy's wife was nothing to her:—

Roy's wife of Ardivalloch, Roy's wife of Ardivalloch,
And while she is wife to me,
Is life worth living, Mr Malloch?

A learned pundit has declared with great truth that one never—well hardly ever—meets with a celebrated brewery without finding traces of an abbey or monastery hard by. The monks knew from reason and experience where the best water was to be obtained, and hence pitched their camp on the spot where they could brew the best beer. The Song of the Abbey Brewery has special reference to that of Messrs W. Younger & Co., who keep up the monkish custom of brewing jolly good ale and old.

THE SONG OF THE ABBEY BREWERY.

By A. B.

Tune—The Whale.

It was in seventeen hundred and forty-nine,
  What matters the month or day,
That the Abbey Brewery was launched afloat,
  And merrily steered away. Brave boys!
    With a fal la la, &c.

The smoke of the battle of Prestonpans
Had not long cleared away,
When William the first took to the work
Of moistening Scotchmen's clay. Brave boys!

Had Charlie just delayed a bit,
Till that auspicious day,
On riding into Holyrood,
When Cope ran the other way. Brave boys!

Oh what a rare right royal draught,
He might have quaffed off then,
By sending across the palace yard,
For a horn of ten times ten.* Brave boys!

Then Willie brewed a peck o' maut,
And didn't he brew it well?
The browst, has it not stood the test?
The wide, wide world can tell. Brave boys!

From Shetland's bleak and rugged shore,
To the Borders of the land,
Across the line—from Yankee States—
To eastern Samarcand. Brave boys!

Our good old ship has well-nigh sailed
A hundred and fifty years,
And for her future piloting,
There never need be fears. Brave boys!

On the quarter deck, and at the helm,
At the compass, on the look-out,
There have always been, and there are now,
Men who know what they're about. Brave boys!

* 100/ Ale.

Then success to the Brewery in days to come,
As success has crowned the past,
May the ship ever sail with a favouring gale,
With good men before the mast. Brave boys!

In a curious old Scotch ballad, "Dying Words of John Dalgleish, Lockman *alias* Hangman of Edinburgh," among the verses are these:—

"Wha in the town could tell my tale
I brew'd my own strang nappie ale
The *Fishwives* gave me right good sale,
Nae gauger *fellows*
Came near me for to touch a peal,
Fear'd for the gallows.

When a' the Brewers were run dry
And drunkards gae the wearie cry,
What will we do, thro' drowth we'll dy,
They minded me.
Came louping in, few folk went by,
And blyth were we.
Etc., etc.

The next epigram, by the Rev. Mr S., of Magdalen, is somewhat varied:—

A drunken old Scot by the rigorous sentence
Of the kirk was condemn'd to the stool of repentance.
Mess John to his conscience his vices put home,
And the danger in this and the world that's to come:
Thou reprobate mortal! why, dost thou not know
Whither, after your death, all you drunkards must go?
Must go when we're dead? why, sir, you may swear,
We shall go, one and all, where we find the best beer.

The Scotch did not mind a joke at their own expense:—

"To save a maid St George a dragon slew,
A braue exployt if all yat sayed be treue.
Some think ther be no dragons; nay, 'tis say'd
Ther was no George; pray God ther be a maid?"

"O! John Carnegie in Dunlappie,
Thou hast a wife baith blythe and sappie,
A bottle that is baith whyte and nappie;
Thou sits, and with thy little cappie
Thou drinks, and never leaves a drappie,
Until thou sleepest like a tappie;
O! were I John, I would be happie!"

From the notes to the "Bride of Lammermoor" we find that it was the universal custom to place ale, wine, or some strong liquor, in the chamber of an honoured guest, to assuage his thirst, should he feel any, on awaking in the night, which, considering hospitality often reached excess, was by no means unlikely.

It is a current story in Teviotdale that in a house of an ancient family of distinction, much addicted to the Presbyterian cause, a Bible was always put into the sleeping apartment of the guest along with a bottle of strong ale. On one occasion there was a meeting of clergymen in the vicinity of the castle, all of whom were invited to dinner by the worthy baronet, and several abode all night. According to the fashion of the times seven of the reverend guests were allotted to one large barrack-room, which was used on such occasions of extended hospitality. The butler took care that the divines were presented each, according to custom, with a Bible and a bottle of ale. But, after a little consultation among themselves, they are said to have recalled the domestic as he was leaving the apartment. "My friend," said one of the venerable guests, "you must know that, when we meet together as brethren, the youngest minister reads aloud a portion of the Scripture to the rest; only one Bible, therefore, is necessary: take away the other six, and in their place bring six more bottles of ale."

Odd figures were some of those Border ministers. There was the reverend but drunken Mr Potts, of Ettrick, who often, astride a stone wall, would pull off his wig, and with it belabour his fancied steed. Mr Paton, his successor, had a morbid fondness for witnessing executions. His stipend was £45; and his manse fell into such sad disrepair that the outer door had to be barred with a wheelbarrow, which kept out the cow and the pig, but not the poultry, whilst a folio of Matthew Henry stopped up a hole in the floor. Then there was Dr Douglas, of Galashiels, who combined brewing and money-lending with his ministerial functions. At after-synod meetings, when some of the brethren were loath to leave whist-playing even for supper, he might be heard exclaiming, "Gentlemen, hold up your hands till the grace is said."

From the Rev. Andrew Edgar's "Old Church Life in Scotland," we find that the conduct of ministers, by the members of the old kirk sessions, was closely looked after in a somewhat surreptitious manner. His conduct was canvassed as to whether he was a haunter of ale-houses. Was he a swearer of small minced oaths. Such as, before God, it is so. I protest before God, or, Lord what is that? Saw ye him ever drink healths? Doth he restrain abuses at penny-weddings? And a whole host of other inquisitorial details followed.

In a provincial council held in Scotland, A.D 1225, it was ordered that no layman should sing at the burial or obsequies of the dead. "Item ad funera et exequies mortuorum laicorum cantus vel choreas fieri prohibemus, cum non deceat de aliorum fletu ridere, sed ibidem potius de hujusmodi dolere." Wilkins, Concil, v. i., p. 617. This prohibition implies it to have been a practice in that country, as it certainly was in England; and most probably, the persons who had exercised their vocal talents at the celebration of a mass of Requiem, became afterwards ballad singers at the Give-ale.

A.D. 1223. Constit. Ricard. Poor ep'i Sarum. Adhuc prohibemus, ne choreæ vel turpes et inhonesti ludi, qui ad lasciviam invitant, fiant cœmeteriis. Ibid., p. 600, A. 1240, Constit. W. de Cantilup ep'i Wigorn. Ad servendam quoque

tam cœmeterii quam ecclesiae reverentiam, prohibemus, ne in cœmeteriis vel aliis locis sacratis—ludi fiant inhonesti, maxime in sanctorum vigiliis, et festis ecclesiarum, quod potius in dedecus sanctis cedere novimus quam honorem, præsumptoribus et sacerdotibus, que hæc sustinuerint fieri, canonice coercendis. Ibid, p. 666, A. 1287. Synod. Exon. dioc. a Petro de Quivil episcopo. Et quia in cœmeteriis dedicatis multa sanctorum et salvandorum corpora tumulantur, quibus debetur omnis honor et reverentia; sacerdotibus parochialibus districte præcipimus, ut in ecclesiis suis denuncient publice, ne quisquam luctas, choreas, vel alios ludos inhonestos in cœmeteriis exercere præsumat, præcipue in vigiliis et festis sanctorum, cum hujusmodi ludos theatrales et ludibria spectacula introductos per quos ecclesiarum coinquinatur honestas, sacri ordines detestantur. Quod si aliqui post factam denunciationem, ludos hujusmodi, quamquam improprie dictos, eo quod ex eis crimina oriuntur, exercuerint, predicte sacerdotes eorum nomina loci archidiacono vel ipsius officiale denuncient, ut ipsi pro suis demeritis canonice puniantur. Ibid. vol. ii., p. 140. A. 1308. Constit. synodal. per Henricum Woodloke, epi Winton.—Præcipimus et in ipsis (cœmeteriis) in sanctorum festivitatibus aut aliis luctæ non fiant, aut choreæ ducantur, vel alii ludi spectabiles habeantur.

The annexed dirge on the death of Alexander III., of Scotland, obiit. 1285, is the oldest specimen of the printed Scottish of that period extant, and alludes to ale as the national beverage.

Quhen Alysandyr, our kyng, wes dede,
That Scotland led in luive and le,*
Away wes sons of ale and brede,
Of wyne and wax, of gamyn and gle;
Oure gold we changyd into lede,
Chryst boon into virgynyte,
Succour Scotland and remede
That stad is in perplexyte.

From Wyntoun's Cronykil.

"And Gaffer Treadwell told us by-the-bye
Excessive sorrow was exceeding dry."

* *I.e.*, Tranquillity.

Dean Ramsay in his "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character" tells of the big drinks with which funerals were celebrated. On one occasion the churchyard was about ten miles distant from where the death occurred. It was a short day in November, and when the funeral party came to the churchyard, the shades of night had considerably closed in. The gravedigger, whose patience had been exhausted in waiting, was not in the least willing to accept the chief mourner's apology for delay. After looking about, he put the anxious question, "But, Capt'n, whaur's Miss Kitty?" The reply was, "In her coffin to be sure, and get it into the earth as fast as you can." There, however, was no coffin; the procession had sojourned at a country inn by the way —had rested the body on a dyke—started without it, and had to postpone the interment until next day.

Such notions, continued the Dean, of what is due to the memory of the departed have now become unusual if not absolete. I officiated at the funeral of the late Duke of Sutherland. The procession was a mile long. Refreshments were provided for 7,000 persons; beef, bread, and beer: but not one glass of whisky was allowed on the property that day.

Another unknown author describes the sorrows and consolations of a bereaved wife:—

"She sits in her room, in the deepest of gloom,
Weeping her bright eyes red;
She sits by the beer, and sheds many a tear,
Because her dear husband is dead."

Scotland's Scaith.

This long and doleful ballad, written about 1794-5, by Hector Macneil, relates the sad history of Will and Jean. Will and his brother-crofters were seduced by a buxom widow who kept the village inn:—

Down below, a flowery meadow
Joined the burnie's rambling line—
Here it was that Howe the Widow
This same day set up her sign.

Brattling down the brae, and near its
Bottom, Will first marvelin' sees
PORTER, ALE, AND BRITISH SPIRITS,
Painted bright between twa trees.

"God sakes! Tam, here's walth for drinking—
Wha can this new comer be?—
Hoot! quo' Tam, there's drouth in thinking—
Let's in, Will, and syne we'll see."

Nae mair time they took to speak, or
Think o' ought but reaming jugs;
Till three times in humming liquor
Ilk lad deeply laid his lugs.

Slocken'd now, refreshed and talking,
In cam she, weel skill'd to please;
"Sirs! ye're surely tyr'd wi' walking,
Ye maun taste my bread and cheese."

The bread and cheese led to more drinking for the good of the house, when some more neighbours dropping in, they made a night of it, and founded a bi-weekly political club, and took in the paper:—

"Ilk ane's wiser than anither;
Things are no ga'en right, quo' Tam,
Let us oftener meet together,
Twice a week's not worth a damn."

The six-night club was too much for Will's purse and person to stand, and he came to grief in consequence. But in the meantime, Jeannie had taken to whisky, with sad results:—

"Things at length draw near an ending,
Cash rins out: Jean quite unhappy,
Sees that Will is now past mending,
Tynes a' heart, and takes *a drappy*.

"Ilka drink deserves a posey,
Port makes men rude, *Claret* civil;
Beer makes Briton's stout and rosy,
Whisky makes ilk' wife—*a devil.*

The end of this long story is that they are sold up. Will goes for a soldier, and after years of suffering rejoins his wife a crippled pensioner; and they are successfully started again in life, by the then Duchess of Buccleugh. The chief moral of this story is

"That Beer makes Britons stout and rosy,
Whisky makes ilk wife a devil."

Here is a far better picture of Scottish life, written by Robert Burns to John Lepraik, author of "Scottish Domestic Happiness."

EPISTLE TO JOHN LEPRAIK.

There was ae sang, amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleased me best,
That some kind husband had addrest
To some sweet wife;
It thirl'd the heart-strings through the breast,
A' to the life.

I've scarce heard aught described sae weel,
What generous, manly bosoms feel;
Thought I, can this be Pope, or Steele,
Or Beattie's wark?
They tauld me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About Muirkirk.

It pat me fidgin' fain tae hear't,
And sae about him there I spiert;
Then a' that kent him round declared
He had ingine,
That nane excelled it, few cam near't,
It was so fine.

That, set him to a pint of ale,
An' either douce or merry tale,
Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel',
Or witty catches,
'Tween Inverness and Teviotdale
He had few matches.

Then up I gat, an' swoor an' aith,
Though I should pawn my pleugh an' graith,
Or die a cadger pownie's death
At some dyke-back,
A pint and gill I'd give them baith
To hear your crack.

The Winds Whistle Cold.

The following capital song is from the opera of "Guy Mannering," written by Daniel Terry (1780-1828).

The winds whistle cold,
And the stars glimmer red;
The flocks are in fold,
And the cattle in shed.
When the hoar frost was chill
Upon moorland and hill,
And was fringing the forest bough,
Our fathers would troul
The bonny brown bowl;
And so will we do now,
Jolly hearts!
And so will we do now.

Gaffer winter may seize
Upon milk in the pail;
'Twill be long ere he freeze
The bold brandy and ale;

For our fathers so bold,
They laugh'd at the cold,
When Boreas was bending his brow;
For they quaffed mighty ale,
And they told a blithe tale;
And so will we do now,
Jolly hearts!
And so will we do now.

Excise.

In 1272 a duty by gauge was placed upon wine; but it is not until 1482 that we find the manufacture of beer or ale in Scotland noticed by the government, although it abounded in that country long before (Acts, Jac. 3, c. 89). At the Union a duty was introduced, similar in point of regulation to that imposed in England. On *two-penny ale*, which was the principal *malt drink* in use at the time, it was rated at 2s. 1¼d. per barrel. Several alterations followed, but, in proportion to the advance of duty, the work of the brewery decreased. In 1760 the excise stood at 3s. 4¼d. per barrel.

Burns' Exciseman finds a parallel in an English song I quoted earlier:—

The Exciseman.

Tune—"The deil cam fiddling through the toon."

The deil cam fiddling through the town,
And danced awa wi' the exciseman,
And ilka wife cries, "Auld Mahoun,
I wish ye luck o' the prize, man!"
The deil's awa, the deil's awa,
The deil's awa wi' the exciseman;
He's danced awa, he's danced awa,
He's danced awa wi' the exciseman.

We'll mak our maut, we'll brew our drink,
We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man;
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil
That danced awa wi' the exciseman.
The deil's awa, the deil's awa,
The deil's awa wi' the exciseman;
He's danced awa, he's danced awa,
He's danced awa wi' the exciseman.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land
Was, the deil's awa wi' the exciseman.
The deil's awa, the deil's awa,
The deil's awa wi' the exciseman;
He's danced awa, he's danced awa,
He's danced awa wi' the exciseman.

There is something of the ring of jolly good ale and old, in the next song of Burns:—

Oh, Gude Ale Comes.

Oh, gude ale comes, and gude ale goes;
Gude ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon;
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

I had sax owsen in a pleuch,
And they drew teuch, and weel eneuch:
I sell'd them a'—just ane by ane;
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

Gude ale hauds me bare and busy,
Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,
Stand i' the stool when I hae done;
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

Oh, gude ale comes, and gude ale goes;
Gude ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon;
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

O, Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut.

O, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam' to see;
Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wadna found in Christendie.
We are na fu', we're nae that fu',
But just a drappie in our ee;
The cock may craw, the day may da',
And ay we'll taste the barley bree,

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be.
We are na fu', &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinking in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!
We are na fu', &c.
Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loon is he!
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the King amang us three.
We are na fu', &c.

By the way, the punishment of the cucking or ducking stool was not limited to the punishment of shrews exclusively, but the ale-wives had to suffer that infliction when they deserved it. According to Sir John Skene, in his "Regiam Majestatem," it was

a common mode of punishment in Scotland. In the Burrow Lawes, chap. 69, in allusion to Browsters—that is, "wemen quha brewes aill to be sauld"—it is said: "Gif she makes gude ail, that is sufficient; but gif she makes evill ail, contrair to the use and consuetude of the burgh, and is convict thereof, she sal pay ane unlaw of aucht shillinges, or sal suffer the justice of the burgh—that is, she sal be put upon the cock stule, and the ail sal be distributed to the pure folk."

In England the punishment of the cucking stool was also awarded to brewers of either sex. We find in the *Domesday Book* that any man or woman who brewed bad ale at Chester had the option of a fine of four shillings, or be placed in *stercovis*, in modern words, in the limbo of the ducking stool; and Blount says that this punishment was in use among the Saxons.

I have quoted Burns' version of "John Barleycorn," with other songs of that ilk, under the heading of "Malt and Barley," and now will wind up these songs with a dance, the words composed by the Rev. John Skinner:—

TULLOCHGORUM.

Come gie's a song, Montgomery cried,
And lay your disputes a' aside;
What signifies 't for folks to chide
For what's been done before them.
Let Whig and Tory a' agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Whig and Tory a' agree
To drop their Whigmigorum.
Let Whig and Tory a' agree
To spend the night with mirth and glee,
And cheerfu' sing alang wi' me
The reel o' Tullochgorum.

O, Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite.
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him.

For blythe and merry we'll be a',
Blythe and merry, blythe and merry,
Blythe and merry we'll be a',
And make a cheerfu' quorum.
For blythe and merry we'll be a',
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance, till we be like to fa',
The reel o' Tullochgorum.

There needs na be sae great a fraise,
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;
I wadna gie our ain strathspeys,
For hauf-a-hunder score o' 'em.
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum.
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Their *Allegros*, and a' the rest:
They canna please a Highland taste,
Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress
Wi' fears o' want and double cess,
And silly sots themselves distress
Wi' keeping up decorum.
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit?
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Sour and sulky shall we sit,
Like auld Philosophorum?
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
Nor ever rise to shake a fit
To the reel o' Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings aye attend
Each honest, open-hearted friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's gude watch o'er him.

May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
Peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties a great store o' em;
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by ony vicious blot,
And may he never want a grot,
That's fond o' Tullochgorum!

But for the discontented fool
Who loves to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And discontent devour him!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
Dool and sorrow be his chance,
And nane say, wae's me for him:
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whae'er he be that winna dance
The reel o' Tullochgorum!

The foregoing selection is far from complete, but it is a fairly representative one, and shows the richness as well as the "wut and humour" that pervades the language, especially when good ale is in question, and now I will conclude with a toast by Sir James Boswell:—

"Gude night, and joy be wi' you a';
Your harmless mirth has cheer'd my heart:
May life's fell blasts out ower ye blaw;
In sorrow may ye never part!
My spirit lives, but strength is gone,
The mountain fires now blaze in vain;
Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,
And in your deeds I'll live again."

CHAPTER XII.

LOCAL AND DIALECT SONGS.

"No hoarded sweets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Attic Bee provide,
That could a purer flavour yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though culled from no Hesperian field
But the wild growth of Britain's plains."

Local and dialect songs have a double value, as they illustrate the popular sentiment in quaint and telling language; a little exaggerated, perhaps, but that is pardonable enough. "Boston 's The Hub of the Universe;" and this sentiment prevails among the inhabitants of the remotest villages. And what quaint old-world reminiscences do these provincialisms convey to our minds? The songs, generally speaking, are of the home, homely.

Yorkshire, I believe, rejoices in old stingo and the praises thereof, more, perhaps, than any other county in England; and Yorkshiremen were always famed for hospitality and good cheer. When Squire Worthy welcomes Dr Syntax, he says—

"I have no Greek or Latin lingo
But a fresh tap of Foaming stingo—"

Again, Canning celebrates the doings at Roebuck Hall--

Whereat a group (his worship's lackeys)
Of squires, parsons, grooms, and jockeys,
Were met to testify their zeal,
And closely ply his honour's ale;
When loaded well with good October
To bed they tumbled, drunk or sober.

Mr Giles Warrington, of Northallerton, York, in 1697, celebrated the virtues of Yorkshire ale in an epic, describing the doings of gods and men :—

Praise of Yorkshire Ale.

Bacchus having call'd a parliament of late,
For to consult about some things of state,
Nearly concerning the honour of his court.
To th' "Sun" behind th' Exchange they did resort;
Where being met and many things that time
Concerning the adulterating wine
And other liquors; selling of ale in mugs;
Silver tankards, black pots, and little jugs;
Strong beer in rabbits and cheating penny cans,
Three pipes for two-pence, and such like trepans:
And many other things were then debated,
And bills past, upon the cases stated;
And all things ready for adjournment, then
Stood up one of the northern country men,
A boon good fellow and a lover of strong ale,
Whose tongue well steeped in sack, began his tale:
"My bully rocks, I've been experienc'd long
In most of liquors that are counted strong
And several others, but none do I find
Like * *humming northern ale* to suit my mind;
It is pleasant to the taste, strong and mellow,
He that affects it not, is no boon fellow;
It warms in winter, in summer opes the pores,
'Twill make a sovereign salve 'gainst cuts and sores;
It ripens wit, exhilarates the mind,
Makes friends of foes, and foes of friends full kind;
It's physical for old men, warms their blood,
Its spirits makes the coward's courage good;

* *Hum* meant strong liquor: hence humming ale—strong ale.

The tatter'd beggar being warm'd with ale,
Nor rain, hail, frost, nor snow can him assail;
He's a good man with him can then compare,
It makes a 'prentice great as the Lord Mayor;
The lab'ring man that toils all day full sore,
A pot of ale at night does him restore,
And makes him all his toil and pains forget,
And for another day's work he's then fit;
There's more in drinking ale sure than we wot,
For most ingenious artists have a pot.

. . . . . .

. . . Soldiers and gownmen,
Rich and poor, old and young, lame and sound men,
May much advantage reap by drinking ale,
As should I tell, you'd think it but a tale:
Oh the rare virtues of this barley broth!
To rich and poor it's meat and drink and cloth."
The court here stopt him, and the Prince did say:
"Where may we find this nectar, I thee pray?"
The boon good fellow answer'd: "I can tell;
Northallerton in Yorkshire does excell
All England—nay, all Europe—for strong ale;
If thither we adjourn we shall not fail
To taste such humming stuff as, I dare say,
Your Highness never tasted to this day."
They, hearing this, the house agreed upon
All for adjournment to Northallerton:
Madam *Bradley's* was the chief house then nam'd,
There they must taste this noble ale so fam'd
And nois'd abroad in each place far and near;
Nay, take it, Bradley, for strong ale and beer—
Thou hast it loose—there's none can do so well,
In brewing ale thou dost all else excell.
Adjournment day being come, there did appear
A brave full house—Bacchus himself was there.
This nectar was brought in, each had his cup,
But at the first they did but sipple up

This rare ambrosia; but finding that
'Twas grateful to the taste, and made them chat,
And laugh, and talk, O then, when all was out,
They call'd for more, and drank full cans about.
Off went their perriwigs, coats, and rapers,
Out went the candle, noses for tapers
Serv'd to give light, whilst they did dance around,
Drinking full healths with caps upon the ground;
And still as they did dance their roundelays,
They all did cry: "This drink deserves the bays
Above all liquors we have ever tasted;
It's a pity that a drop of it were wasted."
These antic sights made Bacchus to admire,
And then he did begin for to enquire
What privileges were bestowed upon
This famous ale town of Northallerton.
The answer was that it was known
To have four fairs i' th' year, a borough town,
One market every week, and that was all.
This movéd Bacchus presently to call
For a great jug, which held about five quarts,
And filling it to the brim, "Come here, my hearts,"
Said he, "we'll drink about this merry health
To the honour of their town, their state, and wealth;
For by the essence of this drink I swear
This town is famous for strong ale and beer;
And for the sake of this good nappy ale,
Of my great favour it shall never fail
For to promote the quick return of trade,
For all strong ale and beer that is here made."
So to't they went, and drank full healths about,
Till they drunk money, wit, and senses out;
For whilst one drop of ale was to be had,
They quaft, and drunk it round about like mad.
When all was off, then out they pull'd the taps,
And stuck the spiddocks finely in their hats;

And so triumphantly away they went,
But they did all agree with one consent
To Easingwold they then away would pass,
With Nanny Driffield there to drink a glass;
They then to famous York would haste away,
For thither they'd adjourn the court that day.
When they to York were come, they rov'd about
From house to house to find such nectar out
As they had tasted last, although they heard
Of Parker's coffee-house i' th' Minster Yard,
The several sorts of strong ale there would find,
Some of which ale would surely please their mind.
Unto this place they went and crowded in;
"Come wench," said they, "with strong ale we'll begin."
"Sir," said the girl, "we've ale that's strong and old,
Both from *Northallerton* and *Easingwold*,
From *Sutton*, *Thirske*, likewise *Rascaltown*,
We've ale also that's called knocker-down."
"Well bring a tankard of each in, you maid,
We'll taste them every one," the courtiers said.
The ale came in, each man a tankard had,
They tasted all, and swore they were full glad
Such stingo, nappy pure ale they had found:
"Let's lose no time," said they, "but drink around."
About and about it went full merrily,
Till some could neither go, stand, sit, nor see,
They called and drank till they were all high flown,
And could not find their way into the town;
They stagger'd to and fro, had such light heads,
That they were guided all into their beds;
And in the morning when they did awake,
They curs'd and swore that all their heads did ache;
O Yorkshire, Yorkshire! thy ale it is so strong
That it will kill us if we stay too long.
So they agreed a journey for to make
Into the south, some respit there to take;
But in short space again, they said, they'd come

And taste some more of this said Yorkshire hum:
It is so pleasant, mellow too, and fine,
That Bacchus swore he'd never more drink wine.

Hull Ale.

"Were he not warmed with Ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep soundly."
—Taming the Shrew.

By the Rev. Mr S., of Magdalen.

Long time did a silly old proverb prevail,
That meat, drink, and cloth were all found in good ale;
'Till a lover of truth went on purpose to Hull,
And, to try an experiment, drank his skin full.
He began to see visions, his head it turn'd round,
'Till off from his keffal he fell on the ground:
There in trances profound our philosopher mellow
Lay all night in the snow, consulting his pillow.
Oracular vapours give prophecy birth,
As Plutarch reports, springing out of the earth:
Whether this was the cause, or however inspir'd,
Our sage gave a sentence will be ever admir'd.
'Twas this—I pronounce that good ale is good meat,
For I find I have no inclination to eat;
That good ale is good cloth you may honestly boast,
For i' faith I'm as blithe and as warm as a toast;
But to call it good drink—is a lye, I'll be sworn,
For I ne'er was so dry since the hour I was born,
The cloth, cries a punster who chanced to come by,
Must be a good drap if it kept you so dry.

There is a wonderful unanimity of opinion between the writer of "Jolly Good Ale and Old," the Rev. H. S., and the hero of the following tale which appeared in the "Man in the Moone;

or, the English Fortune Teller," printed in 1609. This scene occurs between a gentleman and beggar. The gentleman offers employment and clothing to the beggar, who states that he has a suit of clothes in pawn for eightpence, and the gentleman agrees to redeem them, whereupon the beggar leads his patron to an ale-house, when "The beggar called to his hostesse, saying, Hostesse, bring hither my shirt, she brought him a black pot of ale which he dranke off; now, said he, bring me my dublet, then she brought him another pot of ale which he dranke off; now my breeches, another pot she brought him, that he dranke off; now bring my hose and shoes, then she brought two blacke pots of ale, those he dranke off; now my hatband and cloake, then she brought him three blacke pots of ale which he dranke off; when he had done this, he said, Gentleman, this is the suite I told you off, and now I have it, I thinke I am as well apparrelled as an emperour. The gentleman, smiling, paid for this ale and departed."

Richard Brathwaite, who wrote his itinera under the *nom de plume* of "Drunken Barnabee," thus records his experience of Yorkshire alehouses in his time:—

> The oyle of malt and juyce of spritely nectar
> Have made my muse more valiant than Hector.
>
> ---
>
> Straight at Wakefield I was seen-a,
> Where I sought for George a Green-a,
> But I could find no such creature;
> On a sign I saw his feature,
> Where the strength of ale so stirr'd me,
> I grew stouter farre than Geordie.
>
> Thence to Scaresdale, where I viewed
> An hall which like a taverne shewed;
> Neate gates, white walls, nought was sparing,
> Pots brim-full, no thought of caring;
> They eat, drink, laugh, are still mirth-making,
> Nought they see that's worth care taking.

Thence to Kirkland, thence to Kendall,
I did that which men call spend-all:
Night and day with sociats many,
Drink I ale both thick and clammy.
"Shroud thy head, boy, stretch thy hand too,
Hand h'as done, head cannot stand to."

COROLLARIE.

No bush, no garland; pot's thy bush and beare:
Of beare and bush thou smellest all the yeare.

Fœcundi calicis quem non fecere disertum—
O'er flowing cups whom have they not made learn'd.

For the world, I so farre prize it,
But for liquor I'd despise it;
Thousand deaths I'd rather dye too,
Than hold ale my enemy too:
Sober, lamb-like doe I wander;
Drunk, I'm stout as Alexander.

Hence to Gastile, I was drawne in
To an alehouse, neare adjoining
To a chappell; I drunk stingo
With a butcher and Domingo
Th' curat,* who to my discerning
Was not guilty of much learning.

The next from the "Myrtle and the Vine" is variously known as a glass of English ale or a glass of old stingo, and on that account I credit it to Yorkshire:—

ENGLISH ALE.

D'ye mind me? I once was a sailor,
And in different countries I've been;
If I lie, may I go for a tailor!
But a thousand fine sights I have seen:

---

* I askt him, What's a-clock? He look'd at th' sun,
But want of Latin made him answer, Mum.

I've been cramm'd with good things like a wallet,
And I've guzzled more drink than a whale;
But the very best stuff to my palate
Is a glass of your English good ale.

Your doctors may boast of their lotions,
And ladies may talk of their tea;
But I envy them none of their potions,—
A glass of good stingo for me!
The doctor may sneer if he pleases,
But my recipe never will fail,
For the physic that cures all diseases
Is a bumper of good English ale.

When my trade was upon the salt ocean,
Why there I had plenty of grog;
And I lik'd it, because I'd a notion
It sets one's good spirits agog;
But since upon land I've been steering,
Experience has altered my tale,
For nothing on earth is so cheering
As a bumper of English good ale.

"The Cup of Old Stingo" was a great favourite. I have taken this version from the Merry Drollery of 1650:—

A Cup of Old Stingo.

There's a lusty liquor which
Good fellows use to take—a,
It is distill'd with nard most rich,
And water of the lake—a;
Of hop a little quantity,
And barm to it they bring too;
Being barrell'd up, they call't a cup
Of dainty good old stingo.

'Twill make a man indentures make,
'Twill make a fool seem wise,
'Twill make a Puritan sociate,
And leave to be precise;
'Twill make him dance about a cross,
And eke to run the ring too,
Or anything he once thought gross,
Such virtue hath old stingo.

'Twill make a constable over see
Sometimes to serve a warrant;
'Twill make a bailiff lose his fee,
Though he be a knave-arrant;
'Twill make a lawyer, though that he
To ruin oft men brings, too,
Sometimes forget to take his fee
If his head be lin'd with stingo.

'Twill make a parson not to flinch,
Though he seem wondrous holy,
And for to kiss a pretty wench,
And think it is no folly;
'Twill make him learn for to decline
The verb that's callèd *mingo*,
'Twill make his nose like copper shine,
If his head be lin'd with stingo.

'Twill make a weaver break his yarn,
That works with right and left foot,
But he hath a trick to save himself,
He'll say there wanteth woof to 't;
'Twill make a tailor break his thread,
And eke his thimble ring too,
'Twill make him not to care for bread,
If his head be lin'd with stingo.

'Twill make a baker quite forget
That ever corn was cheap,
'Twill make a butcher have a fit
Sometimes to dance and leap;
'Twill make a miller keep his room,
A health for to begin, too,
'Twill make him shew his golden thumb,
If his head be lin'd with stingo.

'Twill make an hostess free of heart,
And leave her measures pinching,
'Twill make an host with liquor part,
And bid him hang all flinching;
It's so belov'd, I dare protest,
Men cannot live without it,
And when they find there is the best
The most will flock about it.

And, finally, the beggar poor,
That walks till he be weary,
Craving along from door to door,
With *pre-commiserere;*
If he do change to catch a touch,
Although his clothes be thin, too,
Though he be lame, he'll prove his crutch,
If his head be lin'd with stingo.

Now to conclude, here is a health
Unto the lad that spendeth,
Let every man drink off his can,
And so my ditty endeth;
I willing am my friend to pledge,
For he will meet me one day;
Let's drink the barrel to the dregs,
For the malt-man comes a-Monday.

Here is what the Rev. R. H. Barham purports to be the legend of St Gengulphus—probably one of the silliest compositions I have reproduced:—

St Jingo, or Gengo (Gengulphus), sometime styled "The Living Jingo" from the great tenaciousness of vitality exhibited by his severed members. Gengulphus, or, as he is usually styled in this country, "Jingo," was perhaps more in the mouths of the "general" than any other saint, on occasions of adjuration. Mr Simpkinson, of Bath, has kindly transmitted me a portion of a primitive ballad, which has escaped the researches of Ritson and Ellis, but is yet replete with beauties of no common order. I am happy to say that, since these legends first appeared, I have recovered the whole of it.—*Vide infra.*

A Franklyn's dogge leped over a style,
And hys name was littel Byngo.
B with a Y—Y with an N,
N with a G—G with an O,
They call'd hym littel Byngo!

Thys Franklyn, syrs, he brewed goode ayle,
And he called it Rare good Styngo!
S, T, Y, N, G, O!
He call'd it Rare goode Styngo!

Nowe is notte thys a prettie song?
I thinke it is, bye Jyngo,
J wythe a Y—N, G, O—
I sweare yt is, bye Jyngo!

The next, in praise of Warrington Ale, appeared in "Harland's Ancient Ballads and Songs of Lancashire," with a note to the effect that the song was by a then deceased author, and printed for the first time.

WARRINGTON ALE.

Your doctors may boast of their lotions,
And ladies may talk of their tea;
But I envy them none of their potions:
A glass of good stingo for me.

The doctor may sneer if he pleases,
But my recipe never will fail;
For the physic that cures all diseases
Is a bumper of Warrington ale.

D'ye mind me, I once was a sailor,
And in different countries I've been;
If I lie, may I go for a tailor,
But a thousand fine sights I have seen.
I've been cramm'd with good things like a wallet,
And I've guzzled more drink than a whale;
But the very best stuff to my palate
Is a glass of your Warrington ale.

When my trade was upon the salt ocean,
Why, there I got plenty of grog,
And I liked it, because I'd a notion
It set one's good spirits agog.
But since upon land I've been steering,
Experience has alter'd my tale,
For nothing on earth is so cheering
As a bumper of Warrington ale.

Into France I have oftentimes follow'd,
And once took a trip into Spain;
And all kinds of liquor I've swallow'd,
From spring-water up to champagne.
But the richest of wines to my thinking,
Compared with good stingo, is stale;
For there's nothing in life that's worth drinking
Like a bumper of Warrington ale.

The praise of Nottingham Ale is taken from the "History of Nottingham," by John Blackman, 1815.

The song was written by a gentleman named Gemthorpe, an officer in the army, on the occasion of a barrel of Nottingham ale being sent to him by a brother who kept the Punch Bowl, in

Peck Lane, Nottingham. Blackman says—we know not with what truth—that "it is partly owing to the excellent quality of the coal in this neighbourhood that Nottingham owes the superior flavour of its ale!"

Nottingham Ale.

Fair Venus, the goddess of beauty and love,
Arose from the froth which swam on the sea:
Minerva leapt out of the *cranium* of Jove,
A coy sullen slut, as most authors agree;
Bold Bacchus, they tell us, the prince of good fellows,
Was a natural son—pray attend to my tale;
But they that thus chatter, mistake quite the matter—
He sprung from a barrel of Nottingham ale;
Nottingham ale, boys, Nottingham ale;
No liquor on earth like Nottingham ale!

And having survey'd well the cask whence he sprung,
For want of more liquor, low-spirited grew;
He mounted astride, set himself on the bung,
And away to the gods and the goddesses flew;
But, when he look'd down, and saw the fair town,
To pay it due honours, not likely to fail;
He swore that on earth, 'twas the place of his birth,
And the best—and no liquor like Nottingham ale.
Nottingham ale, &c.

Ye bishops and deacons, priests, curates, and vicars,
When once you have tasted you'll own it is true,
That Nottingham ale is the best of all liquors;
And who understands the good creature like you?
It expels every vapour—saves pen, ink, and paper;
And when you're disposed from the pulpit to rail,
'Twill open your throats—you may preach without notes
When inspired with a bumper of Nottingham ale.
Nottingham ale, &c.

Ye doctors, who more execution have done
With powder and bolus, with potion and pill,
Than hangman with halter, or soldier with gun,
Than miser with famine, or lawyer with quill;
To dispatch us the quicker, you forbid us malt liquor,
Till our bodies consume, and our faces grow pale;
But mind it, what pleases, and cures all diseases,
Is a comforting dose of good Nottingham ale!
Nottingham ale, &c.

Ye poets who brag of the Helicon brook,
The nectar of gods, and the juice of the vine;
You say none can write well, except they invoke
The friendly assistance of one of the *nine;*
Here's liquor surpasses the streams of Parnassus,
The nectar ambrosia, on which gods regale;
Experience will show it, nought makes a good poet
Like *quantum sufficit* of Nottingham ale!
Nottingham ale, &c.

The Independent Whig, a religious journal published in 1752, "written and published during the late rebellion," records that:—

"An ancient Baronet in *Lincolnshire* who was fond of *Nottingham ale* beyond all other liquors, though no enemy to any, yet would never taste a drop of it, nor bear to hear it proposed, after the Lord Chancellor Finch, who had made a very just decree in his disfavour, was made Earl of Nottingham. This was equivalent to cutting off his nose to spite his face."

The next spirited stanzas appeared in *Notes and Queries*, May, 1856.

NOTTINGHAM ALE.

Let Teetotalers gabble,
And kick up a squabble,
And swill out their guts with cold tea;
Good old Nottingham Ale
Was ne'er known to fail
To raise the good spirits in me.

'Twill make you much stronger,
And live all the longer,
'Twill warm your jolly inside,
And when you are dead
It will not be said,
'Twas the want of good liquor you died.

For Whiskey or Gin
I don't care a pin,
Away with all Spirits away;
But a glass of good Ale,
"Old Nottingham's Pale"—
There is no drink to beat it I say.

Then Hurrah! for the true,
Old Nottingham brew,
No better on earth can there be;
It dispells all our sorrows,
And all things that bothers,
So a cup of good Ale give to me.

The Newcastle poets have emulated each other in singing the praises of their native brewage. Probably the most inspiriting song is the annexed one by Joseph P. Robson, a very popular poet in his day. His poems are witty and humorous without being offensive. The date is 1848:—

ALE! ALE! ALL ALE!

I'll sing you a song with a voice as bold
As a lion in the wood,
While I quaff a cup of the brown and old,
And it joys as it warms my blood.

Oh, how a fish I'd love to be,
If the ocean were good ale;
Among the foam right merrily
I'd gambol like a whale.
Singing, Ale, all ale! my boys, all ale!
There's nothing like ale can be;
Regale, regale on the home-brewed ale;
And a jolly full pot for me!

Oh, ever since the world began—
Some say long before—
Good ale was dearly loved by man,
Who drank it in galore;
For Samson strong had never been;
Each fox had kept his tail;
And Gaza's gates we might have seen,
But—Sammy loved good ale.
Singing, Ale, all ale! &c.

King Pharaoh loved a chirping cup,
As it plainly doth appear;
For he strove to drink the Red Sea up,
As it looked like good old beer;
But, unto his teetotal cost,
He found it rayther small;
So he dam'd the water where he was lost—
Cars, horses, men, and all.
Singing, Ale, all ale, &c.

Hurrah! for the Saxon days of yore,
When the wassail cup went round!
When the barons pledged of healths a score
To the ladies' fair renowned!
Each dauntless warrior feared no foe:
He'd doff his coat of mail;
For the devil a soul could stand his blow
When he sharped his steel with ale.
Singing, Ale, all ale! &c.

Queen Bess was in her glory quite
To see her yeomen bold;
For they fed on beef, and drank all night
Deep draughts of the brown ale old!
O give me none of your water men,
With their faces lank and pale!
For the boys that can cut and come again
Must quaff whole butts of ale.
Singing, Ale, all ale! &c.

Hurrah! what a sight is the tankard bright
When the sun is glowing hot!
A pound for a pull of the cool delight,
And three cheers for a foaming pot!
'Tis a fountain of joy in seasons all;
'Tis hope when your prospects fail;
For the heart can never droop or fall
When its blood's well warmed with ale!
Singing, Ale, all ale! &c.

This Knight Sir John is a rare old cove,
Quite honest in his way;
And many a maid he's coaxed to love
On a Christmas holiday.
He bids the tender bosom burn,
And Cupid's darts prevail;
Oh, a fine brave soul is Barleycorn;
Let us pledge him now in ale!
Singing, Ale, all ale! &c.

So prate no more of your cognac,
Nor your teeming skins of wine;
Let me of "heavy" have my whack,
I'll never once repine!

I'd meet the devil in the dark,
And cut his swinging tail;
And quench of brimstone every spark—
Why, we'll drown him in good ale!
Singing, Ale, all ale! &c.

The Cockneys may boast of their porter fame,
And deem their "stout" divine;
But they never can claim the glorious name,
Of the ale on the banks of Tyne!
Like that fine stream—clear, old, and good—
It was never known to fail;
Nay, kings have enriched their regal blood
By draughts of Newcastle ale!
Singing, Ale, all ale! &c.

So now, my brave boys, my song is done,
Come listen to my toast:
"May every one who loves the *sun*
Contrive to rule the roast!
May trade in every form increase;
May commerce spread her sail!
May fortune crown the brow of peace;"
Hurrah! for the good old ale!
Singing, Ale, all ale! &c.

Thomas Marshall, another Newcastle celebrity, gave the following good advice to his son in or about the year 1829. The teaching is sound, though somewhat prosy—tempered, however, with a slight love of beer and tobacco.

ROB HOBSON'S ADVICE TIV HIS SON.

A Recitashun.

Rob Hobson sat before the fire,
An' puff'd his baccy smoke,
A pictor ov a gud awd sire,
That can give or tyek a joke;

He puff'd away, luck'd wisely roond,
Wink'd slyly at young Dan,
Then like a mortal, wisdom croon'd,
Thus tiv his son began:

Maw canny lad, ye've noo arrived
At a wild unsartin age,
So wi' me tung aw've just contrived,
A lesson worth a sage—
Luck forward te the sunny side,
The dark side scarcely scan,
An' niver deel wi' dirty pride,
If ye want te be a man.

Tyek a' advice thit ye an get,
Turn not yor heed away,
Or let foaks put ye i' the pet,
Wi' onnything they say,
For informayshun myeks us wise,
An' shows which way te steer;
Be careful—if ye want te rise,
Be canny wi' the beer.

Keep close yor mooth! watch weel yor words;
Afor ye let them oot,
For thowtless speeches myek discords,
An' puts foaks sair aboot;
Keep passion always frae yor door,
Send selfish thowts away,
An' nivor let foaks chawk a score
Ye think ye cannet pay!

Let honesty yor motto be,
Mark weel these words aw say,
For if thor worth ye dinnet see,
Ye'll mebbies rue the day;

Save up te thrive, mind weel yor pense,
Put not yor claes in pawn,
But keep them oot, yorsel te mense,
Thor's nyen fits like yor awn!

Dinnet tell lees, sick ackshuns scorn,
Unworthy ov a man,
Let truth as pure as ye war born,
For ivor be yer plan;
Stick close to frinds that ye've fund true,
Strite-forward, kind, an' free;
Do nowt te myek you conshuns rue,
An' a "happy man" ye'll be!

Here is another local ditty, written in the native dialect by Robert Anderson:—

Our Ellek likes fat bacon weel,
And haver-bannock pleases Dick;
A cowd-lwerd meks lal Wully fain,
And cabbish aye turns Philip sick;
Our deame's for gurdle-cake and tea,
And Betty's aw for thick pez keale;
Let ilk yen fancy what they wull,
Still my delight is good strang yell.

I ne'er had muckle, ne'er kent want,
Ne'er wrang'd a neybor, frien', or kin;
My wife and bairns biun aw I prize—
There's music i' their varra din:
I labour suin, I labour leate,
And chearfu' eat my humble meal;
My weage can feed and clead us aw,
And whiles affords me good strang yell.

What's aw the warl' widout content?
Wi' that and health man can't be peer;
We suin slip off frae frien's and foes,
Then whea but fuils wud feight for gear;

But kings and consuls gowks may fratch;
For me I scworn to vex mysel,
But laugh at courts and owre-grown knaves,
When I've a hush o' good strang yell.

The Newcastle ballad which follows shows the fate which befel Remus, who tried surreptitiously to learn the temperature of Vincent's worts. The ballad is in the Catnach style, and headed

THE FOX CAUGHT IN A BREWHOUSE; OR, HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

A New Edition Corrected.

Tune—"Good-Morrow to your Nightcap."

Oh! listen to my sad mishap,
While joking is in season;
They've caught Old Renny in a trap,
And him depriv'd of reason.
'Twas just behind the barley mow,
The foaming gile he chanc'd to view,
"If beer like Vincent's I could brew,
I'd have a roaring trade, man!"

Out of a window oft he'd stretch
His nose abune the steam, man;
But found the gile beyond his reach,
So hit upon a scheme, man:
To know the heats it was his wish,
So in the gile he thought to fish,
And that wad be a dainty dish
For him, and nyen wad brew, man.

Like fox in fable oft he look'd,
But found he couldn't come at her.
At last for fourteen bob he hook'd
A second-hand thermometer.
He fasten'd to its end a cord,
Then let the thing right ower-board,
Syne drew her up without a word,
Ne'er luikin for a bite, man.

The brewer often fand his vat
  Disturb'd, so chose to watch 'im;
For, by-the-bye, he smelt a rat,
  If only he could catch him.
He came as soft as he could crawl,
And saw the cord hang down the wall,
Then made a cut—but after all,
  It got from him away, man.

"Now hang," says he, "I'm fairly up
  To Renny's sly intention."
So stapled down a spring fox-trap,
  But ne'er a word did mention,
Then to the window went himsel',
And saw exactly where it fell;
"This scheme," says he, "must answer well;
  I'll catch him, never fear, man!"

'Twas on a Sunday morning fine,
  When people were at prayers, man,
He came and straight threw in his line
  Not dreading traps nor snares, man;
The line he found grew hellish tight,
'Twas nick or else a strong bite,
Away he ran in great affright,
  And ne'er was heard of mair, man.

J. Rayson, the Cumberland poet, wrote in praise of Joe Iredale's yel of the High Brewery, Carlisle, and is still used by the worthy proprietor of that famous establishment. It deals a blow at those so-called brewers who trust to drugs instead of malt and hops, and so far chimes in with the remarks I made elsewhere:—

Let Englishmen brag o' their rum frae Jamaica,
The French o' their brandy, auld port, or champagne;
The Scotchman may trump up his sense-stealing whisky,
A flame to the stomach, a thief to the brain.

Scotch, talk as ye will o' yer sure-killing puzzen,
And tell o' its virtues o' bearing the bell;
But give me a bottle to cull my parch'd throttle,
A soul-stirring draught o' Joe Iredale's yel.

Yon lal struttin' puppy, the vain dandy brewer,
May praise round the country his drug water wash;
But now it's weel known he's the king of aw leers,
And his physic yel is the vilest o' trash.
But Joe's yel, like brandy, needs nae yen to trump it—
Just caw for a quart, it will speak for itsel;
In spirits 'twill raise you, but ne'er meck ye crazy,
For malt is the drug o' Joe Iredale's yel.

If ye be a lover, and want words to tell her,
Ye'd speak a fresh tongue wid a drop in yer e'e;
Or should ye e'en differ by teastin' this liquor,
A pot o' Joe's best will suin meck ye agree.
'Twill cure, like magic, aw macks o' disorders,
E'en some that has capt our auld doctor his sel;
Our priest, in his sarmin, paints sin mair alarmin
When he is half full o' Joe Iredale's yel.

Speaking of local customs and local drinks, the following, written by a correspondent in an early number of *Notes and Queries*, may be interesting. It is a novel drink, and should be strengthening and tonic in its effects. There is nothing new under the sun, though we have seen of late years beef-wine, and meat and malt extracts advertised and vaunted as the greatest novelty and finest nostrum ever brought out.

Meat and Malt: "Morocco."

"I was present some time since at a conversation in Cumberland, when a drink peculiar to a place called Leven's Hall, in that county, the seat, I believe, of a branch of the Carlisle family, was mentioned, and described as exceedingly strong ale, in the brewing of which beef or meat was introduced. Having repeated this to

some friends a short time since, considerable doubts were expressed as to the probability or possibility of combining meat with malt and hops, and I consequently wrote to some friends in the north, but have only been able to get the following account: "Morocco is the name of the drink; it is brewed at Levens, near Milnthorp, from a recipe found wrapped up in lead near an evergreen in the old garden. Flesh is certainly introduced, as I believe it to be in the Durham University strong beer. The exact recipe for brewing morocco is kept strictly secret. There is a legend that the secret was brought by a Crusader Howard, and during the civil wars buried where it was found as above some years ago. Helpless, truly, is the state of that man who stoops to drink inferior liquor after imbibing the mighty morocco. It is almost dark, pours like oil, and tastes mild as milk in its treachery."

Lichfield Ale.

Here, Tapster, My Old Anno Domini Broach.

We have a fine example of the virtues of jolly good ale and old, in the case of that old rascal, Boniface, who appears and disappears in Farquhar's "Beaux's Stratagem," act i., scene 1, *temp.* 1707. He was a consummate scoundrel, yet on this occasion no one would venture to question his veracity, whilst his description of good ale is perfect:—

Boniface. Sir, I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire; 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy, and will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next March, old style.

Aimwell. You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

Boniface. As punctual, sir, as I am in the age of my children. I'll show you such ale! Here, tapster, broach number 1706, as the saying is. Sir, you shall taste my *Anno Domini.* I have lived in Lichfield, man and boy, above eight-and-fifty years, and I believe I have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

Aimwell. At a meal you mean, if one may guess your sense by your bulk.

Boniface. Not in my life, sir. I have fed purely upon ale; I have eat my ale, drank my ale, and always sleep upon ale. Now, sir, you shall see [*pours out a glass*]. Your worship's health. Ha! delicious, delicious! Fancy it Burgundy—only fancy it—and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart!

Aimwell. [*drinks*] 'Tis confounded strong!

Boniface. Strong! It must be so, or how should we be strong that drink it?

The foregoing dialogue has been versified in the following stanzas; but, unfortunately, the tune, like those of very many of our good old ballads, has been lost, mislaid, or worn out:—

Here, tapster, my old *Anno Domini* broach,
Just fourteen years old—you may credit my tale;
Its virtues can none in the country approach,
You'll own when you've tasted a tankard of ale.

In Lichfield full fifty-eight years, man and boy,
Has old Boniface liv'd ever hearty and hale;
For his eating, his drinking, his bus'ness, his joy,
Have all been confin'd to a tankard of ale.

'Tis smoother than oil, and no milk is so sweet,
Yet, like brandy, it's strong, I'll go bail;
No amber more clear—faith, you'll own it a treat
To take with old Boni a tankard of ale.

My poor wife, as dead *as the saying is*—ah!
On life till this moment she had not turn'd tail,
Had she copied from me; but she drank usquebaugh,
While I was content with a tankard of ale.

LONDON.

The following versicle from "Poor Robin," *temp.* 1676, refers to the high jinks which were periodically held, amongst other places, at the ale fairs of merrie Islington and Holloway, which

were at one time two very remote suburbs of the great city. Holloway was, and, we may add, is still, famous for the excellence of its cakes, and very properly so.

> At Islington a fair they hold,
> Where cakes and ale are to be sold;
> At Highgate, and at Holloway
> The like is kept here every day;
> At Totnam Court and Kentish Town,
> And all those places up and down.

Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Yea, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Considering that Burton has of late years become the head centre of the brewing trade, owing to its natural advantages in the way of water, which has the peculiar property of retaining whatever saccharine may be put into it in solution for any length of time without undergoing those chemical changes which usually take place in spring or river waters; and seeing the enormous celebrity of the ale, one would naturally look to find its fame celebrated in song more than it has been. This is the best I have found at present. It is quoted in Dr Bushnan's "History of Burton Ale," but it is not stated whether the song is original or select.

BURTON ALE.

> What can avail like the fine old ale,
> The heart's best blood renewing?
> But such good cheer must come from the beer—
> The beer of Burton brewing.
>
> Some croaking folks declared as a hoax,
> 'Tis poison up to the brink;
> But strange to say, these doctors alway
> Dive deep in the self-same drink.

RICHARD

A terrible tale, from Java's vale,
Some trav'lers love to repeat;
An upas tree, they say, you may see,
Pois'ning that dreary retreat.

The air, and the ground, and all around
Are wrapped in the arms of death;
And beasts of prey, and the birds they say,
Drop dead at its slightest breath.

And the chemist's skill, it doth distil
Death drops from this deadly tree;
"'Tis strychnine!" they cry, "and all will die
Who drink pale ale merrilie.

"'Tis that imparts the flavour tart,
Found alone in bitter beer;
Oh! let it not pass; there's death in the glass,
Tho' it sparkles bright and clear.

"Silence, good folks! don't play off your jokes;
Prithee, be just and explain,
How years go by, and men do not die
Who drink it, and drink again.

"Take common sense, let science go hence!
I'm old, yet ne'er will I fail
To drink while I may—night, noon, and day—
A bumper of Burton ale."

Sir Walter Scott, in "Ivanhoe," refers to Burton ale as being famous prior to the reign of Richard I., and an authentic document quoted by Mr Molyneux, the historian of Burton, speaks of a grant of "conventual beer" made by the abbott convent of Burton. The words of Hotspur, in Henry IV.,

Methinks my moiety of Burton here
In quantity equals not one of yours,

nave been ingeniously construed by some into a reference to the beverage of the town.

On the same authority we find that "Athelstane remembered the Abbot of St. Withhold's good ale." (For Burton was already famous for that genial liquor.) "In my mind we had better turn back and bide with the Abbott until the afternoon. It is unlucky to travel where your path is crossed by a monk, a hare, or a howling dog, until you have eaten your next meal."

Somerville, in his poem of "The Miser's Speech," shows how the cockles of the old man's heart warmed overnight under the nfluence of Burton, though in the morning he recalled his mortgages at 6 per cent., and re-issued them at 10 per cent. :—

Thus spoke old Gripe when bottles three
Of Burton ale unlocked his breast,
Resolved to be
A generous, honest, country squire.

The brewery of Allsopp & Co. is traditionally said to be "so old that no one ever heard of its having a beginning. The very land it stood upon was freehold, and that made it out to be older than the Abbey." This view is confirmed by the following gem :—

In a low mountain vale that's refreshed by the gale,
Where the Abbey of Burton once stood,
A brew-house delights the wanderer's sight,
For, believe me, the tipple is good,
How the monks in their day must have swigged it away,
Oh ! they let not a mouthful escape,
Till their cheeks, I suppose, in an afternoon's doze,
Were as purple and plump as the grape.
Tol, lol,
Were as purple and plump as the grape.

The next exquisite morceau is from the pen of a local poetaster. The artist has evidently put in high lights in the way of colour.

This ale must come from Allsopp's vat,
It is so bright and mellow;
There's none but he can brew like that--
Oh! he's a famous fellow!
Such ale as this, wherever sought,
None other could invent, sirs!
'Tis only brewed, 'tis only bought,
At Burton-upon-Trent, sirs.

The doctors may boast of their lotions,
Old women delight in their tea;
But I scorn all such rubbishing potions:
A glass of old Burton for me!
Let the faculty sneer as it pleases,
My recipé never can fail;
The nepenthe that cures all diseases
Is a bumper of Allsopp's prime ale.

Burton ale was first introduced into London as Darbie ale, as it was transferred to that town *en route* for London, and no doubt tampered with on the journey by the process known as "sucking the monkey." The cost of transit also was a great drawback to its general adoption, before Brindsley had intersected the country with his system of canals, or the Trent Navigation Act was passed and carried out. The ale, however, seems to have got into disfavour with certain writers about the end of the seventeenth century, if we may judge from a pamphlet published in 1699, entitled "The Sot's Paradise; or Humours of a Derby Ale-house, with a Satyr upon the Ales." The verses will not bear reprinting *in extenso*, but extracts will suffice:—

When anxious thoughts my troubled brains possest,
And the wild hag rid straggling o'er my breast,
Loaded with sorrow I pursu'd my rest.

To ease my cares I stumbl'd into Ray's,
Sot' Paradise, so famed of latter days;
For Derby ale it bears away the bays.

Through stumbling craggy ways the godly steal
To heaven, where I concluded, without fail,
This narrow path must lead to heavenly ale.

In comes a female tapstress pale and wan,
Sodd'n with fumes of what she'd drank and drawn,
* * * * *
Sir, do you please, I pray, to have your ale
Drawn new or with a little dash of stale?
I gave her answer, and she soon turn'd tail.

One sage old bard next chimney nook was got,
Fix'd as a statue motionless he sat,
His eyes regarding neither who or what.

This speechless image I did most admire—
No Derby could this mortal lump inspire—
Who, like old puss, sat purring o'er the fire.

Then in thrusts one, strives hard to get a place,
Witty in words, and satyr in his face,
Thus boldly speaks in Derby ale's disgrace.

Pop on't, said he, I yesterday stept in,
And drank nine tankards to divert my spleen;
It fail'd, and now I come to drink nineteen.

At Squires' I heard a beau so damn and sink it,
Four tankards numb'd his wits—you wou'd not think it—
He swore we all were clod-skull'd sots who drink it.

With me this smoky clime did not agree;
These sots too grave were, that's too dull for me;
No talk is worse than much loquacity.

After a description of the various frequenters of Ray's, their sayings and doings, the author noticed:—

The ale at last to these weak noddles stole,
Supplied the want of brains in every skull,
And made them merry, tho' it made me dull.

I teas'd and tired with this bear-garden play,
In doleful dumps did for ten tankards pay,
And sick, not drunk, I homewards steer'd my way.

No wonder the sots got fuddled when we read the quantity of Derby which they put away at one sitting. The pamphlet closes with the following

SATYR UPON DERBY ALE.

Base and ignoble flegm, dull Derby ale,
Thou canst o'er none but brainless sots prevail?
Chokes them if new, and sowr art if stale.

Thou drown'st no care, or dost thou elevate;
Instead of quenching drouth, dost drouth create;
Makes us dull sots at an expensive rate.

Old English ale, which upstart fops disdain,
Brew'd by our grandsires, cheer'd the heart of man,
Quench'd drouth with pleasure, and prolong'd their span.

But thou, poor slime! thou art not ale, for why?
Thou neither cheares the heart nor brisks the eye:
The more we drink the more we still are dry.

Rare fat'ning swill, to belly up lean guest,
It feeds a man in six months to a beast,
And gives him bulk for a churchward'n at least.

Puff'd up with thee, dispirited, debas'd,
We into Gray's Inn reel—O pump be prais'd!—
There quench that drouth thy treacly dregs have rais'd.

O'er nipperkins of thee six hours I sit,
Till spent my total, and benum'd my wit,
Thus nothing have, and just for nothing fit.

Our ways or thoughts thou never canst advance
Above the affairs of Poland or of France;
Wounds! thou'rt a booby to a cup of Nantes.

Thou'rt fit for those who are from troubles free;
Thou cur'st no spleen, thou art unfit for me:
I'd's lieve almost drink Adam's ale as thee.

Thou mak'st us fat in little time, 'tis true,
The same will swine's flesh and potatoes do;
They cover flesh, not brains, that follow you.

Thou noble ale! there caudle and unfit
For men of care to drink, or men of wit,
Poor English coffee for a plodding cit.

Guzzle for carmen, foggy and unfine,
For nothing fit but to exhaust your coin,
Water to brandy, and small beer to wine.

Forgive my drowsy muse where o'er she nods,
She's not inspir'd or tutor'd by the gods;
She rhimes o'er ale, others o'er wine, that's odds.

What if you say he's dull, it's no great matter,
Cross muddy ale's a heavy theame for satyr;
Tom Brown be judge, or honest Ben Bridgewater.

The unkindest cut of all against Darby ale occurs in the following dialogue, which was at one time popular, and still gives a picture of the manners of the period at which it was written. It is rather long, but our forefathers "loved a richt guid crack." The reader will judge which of the wordy disputants got the best of the encounter which culminated in a "cussing" match.

A Dialogue between Claret and Darby Ale.

A poem considered in an accidental conversation between two gentlemen. Printed for E. Richardson, 1691.

Two gentlemen meeting on Ludgate Hill.

1st Gentleman. Welcome from the country, dear Harry; what an affliction has your absence been to your friends, who have hardly enjoyed one pleasant hour since you left us.

2nd Gentleman. And I as few minutes. They may talk what they will of the diversions of the country, as hawking, hunting, selling, coursing &c.; there's no true, solid pleasure like a town life. Half-a-dozen honest friends, and as many refreshing bottles of genuine wine, is a pleasure which the country cannot parallel.

1st G. Pardon me there, sir; the very pleasure you speak of you may enjoy to full as much perfection in the country as you can in the town.

2nd G. You would be of another opinion, Will, if you knew what was my usual company: to-day a couple of noisy knights talking of nothing but taxes and politics; to-morrow three or four insipid squires discoursing their horses and dogs as Crop and Dapple, Jowler, Rockwood, Ringwood, and Bowman; two or three days after an old country justice, with five or six rich yeomen, confounding the *Gazettes* and public newspapers with their senseless commentaries. But what need I say more—are not these, think you, very agreeable converse? I am as glad I come again to this dear town as an Englishman who has been six months prisoner at St Maloes is to see his native country once more.

1st G. Then you reckon your coming to town just as the Jews did their return from the land of captivity?

2nd G. Well, let the Jews be in captivity or out of captivity, I care not; but this discourse edifies no more than the relation of the new lights to a blind man: I am for more substantial doctrine. Besides, I hate standing in the street—it looks like men of

business, and those fellows, you know, are my most particular aversion. Let me see, what tavern are we near? where we may meet with a glass of old racy generous wine, such as the gods drink when they're a-dry, for I am resolved not to part with you till we have refresht our understandings to such a pitch that we shall be as witty as poets, as wise as statesmen, and as religious as the council of Trent. What sayst thou, my lad, ha?

1st G. I think, Harry, you need not the additional help of the bottle, for you talk as briskly already as if you were inspir'd. What think you to a dish of settlebrain?

2nd G. Coffee, I suppose you mean? No, no, Will, I never think on't at all; I have about twenty actions against that and small beer. Prithee, no more of that sober discourse, but to the matter in hand: whither shall we go, to the George or the Three Tuns? You know 'em both, I'm sure.

1st G. Yes, as I did Mrs—you know who, about four years ago. Faith, she was a pretty familiar girl 'till she practis'd jilting, and then you are sensible 'tis high time to quit her.

2nd G. Why? Have they disoblig'd you lately by drawing bad wine?

1st G. No, never to my knowledge. To tell you the plain truth, Harry, I drink no wine; and I think the enmity between us is so great that I fear we shall not be friends again.

2nd G. Then I come in a very lucky minute to reconcile you. Come, we will drink one compounding bottle of claret, and see if we can bring matters to an accommodation.

1st G. I'll as soon drink one bottle of aquafortis. Besides, you're deceiv'd if you think to find claret in town. I will not say but there may be such liquor; but a town jilt never went by more names than claret does now. In one place it is Barcelona, in another Navarre, here Syracuse, and there St Sebastian; but the general name they give it is Red Port.

2nd G. Let 'em give it as many names as the Mogul has titles, I care not; come, come, you shall drink one bottle with me.

1st G. Indeed, you must excuse me, Harry, for I swear I will not drink one drop of wine.

2nd G. One may guess as much by your ember-week com-

plexion. You know I hate to press upon my friends too much. What, then, will you drink? or what is your belov'd liquor? for I am resolv'd we part no more with dry lips than half-a-dozen fanatics formerly met together could part without railing at the Government.

1st G. Truly, my ordinary liquor is the product of our own country—good, nappy, well-brewed ale; but when I would regale my sense and treat my palate 'tis generally with a pint or two of Nottingham or Darby.

2nd G. Ha, ha, ha! Ale, quoth you! A man of thy sense and drink such foggy, unedifying stuff? But we will not here descend into the merits of the cause. Come, I have found out an expedient will please us both; let's go to the Wonder within the Gate, and I doubt not that honest Ned B——s will furnish us with liquors both good in their kinds—you with your Darby and me with my claret.

1st G. Agreed. The house stands rarely well for a trade.

2nd G. And no doubt it has it. Sirrah drawer! bid your master bring us up a bottle of Darby and a half-flask of the best red he has in his cellar.

1st G. Now we are set, dear Harry, let's have a short account of some country intrigues of thine; an assignation in a barn may, for variety's sake, please as well as at a lady's lodgings in Pell Mell.

2nd G. Something may be done after a dozen glasses or so; but you shall first oblige me with some piece of wit, satyr, or lampoon, for I know you have been very happy in procuring things of that nature.

1st G. Faith, the town has been very dull this vacation; but this morning I met a friend who gave me a paper of verses which he said pleas'd him. I have not had so much leisure as to read a line of 'em yet; but here they are, and I wish they may be diverting.

2nd G. They will, no doubt. Wit is sometimes as agreeable over a glass, and relishes as well as a neat's tongue or a dish of anchovies. Bless me! 'tis the very subject we could have wisht for—a dialogue between claret and Darby ale. If the

author manages his subject well, we shall have diversion enough though, no doubt; but before we read it we'll take half-a-dozen glasses apiece to the memory of our absent friends.

1st G. With all my heart; and then, I hope, the poem will atone for the dulness of my company.

2nd G. No compliments, Will; but now to the business.

A Dialogue between Claret and Darby Ale:

A kind of Æsop's fable in verse.

A half-flask of Claret standing on the table; a bottle of Darby enters and places himself within half-a-yard of him, at which affront the Claret, in a passion, speaks [*reads*]:—

Claret. What slave art thou, impertinent and rude,
That dares upon my privacies intrude?
Speak quickly, wretch, and tell me who thou art,
Thy business too, or instantly depart.

Darby. Good words will breed no blisters on the tongue,
To call me slave or wretch you do me wrong;
If you provoke me, I perhaps can show
As much of birth and pedigree as you;
For by your poor straw jacket 'tis as plain
As by your questions you're no gentleman.

Claret. Ill-judging fool, who doth by outsides guess,
And value things by their appearances;
My quality I may in time disclose,
But till I know your name we must be foes.

Darby. Since choler o'er your reason doth prevail,
I'll humour you—my name is Darby Ale.

Claret. Your servant; are you, then, that mighty sir
Who have so lately made so great a stir?
You and your cousin-german Nottingham
Had so engrost the breath of airy fame
That all the coffee-houses of the town
Did you their tutelary angel own:

Nay, more, your boldness grew to such a height
That you presume at last to invade my right.

[Well said, old straw bottle, there's an action good in law, and faith I'll lay twenty pounds thou carryest it.]

Darby. My country breeding is, I must confess,
As yet not polisht with a fine address:
I know no wrong I've done; but taxt by you,
'Tis fit your name and quality I knew,
That I may either vindicate the action
Or else submit and give you satisfaction.

Claret. Spoke like a spark; but since I stoop so low
To let thy little self my title know,
Prepare thy ears, and tremble when you hear it,
I am the most immortal liquor Claret,
Sent down to be a charm for mortal cares,
Son of the sun and brother of the stars.

[That's a line I have read in some play or other; but, however, 'tis well enough applyed here.]

Darby. I'm glad I know you, high and mighty sir;
Think you your pompous empty name could stir
My choler? No! your title makes me fear
As much as if you'd been six-shilling beer

Claret. Thou son of earth, thou dull insipid thing,
To level me, who am of liquors king,
With lean small beer! But that thou art not worth
My anger, else I'd frown thee into earth.

Darby. I neither fear your frown nor court your smile;
But if I'm not mistaken all this while,
By other names than Claret you are known.

Claret. You do not hear me, sir, the fact disown;
Some call me Barcelona, some Navar,
Some Syracuse; but at the vintner's bar
My name's Red Port. But call me what they will,
Claret I am, and will be Claret still.

Darby. So needy sparks by several names are known :
It argues knavery to have more than one.
None knows in private what the vintners do,
But there's some roguery hatcht between you two,
Those sons of Bacchus else could never hold.
Why, there's more wine by name of Claret sold
One month in London than a man can guess
To be the product of three vintages.

[*1st G.* Then I think he is pretty even with him, for the vintners do certainly play the devil in their cellars ; and therefore 'twas no ill joke when a brewer's servant, meeting a vintner of his acquaintance, bid him "Good morning, brother brewer."

2nd G. You have heard the plaintiff, and 'twould be unfair not to hear the defendant too. Let me read on.]

Claret. Offspring of elements and grains, forbear,
And press not too inquisitively near
Our mysteries ; for 'tis not fit, you know.
What my old friend the vintner and I do—
What racks and tortures here I undergo—
That 'tis for my amendment done I know,
And I appear all fine at jovial club.

Darby. As flaxing sinner rose from sweating tub,
This diff'rence only lies between you two—
He is by mercury cur'd, by brimstone you.

[*1st G.* There, I think old Darby has given him a home thrust. Come, here's one health of remembrance to all friends in the north for that joke's sake.

2nd G. 'Tis a rude kind of jest, tho'—just like his breeding. But I'll read on.]

Claret. Dull slave, thy empty foolish puns forbear,
Know that more virtue in this flask I bear,
To cheer the blood and make the spirits quicker,
Than is in tuns of thy insipid liquor.

Darby. What mighty difference lies between us two ?
I warm the blood as much, or more, than you.

Claret. You warm the blood! You put it in a flame,
While I with gentle fire just heat the same.
What man with thee one evening's brunt has stood
But rose with aching head and feverish blood?
Whereas my friends could no such symptoms mark,
But rose next morning cheerful as the lark.

Darby. Could you examine Pluto's weekly bill,
You'd find, amongst those crowds his caverns fill,
Forty by drinking wine that thither came
For one by Darby ale and Nottingham.

Claret. Are you his register, so well you know
The state of the departed souls below?
I thought that secret had belong'd to Fate,
But fools of things above them sometimes prate.

Darby. Since you are mov'd, we'll choose another theme,
My want of spirits sure you won't condemn.
I warm the blood, and doctors all agree
When that is brisk the spirits must be free.

Claret. With smileless jests and far-fetcht repartee,
For sure no other wit was caused by thee.
The blood indeed you warm with poysnous fire,
But I yet never heard you could inspire,
Except some Smithfield poets, when they write
And sad and lamentable songs indite;
For I have heard, when liberal draughts of thee
Have warm'd the brains that kept thee company,
Such senseless strains pass currently for wit
As Irish tongue ne'er spoke nor Saff—ld writ;
Whereas the friends that hug me every night
(Not measuring time by hours, but by delight)
Are men of sense, deep judgment, fancy, wit;
When they 'bout me in consultation sit,
Each glass creates some pretty virgin thought
Which but for me had ne'er to light been brought;
For poets, lawyers, orators confess
Their words appear in the most charming dress
When they of me have took a plenteous glass;
If this be true, faith! Darby, thou'rt an ass.

Darby. How strangely you insult and domineer;
You're foreign born, and I a native here:
I thought French breeding was more civiliz'd.
Claret. You scoundrel dog, am I not nat'raliz'd?
The greatest part o' th' nation own my juice,
While they with justice foggy ale refuse.
Darby. But Acts of Parliament 'gainst you are made.
Claret. What seem'd to crush has but advanc'd my trade.
Darby. Then you, it seems (so very great your sense is),
Are above law as saints 'bove ordinances;
But, there may come a time—
Claret. When you shall be
Loaded with shame, disgrace, and infamy.
Back to thy native soyl return again,
While I my grandeur and my pomp maintain;
Thy credit's clearly lost about the town,
And none but red-nos'd sots thy power own,
Else in *Gazette* and advertisements you
Would ne'er have begg'd for custom: is this true?
Darby. Perhaps it may, perhaps it may be not.
May racking gouts, pains, aches be the lot
Of him that drinks thee; may he be more curst
With fev'rish heats and an eternal thirst,
Till raving madness him of sense bereave!
So with these hearty prayers I take my leave.
Claret. What! angry, Darby? Nay, before you go
Pray be so kind as hear my wishes too:
May rheums, defluxions, catarrh *light upon*
Thy favourites; but chiefly *let the stone*
Oppress them so that *in their fits they may,*
To go to hell for ease, devoutly pray;
May palsies rack their joynts, *sharp pains their heads,*
And not one part about their bodies freed
From misery! And so farewell, old Darby,
Born at the Peak, or at the devil's house, hard by.
[*Exit.*]

[*2nd G.* What think you now, Will, who has got the better on't?

1st G. They seem'd to be pretty equally matcht; but I believe the poet loves claret, he seems to be so favourable to that side.

2nd G. He's much in the right on't, for faith, Will, the ale you drink is a most fulsome liquor. Let me feel your pulse. Lord, how hot you are! and your face looks as red as a moon in eclipse. I'm resolved to undertake thy conversion and bring thee over to the faith again; and to-morrow we'll dine at the Rammer, in Queen Street, and swim in claret.

1st G. I begin to be a little sensible of my mistake; but since I am under no vow, wager, or obligation, for once I venture upon one pint to-morrow, but it will be as cold and nauseous to me at first as the bitter draught to the children troubled with the worms.

2nd G. Never think on't. Let the first pint be what it will, the second shall absolutely recover thee from thy dangerous heresy. I am sorry, tho', we must part so soon; but I have business in the city, and fear I have overstaid my time.

1st G. I am sure I am not very fit for business of any sort? this ale has got into my head. I'll go to the playhouse to keep myself out of bad company.

2nd G. A pleasant thought.] [*Exit.*]

Notwithstanding all the disparagement of Darby, as evinced in the foregoing, there seems to have been strength in the liquor, judging of the effect it had on the butcher after indulging with his lay and clerical friends. I have taken the ballad from Mr Llewellyn Jewitt's collection of "Songs and Ballads of Derbyshire."

THE DRUNKEN BUTCHER OF TIDESWELL.

Oh, list to me, ye yeomen all,
Who live in dale or down;
My song is of a butcher tall,
Who lived in Tideswell town.

In bluff King Harry's merry days
He slew both sheep and kine,
And drank his fill of nut-brown ale
In lack of good red wine.

Beside the church this butcher lived,
Close to its gray old walls,
And envied not, when trade was good,
The baron in his halls.
No carking cares disturbed his rest
When off to bed he slunk;
And oft he snored for ten good hours,
Because he got so drunk.

One only sorrow quelled his heart,
As well it might quell mine—
The fear of sprites and grisly ghosts,
Which dance in the moonshine,
Or wander in the cold churchyard
Among the dismal tombs;
Where hemlock blossoms in the day,
By night the nightshade blooms.

It chanced upon a summer's day,
When heather bells were blowing,
Bold Robin crossed o'er Tideswell moor,
And heard the heath-cock crowing.
Well mounted on a forest nag,
He freely rode and fast;
Nor drew a rein 'till Sparrow Pit
And Paislow Moss were past.

Then slowly down the hill he came
To the Chappelle-en-le-Frith,
Where, at the Rose of Lancaster,
He found his friend the smith.

The parson and the pardoner, too,
There took their morning draught;
And when they spied a brother near
They all came out and laughed.

"Now draw thy rein, thou jolly butcher;
How far hast thou to ride?"
"To Waylee Bridge, to Simon the tanner,
To sell this good cow-hide."
"Thou shalt not go one foot ayont
'Till thou light and sup with me;
And when thou'st emptied thy measure of liquor
I'll have a measure wi' thee."

"Oh no, oh no, thou drouthy smith,
I cannot tarry to-day;
The wife she gave me a charge to keep,
And I durst not say her nay."
"What likes o' that," said the parson then,
"If thou'st, thou'st ne'er to rue:
Thou may'st keep thy pledge, and drink thy stoup,
As an honest man e'en may do."

"Oh no, oh no, thou jolly parson,
I cannot tarry, I say;
I was drunk last night, and if I tarry
I'se be drunk again to-day."
"What likes, what likes," cried the pardoner then,
Why tellest thou that to me?
Thou may'st e'en get thee drunk this blessed night,
And well shrived for both thou shalt be."

Then down got the butcher from his horse,
I wot full fain was he;
And he drank 'till the summer sun was set
In that jolly company:

He drank 'till the summer sun went down,
And the stars began to shine;
And his greasy noddle was daz'd and addle
With the nut-brown ale and wine.

Then up arose those four mad fellows,
And, joining hand in hand,
They danced around the hostel floor,
And sang, though they scarce could stand,
"We've aye been drunk on yester night,
And drunk the night before;
And sae we're drunk again to-night
If we never get drunk any more."

Bold Robin, the butcher, was horsed and away;
And a drunken wight was he;
For sometimes his blood-red eyes saw double,
And then he could scantly see.
The forest trees seemed to featly dance
As he rode so swift along;
And the forest trees, to his 'wildered sense,
Re-sang the jovial song.

Then up he sped over Paislow Moss,
And down by the Chamber Knowle;
And there he was scared into mortal fears
By the hooting of a barn owl:
And on he rode, by the Forest Wall,
Where the deer browsed silently;
And up the Slack, 'till on Tideswell Moor
His horse stood fair and free.

Just then the moon from behind the rack
Burst out into open view;
And on the sward and purple heath
Broad light and shadow threw.

And there the butcher, whose heart beat quick
With fears of gramarye,
Fast by his side, as he did ride,
A foul phantom did espy.

Uprose the fell of his head, uprose
The hood which his head did shroud;
And all his teeth did chatter again;
And he cried both long and loud;
And his horse's flank with his spur he struck,
As he never had struck before,
And away he galloped with might and main
Across the barren moor.

But ever as fast as the butcher rode
The ghost did grimly glide—
Now down on the earth before the horse,
Then fast his rein beside;
O'er stock and rock and stone and pit,
O'er hill and dale and down,
'Till Robin the butcher gained his door-stone
In Tideswell's good old town.

"Oh, what thee ails, thou drunken butcher?"
Said his wife as he sank down;
And "what thee ails, thou drunken butcher?"
Cried one half of the town.
"I have seen a ghost, it hath raced my horse
For three good miles and more;
And it vanished within the churchyard wall
As I sank down at the door."

"Beshrew thy heart for a drunken beast!"
Cried his wife as she held him there;
Beshrew thy heart for a drunken beast,
And a coward with heart of hare.

No ghost evened his wit with thine:
The ghost was thy shadow, thou drunken wretch!
I would the ghost were mine."

In another Derbyshire ballad, "The Cocktail Reel," printed in the same collection, the following quatrain occurs—

Oceans to drink being called for,
Hot cuddle-me-buff was the liquor;
Wife of my own Jemmy called for,
Old Hannah cried, "Stephen, play quicker."

Now what is "cuddle-me-buff?" I must confess my ignorance.

Darby was famous for other things besides good drink and drinkers. The world will not willingly let the memory of that famous ram die. When I was a boy in Hampshire it was always a stock song among the ploughmen and shepherds at village festivals, harvest homes, and sheep-shearings. As nearly as I can remember, the first verse in Hampshire dialect was—

As I was garn to Darby, all on a market deay,
I zeed the foinest ram, zur, as ever wur fed wi' heay.
His tail hung down behind, zur, 'twer six yards and an ell,
And he * wur sent to Darby for to ring the market bell.

I don't remember the other verses, and perhaps it is as well; for, if I am not mistaken, they were rather broad.

From Darby and Burton to Birmingham is an easy and natural transition, and the praises of the hardware town have been sung in good style by John Freith, the Birmingham laureat in the latter end of the last and beginning of the present century.

* According to a well-known law in Hampshire, everything is "he" but a Tom cat.

Birmingham Beer.

A new song. *Temp.* 1798.

Tune—"Ye prigs who are troubled with conscience's qualms."

Ye mortals who never, in all your wild trips,
With good humming liquor saluted your lips,
Give ear to my story, ye strangers to cheer,
The pleasure I sing of is Birmingham beer;
'Tis here the salutis of life's to be found;
For merchants who circuit the kingdom around
Declare, on their travels from Thames to the Tweed,
That Birmingham stingo all others exceed.

I grant that fair Nottingham once bore the bell,
That our grandsires ne'er tasted the sweets of good ale;
But our fathers unravelled the myst'ry, and we
Enjoy the best comfort in jocular glee;
It banishes care, and removes all our ills,
We sip at the Fountain, or tipple at Gill's;
Then here, ye Salopians, I beg you'd repair
If wonted to taste of the choicest of beer.

Our true Orthodox, from the barrel fresh come,
Throws the tankard lit up by the strength of the foam;
This strike-fire of nature, prepared right the dose,
Either 'livens or lulls us to gentle repose;
'Tis the spring of invention, a balm that imparts
The cause that promotes and inspires us to arts;
Then who would not wish to partake of the juice
When knowing the feats it is wont to produce?

Let others in vain boast of different places;
But say, can they turn out such plump ruddy faces,
Such free jovial fellows, with cheeks red as roses?
Who swim in October to raddle their noses?

Ye beer-drinking souls, to good-fellowship prone,
That dwell miles a hundred or more from our town,
'Tis well worth your notice amongst us to steer,
If only to taste of fam'd Birmingham beer.

Freeth was either Secretary or President of the Birmingham Book Club, and on him devolved the duty of writing the invitations to the annual gatherings of that learned and sociable body.

Come and take at my table a seat,
(Tho' granting the times may be bad),
Now and then a good dinner I get,
And my share of good ale I have had.

Complaining would be a mere folly;
I ne'er had the GRAVEL nor GOUT;
SHROVE TUESDAY'S the time to be jolly,
So pass the glass briskly about.

Impatient the people are grown,
For news—all suspense to dispel;
At AMIENS the work's nearly done,
In AMITY long may we dwell.

Animosities hence done away,
Bright Commerce enliv'ning the shore,
Let this be the TOAST of the day,
GOOD FELLOWSHIP all the world o'er.

Then follows the invitation for 1800:—

Tho' dear as things are, o'er the sociable cup,
On Friday attend—keep the old Charter up;
Howe'er some may prosper, whilst others are dish'd,
The bulk of the people, 'tis ardently wished
Much larger will see, e'er three signs the sun passes,
Our sixpenny loaves, and our twopenny glasses.

Till old father time ev'ry matter adjusts,
The world will wag on, for its axis ne'er rusts;
And since through the kingdom, 'tis very well known,
More money will still be the minister's tone;
Then let us at present drink sorrow away,
For no man can live without moistening his clay.

The next year, 1801, we have:—

Respecting mankind's old habitual fare,
Whatever new modes are invented;
If WHITE BREAD I can't for my table prepare,
I trust you'll with BROWN be contented.

For support, on a generous public much lies,
Wholesome soup many keeps from starvation;
Good Ale very scarce is, and Christmas Mince Pies,
It seems are almost out of fashion.

On Russia, since England has got a strong claim,
JOHN BULL—as to there a short dance is—
May serve the magnanimous PAUL much the same
As the French serve the Emperor FRANCIS.

Although common food is uncommonly dear,
Endeavour to make the heart gay;
And let at the board, over plain English cheer,
BETTER TIMES be the Toast of the Day.

FOR 1799.

In these plentiful days,
If the heart is at ease,
And you've got a few minutes to spare,
With a friend and a cup,
Keep the old custom up,
And be happy o'er good English fare.

Be the times bad or good,
It is now understood,
That the CENTURY ends with this year,
May the next we begin
Be with Peace ushered in,
And its Blessings diffused far and near.

By reading we find
Constant food for the mind,
But as WAR we have cause to deplore;
As a TOAST whilst I live,
Free and fondly I'll give,
GOOD FELLOWSHIP all the world o'er.

BERSHAM AND BRYMBO.

I don't know who John Wilkinson was (probably a Welsh ironmaster), but the song in his honour is worth reprinting:—

JOHN WILKINSON.

Ye workmen of Bersham and Brymbo draw near,
Sit down, take your pipe, and my song you shall hear,
I sing not of war, or the state of the nation;
Such subjects as these produce nought but vexation.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

But before I proceed any more with my lingo,
You shall drink my toast in a bumper of stingo;
Fill it up, and without any further parade,
JOHN WILKINSON, boys, that supporter of trade.

May all his endeavours be crown'd with success,
And his works, ever growing, prosperity bless;
May his comforts increase with the length of his days,
And his fame shine as bright as his furnaces blaze.

That the wood of old England would fail, did appear,
And though iron was scarce because charcoal was dear,

By puddling and stamping he cured that evil,
So the Swedes and the Russians may go to the devil.

Our thundering cannon too frequently burst,
A mischief so great he prevented the first,
And now it is well known they never miscarry,
But drive all our foes with a blast to Old Harry.

Then let each jolly fellow take hold of his glass,
And drink to the health of his friend and his lass;
May we always have plenty of stingo and pence,
And WILKINSON's fame blaze a thousand years hence.

The adventures or misadventures of a Sussex chawbacon are well set forth in this extract. The provincialisms are noteworthy, and in striking contrast to those which have gone before:—

"For Sister Sal five years ago,
Went off with Squyer Brown;
Housemaid or summat, don't know what,
To live at Lunnon Town.

They 'hav'd uncommon well to Sal,
An ge'ur clothes and dat;
So Sal 'hav'd nashun well to them,
And grow'd quite tall and fat.

A liddle aluss stood close by,
Thinks I, I'll go in here,
An git, ye see, a coger loike
Of good bren cheese and beer.

. . . . . .

Now wost ant was, I cudn't read
De letters on de post;
So sometimes I went round about
An other-while was lost."

And when Tim got to Crayton (Croydon) town, he asked an ostler for a bed :—

"'O'l mate I cum a tejus way,
As far as I be able ;
I'll trate ya wud a pot o' beer
To let me in your stable.'

'Why yahs, ya seem a 'onest man,'
The stable chap did say,
'Ya may lay down in dat dere pen,
Among that good soth hay.'

. . . . . .

Sum sed I wud o'l leather legs,
Sum pointed to ma hat,
An ax'd ma uf a swarm of bees
Was housen under dat !"

"Ale rules the camps, the groves, the forts,
From Land's End to the John o' Groats."

The praises of Edinbro' ale have been said, and they now shall be sung.

Scotland has of late years been more famous for mountain dew and usquebaugh at the gatherings of "Long John" than for ale ; yet we find they can not only brew, but appreciate good malt liquor, as is shown in the following ; and the "Cogie o' Yill" is a grand institution, mon. Of course the convivial and very canny Scot who insists that his friend should "stand his pint stoup first," could scarcely mean to put awa' twa pints o' whisky between two friends at one sitting, though, as a rule, their capacity for the national drink is great. "Johnnie Dowie" was a well-known Edinburgh character who kept a tavern in Libberton's Wynd, which was much frequented by the literary society of the Scottish metropolis at the latter end of the last century. The following squib was printed and circulated among his friends by "Honest" John himself, and published in the *Scots Magazine*

for 1806, and attributed to Burns, who was a frequent visitor of Mr Dowie; but the real author was Mr Hunter, of Blackness. The contents of Dowie's larder are interesting in reference to the resources of an Edinburgh tavern of the period (1789).

JOHNNIE DOWIE'S ALE.

A' ye wha wis', on' e'enings lang
To meet and crack, and sing a sang,
And weet your pipes, for little wrang
To purse or person,
To sere (serious) Johnnie Dowie's gang,
There thrum a verse on.

O, Dowie's ale! thou art the thing
That gars us crack, and gars us sing,
Cast by our cares, our wants a' fling
Frae us with anger:
Thou e'en mak'st passion tak the wing,
Or thou wilt bang 'er.

How bless'd is he wha has a groat
To spare upon the cheering pot!
He may look blythe as ony Scot
That e'er was born:
Gie's a' the like, but in' a coat
An' guide frae scorn.

But think na that strong ale alone
Is a' that's kept by dainty John;
Na, na, for i' the place there's none,
Frae end to end,
For meat can set you better on
Than can your friend.

Wi' looks as mild as mild can be,
Wi' smudgin' laugh, wi' winkin' ee:

An' lowly bow down to his knee,
He'll say fu' douce,
" Whe, gentlemen, wait till I see
What's i' the house."

Anither bow—"Deed, gif ye please,
Ye can get a bit o' toasted cheese,
A crum o' tripe, ham, dish o' pease,
(The season's fittin',)
An egg, or cauler frae the seas,
A fleuk, or whitin'.

A nice beef steak—or ye may get
A gude buff'd herring, reisted skate,
An ingans, an' (tho' past its date)
A cut o' veal;
Ha, ha! it's no that unco late,
I'll do it weel."

O Geordie Robertson, dreigh loon,
An' antiquarian Paton soun;
Wi' mony ithers i' the town,
What wad come o'er ye,
Gif Johnnie Dowie should stap down
To th' grave before ye?

Ye sure wad break your hearts wi' grief,
An' in strong ale find na relief,
War ye to lose your Dowie—chief
O' bottle keepers:
Three years at least, now to be brief,
Ye'd gang wi' weepers.

But, gude ferbid! for your sakes a',
That sic an usefu' man should fa';

For, frien's o' mine, between us twa,
Right i' your lug,
You'd lose a houff, baith warm and braw,
An' unco snug.

Then pray for's health this mony a year,
Fresh thre-'n-a-ha'penny, best o' beer,
That can, tho' dull, you brawly cheer,
Recant you weel up;
An' gar you a' forget your wear,
Your sorrows seal up.

"Another bottle, John!"
"Gentlemen, 't's past twelve, and time to go home."

This last line was a clencher, and brings us to an ignominious ending, suggestive of the "chucker out."

Here is a more modern composition in praise of "Prime Edinburgh ale," written by W. H. Murray, manager of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, and sang to the tune of "Home, sweet home." There are many other capital Scotch songs, which appear in another place.

From the Land's End to Orkney Isle, wherever you may sail,
There's no drink that you can get to match prime Edinbro' ale.
A bottle of John Dryburgh's best will drown all care:
Prime Edinburgh ale is not met with everywhere.

There's several friends of mine whose brains they will slaughter
By drinking large quantities of whisky and water:
They get very fou, and next morning tells the tale—
Now I never has no headaches, 'cos I drink nothing else but ale.

There's another friend of mine, that preaches up sobriety,
Says I ought to be a member of a temperance society.
But to try and drink with me, they'd find it no avail—
I'd keep them all sober, by drinking all the ale.

The following modernised version of an older song shows that the country gentry kept up their old mansions at a bountiful old rate with a good old porter to relieve the old poor at their gate :—

THE DORSETSHIRE 'SQUIRE; OR, A MUG OF NUT-BROWN ALE.

A wealthy 'squire in Dorsetshire
Enjoyed the charms of life;
His time was spent in sweet content,
He never harboured strife.
This happy 'squire of Dorsetshire
Lived in a pleasant vale;
His chief delight, at noon and night,
A mug of nut-brown ale.

The wealthy 'squire of Dorsetshire
Would ne'er the poor oppress;
But ai impart, with cheerful heart,
To merit in distress.
No envious tongue, with venom stung,
'Gainst him did e'er prevail;
'Twas pleasure rare with him to share
A mug of nut-brown ale.

This is a far kindlier philosophy than that of the egotistical humbug who invited "John Brown to come and take a glass in his arbour when he'd pass," but took it out of John by inflicting his crude platitudes upon him without allowing him to get in a word edgeways.

Here is the converse of the foregoing song:—

EPIGRAM ON SIR CHRISTOPHER HAWKINS OF TREWSTHEN.

A large park with no deer,
A large cellar with no beer,
A large house with no cheer.
N.B.—Sir Christopher Hawkins lives here.

DORCHESTER.

At one time "The pale-hued Dorchester and stout nut brown" was the popular drink of London, and that long before Burton was drank to any great extent, since it is noteworthy that the Dorset and Burton ales were better known on the Continent, and in Russia especially, than they were in London. This is readily accounted for by the cost of transit by the common stage waggon as against the cost of shipment by sea. Old Pepys records that the capture of a ship brought him a cask of "North Down ale;" and Mr T. Hardy in his "Trumpet Major" sounds the praises of Dorset ale with no uncertain sound.

"In the liquor line, Loveday laid in an ample barrel of Dorchester 'strong beer.' This renowned drink was not only well calculated to win the hearts of soldiers blown dry and dusty by residence in tents on a hill top, but of any wayfarer whatever in that land. It was of the most beautiful colour that the eye of an artist in beer could desire; full in body, yet brisk as a volcano; piquant, yet without a twang; luminous as an autumn sunset; free from streakiness of taste; but, finally, rather heady. The masses worshipped it, the minor gentry loved it more than wine, and by the most illustrious county families it was not despised. Anybody brought up for being drunk or disorderly in the streets of its natal borough, had only to prove that he was a stranger to the place and its liquors, to be honourably dismissed by the magistrates as one overtaken in a fault that no man could guard against who entered the town unawares."

The strength of the brewage is shown by the following scraps of conversation between two carters from the country who met in the town of Dorchester, when one says: "We mus' hae a quart now, lad. Wer shel us go, you?" The other: "Wer! Why, th' 'Dree Maliners' (a well-known inn in the town), to be sure. Thic's the beer for I, 'tis zo herd's doore nayles. A quart ot ud gie d'had aike vur dree days."

In the Rev. Thomas Cox's "History of Dorsetshire," published A.D. 1700, he states that "Dorchester is famous for a sort of cakes called Dorchester cakes; and since by the French wars

the coming of French wine is prohibited, the people here have learned to brew the finest malt liquors in the kingdom, so delicately clean and well tasted that the best judges not only prefer it to the ales most in vogue, as Hull, Derby, Burton, &c., because 'tis not so heady, but look upon it to be little inferior to the common wines, and better than the sophisticated which is usually sold."

Another extract from Hutchins' "History of Dorset," 1st edition, published about the year 1750, shows that:—On the breaking out of the wars with France, and the prohibition of French wines, malting and brewing were carried here to great perfection, and they sent great quantities of excellent beer to London and foreign parts, but since 1725 this trade is decayed. The trade of malting, however, seems to have been carried on to a great extent in this town at a much earlier period, particularly during the 17th century, when Dorchester was already celebrated for its malt and beer. The increase of this business seems to have occasioned an Act, made 9 and 10 William III., to repeal an Act 39 Elizabeth to restrain excessive making of malt.

That the brewers and malting interests were well looked after is shown by the following Minutes from the Books of the Corporation of Dorchester:—

July 13th, 1631: "Whereas the pavement of the towne streetes are much torne and annoyed by the brewers' carte wheels by reason of the iron bonds, it is now ordered that none of the brewers of this towne shall after the xxiiiith day of August next carry any beere abroad in the towne with iron bonds, &c."

Sept. 11th, 1639: "This day Joseph Michell, of Salisbury, commended upon the company by Mr Bailiff Bury and Mr Dennis Bond for his honesty and abilitie in maulting as they are informed by good testymony is agreed with by the company to make for one year from Michaelmas next of all the mault the hospital brewhouse shall spend and use, and to employ himself and his manservant therein diligently, and his servant to help the brewers when they tonne their beere, and he undertaketh to make good and sufficient mault and to have for wages for him and his

man 30 li., and in beere that is howse spend as much as 3 li. yearly; and the said Joseph agreeth during that tyme to use no other employment for himselfe or his man without the allowance of this company, and he is to take and give account of all the barley he receives in and mault delivered unto the store howses."

The praises of Dorset having been said, they now shall be sung in the local dialect taken from the late Rev. William Barnes' valuable collection of rural poems. The farmers, formerly the farmers' wives, would superintend the brewing of the beer for home consumption. There was the strong beer, the second, and the table beer, or "swankey," as it was irreverently called, and was generally sent to the harvest fields to allay thirst whilst working. At the "nunchëons" and the "nammits" the better quality was discussed.

PRAISE O' DORSET.

We Do'set, though we mid be homely,
  Ben't asheäm'd to own our pleäce
An' we've some women not uncomely,
  Nor esheäm'd to show their feäce:
We've a meäd or two woth mowèn,
We've an ox or two wo'th showèn,
    In the village,
    At the tillage,
Come along an' you shall find
That Do'set men don't sheäm their kind.

    Friend an' wife,
      Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
    Happy, happy be their life!
    Vor Do'set dear,
    Then gi'e woone cheer;
    D'ye hear? woone cheer!

If you in Do'set be a-romèn,
  An' ha' business at farm,
Then woont ye zee your eäle a foamèn!
  Or your cider down to warm?

Woont ye have brown bread a-put ye,
An' some vinny cheese * a-cut ye?
Butter?—rolls o't!
Cream?—why bowls o't!
Woont ye have, in short your vill,
A-gi'ed wi' a right good will?
Friend, &c., &c.

An' woont ye have vor ev'ry shillèn,
Shillèn's worth at any shop,
Though Do'set chaps be up to zellèn,
An' can meäke a tidy swop?
Use em well, they'll use you better,
In good turns they woont be debtor.
An' so comely,
An' so hwomely,
Be the maidens, if your son
Took woone o'm, then you'd cry "Well done!"
Friend, &c., &c.

If you do see our good men travel,
Down a-voot or on their mëares,
Alóng the windèn leänes o' gravel,
To the markets or the feäirs,
Though their ho'ses cwoats be ragged,
Though the men be muddy-laggèd,
Be they roughish,
Be they gruffish,
They be sound, an' they will stand
By what is right wi' heart an' hand.
Friend, &c., &c.

Next to the carols, harvest home songs are probably the oldest extant in praise of beer and hospitality and good cheer generally. The description of harvest home supper and Whitsun "veästs" will be found in the native dialect among the Christmas and

* "Vinny cheese" is the rich blue part of a ripe Stilton, North Wilts, or Dorset cheese.

Whitsuntide songs which I have taken the liberty of transcribing from the Rev. Mr Barnes' invaluable collection.*

According to an old distich, it does not do to mix your liquors—

"Cider on beer is very good cheer,
But beer upon cider's a rider."

By a "rider" is meant that it does not mix with the previous beverage, and thus produces unpleasantness. Here is another reason which those who have partaken of the hospitality of the southern farmers will appreciate:—

"The mugs were large, the ale was wondrous strong."

If I am not mistaken, I believe the Dorsetshire Brewers' Association in general, and Messrs Eldred, Pope & Co. in particular, are taking steps to re-assert their old supremacy, for the ale of the district is as good as ever, or I am no judge. Mr Pope, the worthy initiator of this movement, has honourably fulfilled the duties of Mayor to the ancient borough of Dorchester. "The Ale" only requires to be known in London to be appreciated. I see no reason why they should not do so; the L. and S.W.R. transports "Alton Ale" in large quantities to London. "Brighton Nipper," "Yarmouth Ale," "Stratford Ale," "Dorchester Guinea," and "Youngers' Edinbro'," are all familiar in London and our mouths as household words. Rouse up ye men of Dorset, re-assert your old position; don't drink all the Dorset "yell" yourselves. If, as I would fain hope, this book would be one means of inducing the public to revert back to good honest beer, we ought to have every variety of ales to choose from. London is a big place, and the inhabitants are a drouthy lot, so that the more varieties of ale we have the merrier.

"The want of a drop of good beer
Drives lots to tipple more dear,

* Kegan Paul & Co., Paternoster Square, E.C.

And they licks their wives,
And destroys their lives,
Which they never would do upon beer."

Look to it, ye gentlemen of the Brewery fraternity.

I take the next two Wiltshire dialect songs from Mr Tom Hughes' capital description of the high jinks that went on at the periodical ceremony of "Scouring the White Horse."

TOVEY'S TAP.

Air—"Derry Down."

Old Tovey once brewed a barrel o' beer,
For he war a man as lovèd good cheer;
And, zays he, I'll jest ax a vew o' my vriends
To come and try how the likker spends.
Derry Down.

There's long Tam Ockle, he shall be one,
And little Jack Smith, who's as round as a tun,
And owld Gaarge Mabbutt, who's allus a-dry,
I'll warn they make good company.
Derry Down.

The barrel war tapped, and the beer runned well,
How much they vour drinked I never heard tell;
But zome how or other they one and all
Did zwear as how the drink were small.
Derry Down.

Old Tovey at this did look main scrow,*
Zays he "My vriends I'd hev'ee kneow
That my beer has made 'ee as drunk as pigs,
And not one o' you dree can kip on his legs."
Derry Down.

They left the house, and the path they tuk,
Athert the meadow as leads to the brook;
And you plainly med zee as every man
Had a pair o' crooked stockings on.
Derry Down.

* Angry.

Zays Mabbutt t' Ockle "Olwd Tovey were zurly,"
Zays Ockle t' Mabbutt "I'm uncommon purly; *
Be mindful, I zay, vor yer missusses' zakes,
Which o' them two narrer bridges you takes.
Derry Down.

"The brook is main deep," Gaarge Mabbutt then said,
And he looked at the water, and scratched his yead;
"And I owns I should mazingly like for to know
Auver which o' they bridges you aims for to go.
Derry Down.

'Tis an akkerdish place to cross in the night,
And to stand here till mornin' wouldn't be right;
'Taint a mossell o' use to bide slubbering here,
Zo let's go back and vinish the barrel o' beer."
Derry Down.

THE SHEPHERD'S SONG.

Come all you shepherds of minds for to be,
You must have a gallant heart,
You must not be down-hearted,
You must a-bear the smart;
Let it be hail or rain or snow,
For there is no ale to be had on the hill
When the wintry wind doth blow.

When I kept sheep on White Horse Hill
My heart began to ache,
My old ewes all hung down their heads,
And my lambs began to bleat;
Then I cheered up with courage bold,
And over the hill did go,
For there is no ale to be had on the hill
When the wintry wind doth blow.

* Purblind.

I drive my sheep into the fold
To keep them safe all night,
For drinking of good ale, my boys,
It is my heart's delight.
I drive my sheep into the fold,
And homeward I did go,
For there is no ale to be had on the hill
When the wintry wind doth blow.

We shepherds are the liveliest lads
As ever trod English ground,
If we drops into an ale-house
We values not a crownd.
We values not a crownd, my boys,
We'll pay before we go,
For there is no ale to be had on the hill
When the wintry sun is low.

The annexed stanzas are from an old ballad known as "The Wiltshire Wedding," reproduced in Chappell's old English songs and melodies; the verses describe the outfit and attire of a Wiltshire rustic:—

All in a misty morning,
Cloudy was the weather,
I meeting with an old man
Clothèd all in leather,
With ne'er a shirt upon his back,
But wool unto his skin,
With how dye do, how dye do, and how dye do again.

The rustic was a thrasher,
And on his way he hied,
And with a leather bottle
Fast buckled to his side,
And with a cap of woollen
Which covered cheek and chin,
With how dye do, &c.

Here are two other stanzas, containing the shepherd's supper bill-of-fare from Pratt's operetta, "Love's Trials":—

"Then a sheaf of good bread, nice and brown as a nut,
Or on curds he regales white as snow,
With the maid that he loves he partakes of the fruit,
That thinking of her he in scrip did well stow.

Then tales full of glee go gossiping round,
As round the good nut brown most nimbly doth trot,
Whilst shepherd sits singing his cares all away,
Till on quills of fair straw to his bed he be got."

John Taylor, the water poet, who flourished 1584-1654, was the most voluminous writer on beer of his day—among others, his address to the men of Wiltshire, which is worth reproducing:—"I am assured there are many good men in the city and county of Wiltshire, and others of worth and good respect in this kingdom who would willingly and bountifully assist this good work; but (like gossips' new style) they stand straining courtesy who shall go first. You have already begun a charitable work amongst you; I mean your common town brewhouse, the profits of which you intend shall be wholly employed for the supply of the poor and impotent, which live in your city; from which sort of people (being such a multitude) the brewers there have found their best custom; for no doubt but the meanest beggar amongst you is (in some sort) more valiant than the richest man; because the one dares spend all he hath in at the alehouse, so dares not the other; for the poor man drinks stiffly to drive care away, and and hath nothing to lose; and the rich man drinks moderately, because he must bear a brain to look to what he hath."

In the ancient Cornish customs, as given by Mr Robert Hunt in his entertaining volumes on the drolls and legends of Cornwall, "Bet of the Mill" relates to the squire how madame and herself passed the time away in spinning whilst the other company were out at a "guise dancing." They agreed to spin for pastime, and for that purpose:—

"We took the rushes up from the floor,
From up by the chimney, down by the door.
When we had the wool corded ready to spin,
It came into our heads before we'd begin
We'd have a jug of hot spiced beer,
To put life in our heels, our hearts to cheer.
So we drank the health of one and all,
While the holly and bays look'd bright on the wall."

On the 27th August 1660, Pepys records, "Came a vessel of North Down ale from Mr Pierce, the purser, to me, and a brave turkey carpet, and a jar of olives," &c., &c.

WALES.

"To the praise of Gambinius, that old British King
Who devis'd for the nation (by the Welchmans tale)
Seventeen hundred years before Christ did spring,
The happie invention of a pot of good ale."

When Randall wrote the above in 1642, he doubtless only gave currency to a tradition then extant, which went to show, what is a matter of fact, that the Welsh were ale drinkers from a very early period. The tradition also confirms Archdeacon Rollestone, in his learned dissertation on the high antiquity of the drink. When the Romans came over they found the aborigines were no strangers to that liquor which served to strengthen their bodies and exhilarate their spirits. In the Court of Wales the brewer was a high functionary, taking the precedence of physicians. There were three things which were communicated to the king before being made known to the world at large.

1. Every sentence of the judge.
2. Every new song.
3. Every cask of ale.

The estimation in which Welsh ale was looked upon is shown by a grant of some abbey lands by the Abbot of Peterborough, in the year 852, under reservation of certain payments in kind, as specified. "One night's entertainment, ten vessels of Welch. and two of common ale, sixty cart loads of wood, and twelve of

pit coal." Showing that coal began to be had as fuel at an early date, though not generally. Wallice gives the lists of the sixteen great officers of the Court of a King of Wales, and their respective ranks. 1. The Mayor of the Palace, who was also General of the Army. 2. The Priest of the Household, who sat at the Royal table, to bless the meat and chant the Lord's Prayer. 3. The Steward, one of whose perquisites was as much of every cask of plain ale as he can reach with his middle finger dipped into it, and as much of every cask of ale with spiceries as he can reach with the second joint with his middle finger, and as much of every cask of mead as he can reach with the first joint of the same finger. 4. The Master of the Hawks, who, among other things, stipulated that he would drink no more than three times, lest he should become intoxicated and neglect his birds. 5. The Judge of the Household, the most indispensable of whose qualifications were a learned education and a long beard; he presided at the contests of the poets and musicians, which were frequently held before the King. 6. The Master of the Horse. 7. The Chamberlain, one of whose obligations was to provide clean straw and rushes for the King's bed. 8. The Chief Musician or Bard. This officer was highly esteemed, and sat at the King's table. 9. The Silentiary, whose duty it was to preserve order when the King took his seat—"Gentlemen, *pray*, silence for the Chair." 10. The Master of the Horse, who was not required to take an oath in the ordinary way, but to swear by his horses and dogs. 11. The Mead Maker, who would presumably be the Brewer as well. 12. The Physician, whose fee for curing slight wounds were the garments that had been stained with blood. 13. The Butler. 14. The Porter, who combined the duties of Gentleman Usher to the King, and was entitled at all great festivals to three horns full of a certain liquor called the "Twelve Apostles." 15. The Master Cook.

This shows that beer and poetry ranked equally in the estimation of the Ancient Cymry, and the bards tuned their harps and sang the praises of ale in solo and in chorus:—

"A word in praise of our Welse drink,
And yet for aull that is a cup of *Bragat*,

Aull England's seer may cast his cup at.
And what say you to the ale of Webly,
Toudge him well, you'll praise him trebly,
As well as Methylin, or Syder, or Meath,
Sall sake it your dagger quite out of the seath.
And oat cake of Guarthenian,
With a goodly leek or onion,
To give it as sweet a relis,
As e'er did Harper Ellis."

In the proverbs of Hendyng, who wrote about the end of the 13th century, he inculcates the duty of hospitality.

Hast of bread and ale no lack,
Put not all in thine own sack,
But scatter some about.
Art thou free with thine own meals,
Where another his meat deals
Go'st thou not without.
"Better apple gi'en nor eaten;".
Quoth Hendyng.

Yef thou havest bred ant ale,
Ne put thou nout al in thy male,
Thou del it sum aboute.
Be thou fre of thy meeles,
Wher so me eny mete deles,
Gest thou nout withoute.
"Betere is appel y-geve then y-ete;"
Quoth Hendyng.

Knowing how thoroughly poetic the Welsh nation are, and the plaintive nature of their music, I have been greatly disappointed in finding so few of their songs and ballads translated into English. Even the few we have lack the spirit of the originals. In some respects, perhaps, the language does not lend itself to translation; a few words like the following would be what Dick Swiveller would call a "staggerer"—"Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllgertrobwllylandysiliogogogoch."

Then again, the particular kind of metre known as the Englyn is only adapted for declamation, and not for song. I can but regret that so much good poetry as the Welsh possess should lie buried in the language, and so utterly lost to the outside world, and cannot help thinking that the National Eisteddfod Association would do better if they would arrange to issue some really good and worthy renderings of their old Bardic lays and traditions. There is a wealth of material. George Borrow did something in that way.

Iolo Goch, or Red Julius, the bard of Owen Glendower, records the glories of his patron's mansion, and above all, his unbounded hospitality:—

"What luxury doth his hall adorn,
Showing of cost a sovereign scorn!
His ale from Shrewsbury town he brings;
His usquebaugh is drink for kings.
Bragget he keeps, bread white of look,
And, bless the mark, a bustling cook.
His mansion is the minstrel's home,
You'll find them there whene'er you come.
Of all her sex his wife's the best,
The household through her care is blest;
She's scion of a knightly tree,
She's dignified, she's kind and free.
His bairns approach me, pair by pair,
O what a nest of chieftains fair!
How difficult it is to catch
A sight of either bolt or latch;
The porter's place here none will fill;
Here largess shall be lavish'd still,
And ne'er shall thirst or hunger rude
In Sycharth venture to intrude."

Iolo composed the ode of which the foregoing is an extract, when he was over 100 years old, and he lived himself to be over 118 years, so that the air and ale of Wales agreed with him. His patron was not so long lived; he died at the age of 67.

"One thousand four hundred, no less and no more,
Was the date of the rising of Owen Glendower;
Till fifteen were added, with courage ne'er cold
Liv'd Owen, though latterly Owen was old."

"In Cambria we are born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add that we are honest."

The code of honour is strict but patriotic:—

"Three things should a Cumro always bear in mind lest he dishonour them: his father, his country, and his name of Cumro.

"There are three things for which a Cumro should be willing to die: his country, his good name, and the truth wherever it be.

"Three things are highly disgraceful to a Cumro: to look with one eye, to listen with one ear, and to defend with one hand.

"Three things it especially behoves a Cumro to choose from his own country: his king, his wife, and his friend."

In the poem of the "Sleeping Bard," by Elis Wyn, translated by George Borrow, we have a pretty full account of a drinking match. "From thence we went to a place where we heard a terrible noise, a medley of striking, jabbering, crying and laughing, shouting and singing. 'Here's Bedlam, doubtless,' said I. By the time we entered the den the brawling had ceased. Of the company, one was on the ground insensible; another was in a yet more deplorable condition; another was nodding over a hearthful of battered pots, pieces of pipes, and oozings of ale. And what was all this, upon enquiry, but a carousal of seven thirsty neighbours,—a goldsmith, a pilot, a smith, a miner, a chimney-sweeper, a poet, and a parson who had come to preach sobriety, and to exhibit in himself what a disgusting thing drunkenness is! The origin of the last squabble was a dispute which had arisen among them about which of the seven loved a pipe and flagon best. The poet had carried the day over all the rest, with the exception of the parson, who, out

of respect for his cloth, had the most votes, being placed at the head of the jolly companions, the poet singing:—

'O where are there seven beneath the sky
Who with these seven for thirst can vie?
But the best for good ale these seven among
Are the jolly divine and the son of song.'"

The company were certainly a little mixed, and a big drunk resulted, besides, the Welsh ale is strong. It used to be well known in London, where the windows of the houses were adorned with pictures of Welsh women in their native custom; and the men of Wales met in a far-off city, and wished themselves back again.

The only dialect song I can give is one in praise of the brewer rather than his brewage, and this will give my readers an idea of the difficulties I have pointed out in the way of translation—

I'r Rhaglywydd, Dafydd Williams, Ysw.,

The Taff Vale Brewery.

By Nathan Dyfed.

Cymro gwiw enwog o anian—haelwech,
Yw Williams, Lyw diddan,
Dawn a chof gwydn, a chyfan,
O hil glwys, Bencenedl glan.

Ein Dyn, oll yw, dawn alluawg—uchel
Fasnachydd toreithiawg—
Haelionus i'r rheidus yr hawg
Yw bri ei glod—bor goludawg.

Rhodio'n neflon ei Hynafiaid—y mae
Mewn hoff swyn bendigaid,
Fel iawn Arwr ei flaenoriaid
Ym Mynyw, a grym Huein graid.

Onid yw swn enw "Dewi Sant"—iddo
'N foddus, fel adgofiant,
A hoff lith, am Ddyfed, a'i phlant—sorchawg,
Ei daiar, a'i gwenawg der ogoniant?

Oes o lwydd gwir sylweddol—a gaffo
'N deg effaith hanfodol—
A Gwynfa'n ei ran, ar ol,
Yn gu haddef dragwyddol.

The following is a literal rendering and also a prose pæan in honour of DAVID WILLIAMS of the Taff Vale Brewery:—

"Williams, our jovial ruler, is a most worthy Welshman; famous for his liberality, gifted with strong parts, a virtuous chief of a venerable race.

A man of thorough abilities, a merchant of probity and fruitful resources, his fair fame having but one fault—his extreme generosity to the necessitous.

He follows in the footsteps of his ancestors—the delightfully charmed existence of a worthy representative of his predecessors at St David's.

Is there not to him a charmed recollection in the sound of St David's name; the fond story of Demetia, her beloved children, her soil, and her radiant glory?

May his be a life of unqualified success, and, hereafter, may Paradise be his everlasting home."

Here is an obit of a Welsh gentleman who loved his ale—

"November 30, 1793, died at Beaumaris, William Lewis, Esq., of Llandisman, in the act of drinking a cup of Welsh ale, containing about a wine quart, called a *tumbler maur*. He made it a rule, every morning of his life, to read so many chapters in the Bible, and in the evening to drink eight gallons of ale. It is calculated that in his lifetime he must have drunk a sufficient quantity to float a seventy-four gun ship. His size was astonishing, and he weighed forty stone. Although he died in his parlour, it was found necessary to construct a machine in form of a crane, to lift his body on a carriage, and afterwards to have the machine in a churchyard to let him down into the grave.' He went by the name of the King of Spain, and his family by the different titles of prince, infanta, &c."

I hoped at one time to have been able to have secured some Irish beer songs, but found that such a chapter would very much resemble that on snakes in Iceland—there are none. Moore wrote some charming Anacreontics in praise of drink and the Cruishkeen Lawn, and the poets have sung the glories of potheen, but none have sung the praises of ale in the rich and racy Milesian brogue.

I have alluded to the energy with which the Dorsetshire Brewers are reviving the glories of the erstwhile famous ale. I regret to learn from the *Morning Post* of October 4th, 1877, that there is a sad falling off in the neighbouring county of Zummerzet, both in their beer and cheese.

"This," says the *Post*, "is an unpalatable truth to those men who are the true descendants of the men of whom old Fuller wrote, and who boasted in his days that their pastures were so fruitful 'with the zun and zoil alone, that they needed no manuring,' and who were themselves 'so highly conceited that they conceived it a disparagement to be born in any other place.' The cheese, ale, and broadcloth of Somerset have had a noble history, and one of which its men may well and justly be proud, but foreign competition is proving an insidious foe to all. One of the largest—if not the largest—brewery in the county is one where light Anglo-Bavarian ales are sent out,—stuff at which the stolid men of old Fuller's times would have turned up their noses, but which is much relished in these days of more active brainwork and rapid progress. Where also is the famous broadcloth of the county—thick, board-like, firm, and ever-wearing? About two miles from the town of Frome, and covering some acres of land, are the ruins of a factory which fifteen years ago was employing something like four hundred hands. A Somersetshire man would swear by the cloth turned out from this factory. But it was too good for this generation, and except occasionally, people would not buy a suit of clothes of a quality to last them for ten or fifteen years, or as in the case of the broadcloth Sunday suit, for a life-time. The dismantled factory and echoing ruins are now as much a memorial of a past time as is the finest ruin of a Norman Castle.

CHAPTER XIII.

TRADE SONGS.

"Beer, happy produce of our isle,
Can sinewy strength impart,
And, wearied with fatigue and toil,
Can cheer each manly heart."

Most of the trades have some songs intended to be sung on convivial occasions. I can only give a few of these, but they each have a distinctive character. Charles Dibden's song of "The Thrasher" is one of the best; it appears in the "Melodist" for 1817. The song survives, though the thrasher with his flail is almost as extinct as a dodo.

The Thrasher.

By Charles Dibden.

Can any king be half so great,
So kind, so good as I?
I give the hungry food to eat,
And liquor to the dry.
My labour's hard; but still 'tis sweet,
And easy to endure;
For, while I toil to thrash the wheat,
I comfort rich and poor.
And I merrily sing, as I swing round the flail,
My reward, when work's over, a jug of brown ale.

If from wheat the bread is born,
Our miseries to cheer,
'Tis merry Sir John Barley-corn,
Supplies us with the beer;

Besides, while thus I thrash the corn,
Our pleasures to ensure,
I for my neighbours' good was born,
A baker and a brewer;
For I bake, and I brew, and I swing round my flail,
To provide them with bread and a mug of brown ale.

'Tis for myself, when all is said,
I work thus with such glee;
Then, if for others I make bread,
My labour's bread to me.
For other mouths I must provide,
My children must be fed;
My wife, and some sick friend beside,
Who cannot earn his bread:
With these notions I merrily swing round my flail,
My reward, when work's over, a mug of brown ale.

And when my mortal race near run,
All toil and labour vain,
A jolly thrasher, shall my son
His crazy dad maintain.
Thus will I work, and laugh, and sing,
And at my thrashing toil;
Unless I'm called on by my king
To guard my native soil:
Then, accustomed to thrashing, I'll swing round the flail,
And thrash the proud foe, to secure my brown ale.

Roger Ruff, the Ploughman: or, A Drop of Good Beer.

1.

I'm Roger Ruff the ploughman,
A ploughman's son am I;
And like my thirsty feyther,
My throttle's always dry.

Tho' the world goes wrong, to me 'tis right,
What needs I interfere,
I sings and works from morn till night,
And then I drinks my beer.
Chorus.—For I likes a drop of good beer, I does,
I'm fond of a drop of good beer, I is,
Let gentlemen fine sit down to their wine.
But I shall stick to my beer.

II.

There's Sally, that's my wife, sirs,
Likes beer as well as me,
And seems as happy in life, sirs,
As woman could wish to be.
She minds her home, takes care o' the bairns,
No gossiping neighbours near;
And ever as Saturday night comes round,
Like me she drinks her beer.
Chorus.—For Sally likes a drop of good beer, she does,
She's fond of a drop of good beer, she is,
Let gentlemen fine sit down to their wine,
But Sally likes her beer.

III.

And there's my dad, God bless him,
Tho' now turned eighty-five;
Hard work could ne'er distress him,
He's the happiest man alive.
Tho' old in age, he's young in health,
His heart and head both clear;
Possess'd of these, he needs no wealth,
But still he likes his beer.
Chorus.—My feyther likes his beer, he does,
He's fond of a drop of good beer, he is,
Let gentlemen fine sit down to their wine,
But feyther likes his beer.

IV.

So lads need no persuasion,
But send your glasses round;
We'll never fear invasion,
While barley grows i'th' ground;
May discord cease, and trade increase,
With every coming year;
With plenty crown'd, content, and peace,
We'll sing and drink our beer.
Chorus.—For we likes a drop of good beer, we does,
We be fond of a drop of good beer, we is,
Let gentlemen fine sit down to their wine,
But we shall stick to our beer.

The cooper's song, by R. Glindon, not only points morals, but could, in the hands of a skilful novelist, be made to adorn tales:—

THE COOPER.

Air—"Over the Water to Charlie."

A comical thought popped into my head,
This morning as day was just peeping,
I might have been dreaming, for I was in bed,
But I do not believe I was sleeping.
I thought that the world was a *cooperage large*
And compared (tho' perhaps it surprises),
Mankind (if I rightly my memory charge),
To *barrels* and *casks* of all sizes.

Chorus.

Then listen this time to my comical rhyme,
Push the *kilderkin* merry as troopers
While I show short and tall, earth's a *cooperage* all,
And *mankind* they are all of 'em *coopers.*

The *rich living alderman* burly and fat
(I work every cranny and quirk in)
Adds one to the number, for he's a *vat*
With two legs, each a fine butter *firkin;*
The *drunkard* you'll find a fine *butt* for a joke,
Well-seasoned—I'll give him a rash rub,
With a well burnt *inside*, he's a *barrel of smoke*,
And pitches *head* first in *Death's mash-tub.*
Then listen, &c.

I'll prove to a tittle the child altho' little,
A *cooper* (don't think my muse drooping),
The *baby* don't scoff, when it catches a cough,
The first thing it does it goes *hooping*,
Tho' daddy mayhap, a large spoonful or pap,
Down its throat in a hurry does chuck it;
Mammy's fears do prevail, and she quickly turns *pale*,
Lest the infant perchance kick the *bucket.*
Then listen, &c.

If it wasn't for *coopers* we couldn't exist,
Nor enjoy our roast beef, greens and gravy,
If no *cooper* would *work*, good-bye barrelled pork,
And salt beef for the army and navy.
Old John Barleycorn forced to draw in his horn,
Malt and hops too (I'm no idle talker),
Would be brought to their *bier* should no barrels appear,
That would give brother *bungs* each a *corker.*
Then listen, &c.

Ne'er may *coopers'* work cease, but *barrels* increase,
And *coopers'* good orders still win 'em,
England boast of rich crops, good malt, and fine hops
To furnish good stuff to *put in 'em.*
E'er I finish my *stave*, a word more I would have,
May the man miss his breakfast and luncheon,
Who would injure the trade, and some *coopering* blade,
Some day give his *hogshead a puncheon.*
Then listen, &c.

The Teetotal chaps, don't value good *schnapps*,
Nor your rundlets of *rum* of *Nantzee*,
No *barrel* nor *butt*, do they value a jot,
But a *water-butt*, that's all they fancy.
Yet the *coopering* blade, can dispense with their aid
And enjoy each his *pipe* in foul weather.
They have found out at length that *unity's* strength,
Like the *staves the hoop binds firm together*.
Then listen, &c.

Thrashers and agricultural labourers were not the only class of people who enjoyed good "yel." Prynne, in his "Histrio Mastix," gives the following:—

THE PLAYER'S SONG.

The nut-brown ale, the nut-brown ale,
Puts down all drinke when it is stale,
The toast, the nutmeg, and the ginger,
Will make the sighing man a singer.

Ale gives a buffet in the head,
But ginger under proppes the brayne;
When ale would strike a strong man dead,
Then nutmegge tempers it againe.

The nut-brown ale, the nut-brown ale,
Puts downe all drinke when it is stale.

It would be as well if every domestic squabble could be settled as easily as those which occurred between Joe the miller and his wife. The song is not over-refined, but the sentiment is all right.

THE MILLER AND HIS WIFE.

Poor Joe, the miller, loved good ale,
And oft would spend his bob—
His wife, poor soul, would ofttimes rail,
And swear she'd break his nob;

They'd fight and quarrel—make it up,
Each vowed they'd look it over,
They d kiss and sup, and take their cup,
And then to bed in clover.
Tol de rol.

He ne'er would listen to advice
That his poor wife did give him,
Nor nothing e'er would him suffice,
Like to the joys of drinking;
One night he brought home pots of ale,
And made his wife well fuddled,
They kissed and hugged—no spouse did rail,
But went to bed and cuddled.
Tol de rol.

And when the rosy morn appeared,
They went to work together,
And laughed and joked 'till it came night,
With hearts as light as feather;
They then would both together sup,
Together they would muddle,
And, drunk as sows, they'd leave their cup,
And reeled to bed and cuddle.
Tol de rol.

Military men have always been noted for their love of good liquor.

"Then let me the cannikin clink, clink,
Then let me the cannikin clink,
A soldier's a man, and life's but a span,
Why then let a soldier drink."

James Grant, in his history of Arthur Blaine, shows how the hero made matters pleasant, when he had been taken a prisoner of war in Alsace. "At a wayside beer-house I entertained him and the musketeers of my escort with cans of beer each; an act of attention which won me their entire good-will. The sergeant drank to my health and better fortunes, as he raised the huge tankard to his lips and held it there, with the cheek-plates

of his morion and his long bushy moustaches dipping in the froth, till the contents were drained to the bottom."

The Military Toper.

From "The British Orpheus."

How stands the glass around?
For shame, ye take no care, my boys;
How stands the glass around?
Let mirth and wine abound.
The trumpets sound:
The colours flying are, my boys,
To fight, kill, or wound;
May we still be found
Content with our hard fare, my boys,
On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys!
Why, soldiers, why,
Whose business 'tis to die?
What! sighing? fie!
Damn fear, drink on, be jolly, boys!
'Tis he, you, and I.
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,
(I mean not to upbraid you, boys),
'Tis but in vain,
For soldiers to complain:
Should next campaign
Send us to him that made you, boys,
We're free from pain;
But should we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady,
Cures all pain.

The hero of the subjoined tragedy would have been happy with his "nappy" had he kept out of love.

THE COBBLER.

A cobbler there was, and he liv'd in a stall,
Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen, and hall;
No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate,
No ambition had he, nor no duns at his gate.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy,
If at night he could purchase a cup of brown nappy;
He'd laugh then and whistle, and sing too most sweet,
Saying, just to a hair I've made both ends meet.
Derry down, &c.

But love, the disturber of high and of low,
That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau,
He shot the poor cobbler quite thro' the heart,
I wish it had hit some more ignoble part.
Derry down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay,
Her eyes shone so bright when she rose every day,
That she shot the poor cobbler straight over the way.
Derry down, &c.

He sung her love-songs as he sat at his work,
But she was as hard as a *Jew* or a *Turk:*
Whenever he spoke, she would flounce and would tear,
Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.
Derry down, &c.

He took up his awl, that he had in the world,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd,
He pierc'd through his body instead of the sole:
So the cobbler he died, and the bell it did toll.
Derry down, &c.

Here is a three-man-song not quite so doleful as the foregoing. from "The Shoemaker's Holiday," 1600.

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed:
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

Trowl the bowl, the jolly nut-brown bowl,
And here, kind mate, to thee,
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
And down it merrily.

Down a down, hey down a down,
Hey derry, derry, down a down,
Ho, well done, to me let come,
Ring compass gentle joy.

Trowl the bowl, the nut-brown bowl,
And here, kind mate, to thee,
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
And down it merrily.

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed;
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

Tinkers have always been famous drinkers and fitting members of the jovial crew.

"His pot and his tost in the morning he takes,
And all the day long good music he makes;
He wanders up and down, to wakes and to fairs,
He casts his cap, he casts his cap at the Court and its cares."

The next is a part song from Hilton's "Catch as Catch Can." By William Child. 1652.

THE TINKER'S SONG.

Now God be with old Simeon,
For he made cans for many an one,

And a good old man was he;
And Jinkin was his journeyman,
And he could tipple off every can;
And thus he said to me,
To whom drink you?
Sir Knave, to you.
Then hey ho, jolly Jinkin,
I spy a knave in drinking,
Come trole the bole to mee.
Now God be with old Simeon, &c., &c.

In the old ballad of Michaelmas term, 1655, the following stanza occurs:—

The jovial watermen trim up their botes,
And to be more pliant in plying their fares
With strong beer and ale they do licker their throats,
For which they wil wander to the ale-house by pairs.
And, if the frost do not their labour prevent,
Abundance of money they daily will earn,
Which in the vacation will freely be spent,
And then they will think upon Michaelmas term.

There is not much morality in the annexed beggar's song, which appeared first in "The pythie and pleasant comœdie of, The Three Ladies of London," black letter, written by R. W., 1592:—

To the wedding, to the wedding, to the wedding go we.
To the wedding a begging, a begging all three.
Tom Beggar shall brave it, and Willy will too,
Simplicite shall knave it wherever we go;
With lustily bravado take care that care will,
To catch it and snatch it we have the brave skill.
Our fingers are lime twigges, and barbers we be,
To catch sheets from hedges most pleasant to see;
Then to the ale wife round we set them to sale,
And spend the money merrily upon her good ale.
To the wedding, to the wedding, to the wedding go we,
To the wedding a begging, a begging all three.

Anent beggars and swashbucklers, the Alsatians, who claimed sanctuary in Whitefriars, had a high old time according to Sir Walter Scott in "The Fortunes of Nigel." The Council of State in Alsatia, who met under Duke Jacob Hildebrod to transact the affairs of the Commonwealth, had first the morning draught at seven o'clock, the second for the ante-meridian or whet, and were so prodigal of the labours on behalf of the State that they seldom broke up before midnight.

Benjamin Suddlechop, the barber of Alsatia, must have been a useful man. He could on occasion draw a cup of beer as well as a tooth, tap a hogshead as well as a vein, and wash with a draught of good ale the mustachioes which his art had just trimmed.

"For he wasn't like one of these dentists in town,
Who for drawing a grinder would charge you a crown,
But oh! if you'd only give him the job,
He'd draw you all over the shop for a bob."

Both the Alsatians and—later, in the days of the old Fleet prison—the Acolytes had to pay their footing according to their means. It were better for the new-comer to do it with a good grace, like old Pickwick did in treating his fellow-prisoners, and above all the turnkey, liberally:—

And now, my lad, take them five shilling,
And on my advice in future think;
So Billy pouched them all so willing,
And got that night disguised in drink.

The following is the lament of a by-gone race of pot-boys who in older days cheerily cried, Beer Ho! and carried their double row of full shiny pots in a three-sided oblong box in one hand, a full can for replenishing in the other. The metre might be improved, but the sentiment is all right.

THE POT-BOY JOE.

Oh dear, what a change has seen this nation,
It's enough to fill one with vexation,
There's nought for me but sorrow and woe,
So hear the complaint of the Pot-Boy Joe.
Chorus—Hear the lament of Pot-Boy Joe,
Hear the lament of Pot-Boy Joe.

Once on a time in a public house,
A man could sit down as snug as a mouse,
But now they're all gin-palaces, and if tir'd you are,
You must rest on a dirty tub in front of the bar.
Hear, etc.

Then if a man's house is filled with strife,
And he happens to have a jolly row with his wife,
He could cut in a tap room and put his steak down,
And the pot-boy for cooking it got many a brown.
Hear, etc.

But now to keep the cold out and from striking in,
They stand at the bar and drink their gin,
The dustman with his three ha'porth must treat his Sally,
And the milkman must have some cream of the valley.
Hear, etc.

We once could get good porter without any chaff,
But the porter they sells now is all half and half,
Porters won't drink ale but of certain brewin',
And the police delight in a dash of blue ruin.
Hear, etc.

At shove ha'penny I used to take them in,
And at tiddly-wink won lots of tin,
I could sport velveteens, but the thought now grieves,
I'm forced to put up with a jacket and sleeves.
Hear, etc.

Ven I gather'd the pots in my morning rounds,
Of grub from the cooks I got some pounds,
But now at the bar they show their mugs,
And for cheapness fetches in their own jugs.
Hear, etc.

Meny vas the girl that on me vos dead nuts,
But there's not one now looks at poor Joe Buts,
My spirits are gone, and I drops a tear,
And in some wault soon you'll find my bier.
Hear, etc.

The Kent Street Club song indicates a re-union of the leading tradesmen. It is taken from the songs of the London Apprentices. There is somewhat of a similarity between this and the Joan's Ale series of songs.

THE GOOD FELLOW'S FROLICK, OR KENT STREET CLUB.

Here is a crew of jovial blades,
That lov'd the nut-brown ale,
They in an ale-house chanc'd to meet,
And told a merry tale.
A bonny seaman was the first,
But newly come to town,
And swore that he his guts would burst,
With ale that was so brown.

See how the jolly carman he
Doth the strong liquor prize,
He so long in the ale-house sat,
That he drank out his eyes;
And groping to get out of door,
Sot like, he tumbled down,
And there he like a madman swore,
He lov'd the ale so brown.

The nimble weaver he came in,
And swore he'd have a little,
To drink good ale it was no sin,
Though't made him pawn his shuttle.
Quoth he, I am a gentleman,
No lusty country clown,
But yet I love with all my heart,
The ale that is so brown.

Then next the blacksmith he came in,
And said "'Twas mighty hot,"
He sitting down would thus begin,
"Fair maid, bring me a pot;

Let it be of the very best,
That none exceeds in town,
I tell you true, and do not jest,
I love the ale so brown."

The prick louse tailor he came in,
Whose tongue did run so nimble;
And said, he would engage for drink,
His bodkin and his thimble.
"For though with long thin jaws I look,
I value not a crown,
So I can have my belly full
Of ale that is so brown.'

The lusty porter passing by,
With basket on his back,
He said, that he was grievous dry,
And needs would pawn his sack
His angry wife he did not fear,
He valued not her frown,
So he had that he lov'd so dear,
I mean the ale so brown.

The next that came was one of them,
Was of the gentle craft,
And when that he was wet within,
Most heartily he laugh'd.
Crispin was ne'er so boon as he,
Tho' some kin to a crown;
And there he sat most merrily,
With ale that was so brown.

But at the last a barber, he
A mind had for to taste,
He called for a pint of drink,
And said he was in haste;

The drink so pleased, he tarried there,
Till he had lost a crown,
'Twas all the money he could spare,
For ale that is so brown.

A broom man, as he passèd by,
His morning draught did lack;
Because that he no money had,
He pawn'd his shirt from 's back;
And said that he without a shirt,
Would cry brooms up and down;
"But yet," quoth he, "I'll merry be,
With ale that is so brown."

But when all these together met,
Oh what discourse was there,—
'Twould make one's hair to stand on end,
To hear how they did swear!
One was a fool and puppy dog,
The other was a clown,
And there they sat and swill'd themselves
With ale that was so brown.

The landlady they did abuse,
And called her nasty bore;
Quoth she, "Do you your reckoning pay,
And get you out of door!"
Of them she could no money get,
Which causèd her to frown;
But loath they were to leave behind,
The ale that was so brown.

I am indebted to the *Athenæum*, August 2, 1884, for the following comments, which tend to show that women as well as men were given to festivity.

"It is quite certain that getting drunk was not in the Middle Ages thought the disgraceful thing that it is accounted now. Women were in the habit of drinking in alehouses and at church

ales. In a volume of 'Songs and Carols' of the fifteenth century, an unhappy husband laments that if his wife

> 'will to the good ale ryde
> I must trot all by her side,
> And when she drinks I must abide.'

And in the romance of 'Merline' we have an account of a young lady who got drunk at the ale. In the directory of good manners entitled 'How the Good Wife taught her Daughter,' the young woman is told that

> 'If thou be ofte drunke it putte thee to shame.'

We do not commend the mediæval habit of women frequenting alehouses, but have no doubt that with our changed manners it seems to us much worse than it was. In many parts of the Continent women go to the *café* without any sense of its being improper; we apprehend that the women who went to the English alehouse acted with equal innocence.

"Speaking comparatively, the English were a sober people until the use of spirits became common, and then things got yearly worse and worse until a time within human memory. At first it is almost certain that spirits were used for their supposed medicinal qualities. That they were commonly taken for the pleasure they gave before the middle of the reign of Charles II. is not proved. Aphra Behn, though there is little to be said on the score of the morality of her writings, is a good authority as to manners and customs. Any one reading her plays for the purpose of finding contributions to a history of drink would come to the conclusion that ale and wine were the drink of all except the very 'fast' young men about town. Lambs-wool seems to have been a favourite drink of the middle and lower ranks in the seventeenth century. Mrs Behn alludes to it on several occasions. In 'The False Count' we read that

> 'Dying sacraments do less prevail
> Than living ones, though took in Lambs-wool-ale.'"

CHAPTER XIV.

OXFORD SONGS.

"*In college you scorn'd the art of thinking,*
But learn'd all moods and figures of good drinking."
DRYDEN.

DRYDEN was rather too hard on the Oxford students when he penned the above couplet. The Oxford men, undergrads especially, can drink, but, on the other hand, they can work; yet the old colleges have time out of mind been famous for the high excellence of their beer, which is in fact the real *supernaculum*, as the respective butlers of the various colleges vie with each other in producing the best and strongest brew. With such a theme it is not to be wondered at that many of the odes in praise of ale from various pens are the best and most scholarly in the language. Brazenose has kept up the custom of the Shrovetide beer oration; and many of the most eminent, Bishop Heber among others, wrote three of them during his novitiate. Many of these orations are too local to be reprinted *in extenso*, so I will only take a few of the best compositions of the Oxford scholars. The Butler of Brazenose has collected and re-published many of these annual effusions.

Perhaps the very best of all is Thomas Warton's panegyric on ale, written in 1753.

"*Mea nec Falernæ*
Temperant vites, neque Formiani
Pocula colles ———."—Horace.

Balm of my cares, sweet solace of my toils,
Hail, juice benignant! O'er the costly cups

Of riot-stirring wine—unwholesome draught—
Let Pride's loose sons prolong the wasteful night.
My sober evening let the tankard bless,
With toast imbrown'd and fragrant nutmeg fraught,
While the rich draught—with oft-repeated whiffs—
Tobacco mild improves: Divine repast!
Where no crude surfeit or intemperate joys
Of lawless Bacchus reigns: but o'er my soul
A calm lethean creeps: in drowsy trance
Each thought subsides, and sweet oblivion wraps
My peaceful brain, as if the magic rod
Of leaden Morpheus o'er mine eyes had shed
Its opiate influence. What tho' sore ills
Oppress: dire want of chill-dispelling coals
Or cheerful candle save the make-weight's gleam
Hap'ly remaining: heart rejoicing ale
Cheers the sad scene and ev'ry want supplies.

Meantime, not mindless of the daily task
Of tutor sage, upon the learned leaves
Of deep Smiglecius much I meditate:
While ale inspires, and lends her kindred aid—
The thought—perplexing labour to pursue.
Sweet Helicon of logic! But if friends
Congenial call me from the toilsome page,
To pot-house I repair—the sacred haunt,
Where, Ale, thy votaries in full resort
Hold rites nocturnal. In capacious chair
Of monumental oak, and antique mould,
That long has stood the rage of conqu'ring Time
Inviolate (not in more ample seat
Smokes rosy justice, when th' important cause—
Whether of henroost or of mirthful rape—
In all the majesty of paunch, he tries),
Studious of ease, and provident, I place
My gladsome limbs, while in repeated round
Returns replenish'd the successive cup;

And the brisk fire conspires to genial joy.
Nor seldom to relieve the ling'ring hours
In innocent delight amusive putt
On smooth-joint stool, in emblematic play
The vain vicissitudes of fortune shews.
Nor reck'ning, name tremendous, me disturbs,
Nor call'd for chills my head with sudden fear,
While in the wonted door (expressive mark!)
The frequent penny stands describ'd to view
In snowy characters, a graceful row.
Hail Ticking! surest guardian of distress,
Beneath thy shelter, pennyless I quaff
The cheering cup. Tho' much the poet's friend,
Ne'er yet attempted in poetic strain,
Accept this humble tribute of my praise.
Nor proctor thrice with vocal heel alarms
Our joys secure nor deigns the lowly roof
Of pot-house snug to visit: wiser he
The splendid tavern haunts, or coffee-house
Of James or Juggins, where the grateful breath
Of mild tobacco ne'er diffus'd its balm;
But the lewd spendthrift, falsely deem'd polite,
While steams around the fragrant Indian bowl,
Oft damns the vulgar sons of humbler ale.
In vain: the proctor's voice alarms their joy—
Just fate of wanton pride and vain excess!

Nor less by day delightful is thy draught,
Heart-easing ale, whose sorrow-soothing sweets
Oft I repeat in vacant afternoon,
When tatter'd stockings ask my mending hand,
Not inexperienc'd, while the tedious toil
Slides unregarded. Let the tender swain
Each morn regale on nerve-relaxing tea—
Companion meet of langour-loving nymph:
Be mine each morn with larger appetite
And hunger undissembled, to repair

To friendly butt'ry, there on smoking crust
And foaming ale to banquet unrestrained.
Material breakfast! Thus in ancient times
Our ancestors robust, with liberal cups
Usher'd the morn, unlike the languid sons
Of modern days. Nor ever had the might
Of Britons brave decay'd, had thus they fed,
With English ale improving English worth.
With ale irriguous undismayed I hear
The frequent dun invading lofty dome
Importunate; whether the plaintive voice
Of laundress shrill awake my startled ear,
Or taylor with obsequious bow advance,
Or groom invade me with defying look
And fierce demeanour, whose emaciate steeds
Had panted oft beneath my goring steel.
In vain they plead or threat, all-powerful ale
Excuses new supplies, and each descends
With joyless pace and debt-despairing looks:
E'en Sp——y with indignant bow retires,
Sternest of duns! and conquered quits the field.

Why did the gods such various blessings pour
On helpless mortals from their grateful hands
So soon the short-liv'd bounty to recall?
Thus, while improvident of future ill
I quaff the luscious tankard unrestrain'd,
And thoughtless riot in ambrosial bliss,
Sudden (dire fate of all things excellent!)
The unpitying hand of Bursar's cross-affixing hand
Blasts all my joys, and stops my glad career.
Nor now the friendly pot-house longer yields
A sure retreat when ev'ning shades the skies,
Nor Sheppard,* ruthless widow, now vouchsafes
The wonted trust, and Winter* ticks no more.

* Noted ale-houses of Oxford

Thus Adam, exil'd from the blissful scenes
Of Eden griev'd, no more in hallow'd bow'r
On nect'rine fruits to feast, fresh shade or vale
No more to visit, or vine-mantled grot:
But all forlorn the naked wilderness
And unrejoicing solitudes to trace.
Thus, too, the matchless bard whose lay resounds
The "Splendid Shilling's" praise, in nightly gloom
Of lonesome garrett, pin'd for cheerful ale:
Whose steps in verse Miltonic I pursue.
Mean follower! like him, with honest love
Of ale divine inspir'd, and love of song.
But long may boundless Heaven, with watchful care,
Avert his hapless fate! Enough for me
That, burning with congenial flame, I dar'd
His guiding steps at distance to pursue,
And sing his fav'rite theme in kindred strains.

The foregoing epic was so clearly inspired by John Philips' poem, "The Splendid Shilling" (in imitation of Milton), that I cannot do better than quote a few lines from this well-known masterpiece, which was pronounced by one of the best judges of his time to have been the finest burlesque written in the English language.—*Vide Tatler*, No. 250:—

Sing, heavenly muse,
Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme,
A shilling breeches, or chimeras dire.

Happy the man who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A splendid shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie,* or Town Hall * repairs;

* Noted houses at the time when Philips was a student at Christchurch, somewhere about 1700.

Where, mindful of the nymphs whose wanton eyes
Transfixed his soul and kindled amorous flames—
Chloe or Phyllis—he each circling glass
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile he smokes and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals and small acid tiff
(Wretched repast) my meagre corps sustain:
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile; and, with a warming puff,
Regale chill'd fingers; or from niche as black
As winter chimney or well-polished jet,
Exhale *Mundungus*—ill-perfuming scent.

The next was evidently penned by an amorous youth, in fact, by a masher of the period:—

SIGNS OF LOVE AT OXFORD.

She's as light as the *Greyhound*, and fair as the *Angel*,
Her looks than the *Mitre* more sanctified are;
But she flies like the *Roebuck*, and leaves me to rage ill,
Still looking to her as my true Polar *Star*.

New Inn-ventions I try, with new art to adore,
But my fate is, alas! to be voted a *Boar;*
My *Goats* I forsook to contemplate her charms,
And must own she is fit for our noble *King's Arms*.

Now *Cross'd* and now *Jockey'd*, now sad, now elate,
The *Chequers* appear but a map of my fate;
I blush'd like a *Blue*-cur to send her a *Pheasant*,
But she called me a *Turk*, and rejected my present.

So I moped to the *Barley Mow*, griev'd in my mind,
That the *Ark* from the flood ever rescued mankind!
In my dreams *Lions* roar, and the *Green Dragon* grins,
And fiends rise in the shape of the *Seven Deadly Sins*.

When I ogle the *Bells*, should I see her approach,
I skip like a *Nag* and jump into a *Coach*;
She is crimson and white like a *Shoulder of Mutton*,
Not the red of the *Ox* was so bright when first put on;

Like the *Hollybush* prickles she scratches my liver,
While I moan and I die like the *Swan* by the river.

The later Brazenose orations are not up to the standard of those of an earlier date.

1880.

BRAZENOSE ALE.

"*Beer and forbeer.*"—*Old Proverb.*

"*Maenonii carminis alite.*"—Hor. Od. I. VI. 2.

When Homer wrote he thought it quite the thing
To ask the muse to teach him how to sing;
But such an opening now is rather trite,
So we'll dispense with Helicon to-night.
Yet he who fain would write on Brazenose ale,
(A subject, by the way, that's somewhat stale),
Must seek some inspiration, for, I fear,
'Tis vain to try and find it in the beer.

. . . . . .

Arise! awake! men shall not say
Thine hour of pride has passed away;
Arise!—but soft, this much is clear,
The first to mend must be the beer.
In days of old our Brazenose ale
Made Bass and Allsopp both grow pale,

But now (alas! I grieve to think it)
It only makes those pale who drink it;
And that which once inspired our trust
Can only now inspire disgust.
Yet even thus one brighter spark
Flashes where all around is dark,
For once again in B. N. C.
Thalia greets Calliope,
And proud Iona's distant shore
Sends us a Newdigate once more.

But let us turn from these reflections
To other lighter recollections.
One of our fellows gone to Cairo,
Chief Butler to a modern Pharaoh!
Condemned to teach (oh, hapless fate!)
Iambics to a boy of eight!
O Egypt, Egypt, still the same,
"The house of bondage" still thy name;
Alas thy bonds, once felt by few,
Are dread now the whole world through!

But near home a gentler theme
Recalls my lay to Isis' stream.
Oh, drink ('tis chivalry that calls),
A health to the new ladies' halls!
Though Girton boasts her wranglers' fame,
Let Oxford students shun the name,
Abjure those arts too aptly known,
And aim at peaceful firsts alone.

The coming general election
Demands a moment of reflection:
Shall Liberal counsels rule the land,
Or Tories gain the upper hand?
Shall floods of ale, triumphant still,
Throw out the grand Permissive Bill?

Up, brewers! arm you for the task;
Let influence flow from every cask;
Adulterate your hops and malt
With endless alum, boundless salt,
That every glass of ale you pour
May make the drinker drink the more,
And so your X in truth may be
A sign of unknown quantity;
Up! and defend the cause as dear—
Imperium, Beaconsfield, and beer.

And so farewell; but ere to-night we part,
We'll drink one toast, and drink it from the heart:
Let our last thought on this Shrove Tuesday be
Health and prosperity to B. N. C.

1882.

BRAZENOSE ALE.

"He that drinks strong beer
And goes to bed mellow;
Lives as he ought to live,
And dies a jolly fellow."

Gather once more at Shrovetide, sons of the Childe of Hale,
Ho! Mr Prior, prime us with your choicest brew of ale,
Which brings release from "trials" to the votary of the oar,
And makes the pale-fac'd student forget his classic lore.
Drink deeply while ye may, sirs; for 'tis rumoured that next year
The brewhouse will be levelled, and good-bye to Brazenose beer.
May rumour prove a liar, and distant be the day
When to Bass, Allsopp, and Guinness, Mr Prior shall give way;
But if these early leaflets no more your eyes shall greet,
Like the fabled song of the dying swan, may the last notes be sweet.
Now without further prelude we plunge in *medias res*
While engaged in the digestion of our pancakes—by degrees.

What means this strange commotion 'mongst the pictures on the wall,
Why do our benefactors look so exceeding small?
Proud Buckingham is shaking in his garter and his shoes,
And Duchess Sal of Somerset has got a fit of "blues;"
King Alfred (twopence coloured) is looking rather glum,
And would sell himself to Univ. for a reasonable sum.

. . . . . .

The Emerald Isle's economy is in a fearful mess;
But the bold Irish patriots—a despicable sham—
Amid their country's ruin know how to "skin the lamb,"
So flying from Kilmainham and the clutch of the police,
They've sailed away to Yankee land, and found the "golden fleece."

. . . . . .

But stay, the cup is empty, the tap is running dry;
A toast we ne'er forget, sirs, come fill your tankards high:
Here's to our chief, in B. N. C. long may he play his part,
Long be his portrait useless, save as a work of art!
Here's to our dons and fellows—may they see by next matric.
That muscle need not always make the brain so very thick.
[*Mens sand* is "quite precious"—to use a modern term—
But neglect the *corpus sanum* and the *mens* soon grows infirm.]
A last "to our noble selves," and may we ever be
Loyal to Queen and country, our chief and B. N. C.

1884.

"All hail, hall ale!"—*Ghost of Burton.*

One more now joins the throng of hapless wights
Who vainly strive to climb Parnassus' heights;
But he of all that throng has least to fear
Whose hero's Prior and his subject beer.
Such noble themes would any breast inspire,
And e'en in Tupper wake poetic fire.
Who would have dared two years ago to say
This noble beer would still be quaffed to-day?

With dim forebodings were our minds imbued
That for the last time Brazenose ale was brewed.
Whence came these broodings vain, now no one asks,
Far better empty threats than empty casks!

One task remains, one task, and only brief,
To drain a bumper to our noble chief;
And, last of all, this toast I now propose—
With brimming tankards drink to Brazen-nose.

The following Oxford story shows that the Vice-Chancellors of Oxford in 1674 were by no means bigotted teetotallers:—

"There is over against Baliol College, Oxford, a dingy, horrid, scandalous alehouse, fit for none but draymen and tinkers and such as by goeing there have made themselves equally scandalous. Here the Baliol men continually ly, and by perpetuall bubbeing ad art to their natural stupidity to make themselves perfect sots. The head, being informed of this, calld them tegeather, and in a grave speech informed them of the mischiefs of that hellish liquor calld ale, that it destroyed both body and soul, and adviced them by noe means to have anything more to do with it; but on of them, not willing soe tamely to be preached out of his beloved liquor, made reply that the Vice-Chancelour's men dranke ale at the Split Crow, and why should not they too? The old man, being nonplused with this reply, immediately packeth away to the Vice-Chancelour, and informed him of the ill example his fellows gave the rest of the town by drinkeing ale, and desired him to prohibit them for the future; but Bathurst, not likeing his proposall, beeing formerly and (*sic*) old lover of ale himselfe, answared him roughly that there was noe hurt in ale, and that as long as his fellows did noe worse he would not disturb them, and soe turnd the old man goeing; who, returneing to his colledge, calld his fellows again and told them that he had been with the Vice-Chancelour, and that he told them there was no hurt in ale; truely he thought there was, but now, being informed of the contrary, since the Vice-Chancelour gave his men

leave to drinke ale, he would give them leave to; soe that now they may be sots by authority.

ST GEORGE FOR ENGLAND.—2nd Part.

Written by John Grubb, M.A., Christ Church, Oxford.

(*From the Percy Collection.*)

Faulconbridge. Saint George,—that swing'd the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess's door.

King John, Act. II. Sc. 1.

Fair Omphale whipt him to his wheel,
As cook whips barking turn-spit.
From man, or churn, he well knew how
To get him lasting fame:
He'd pound a giant, till the blood,
And milk till butter came.
Often he fought with huge battoon,
And oftentimes he boxed;
Tapt a fresh monster once a month,
As Hervey * doth fresh hogshead.
He gave Anteus such a hug,
As wrestlers give in Cornwall:
But George he did the dragon kill,
As dead as any door-nail.
St George he was for England; St Denis was for France,
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

* A noted drawer at the Mermaid tavern in Oxford.

CHAPTER XV.

ALE WIVES.

O, Girzy! Girzy! when thou go'st to brew,
Consider well what you're about to do;
Be very wise, very sedately think,
That what you're going now to make is drink:
Consider who must drink that drink, and then
What 'tis to have the praise of honest men.

At one time in England, as in Scotland, the bulk of the brewing business was conducted by women, "Ale Wives," who first brewed and then retailed their liquor. Hence the impressive nature of the above exhortation, which would apply equally to the modern high scientific brewers, who are up in germs, ferments, and what not, as it did to their more primitive sisters, who never heard of a protoplasm in their lives. "Consider then what 'tis to have the praise of honest men."

Dr Cyril Folkingham, who wrote in 1623, was very severe on the quacks of the brewing profession. "The Mother Fulsums, scarce worthie to bear brawn much less the admittance of brewing beere or ale, which wanting both art and industrie, marr no more mault than they meddle with." The author continues:—

"But let a neat husswife or canny alewright have the handling of good ingredients (sweet mault and wholesome water), and you shall see and will say there is art in brewing (as in most actions), and that many more, even of those that ayme at brewing the best ale, doe yet for all their supposed dexteritie misse the marke, than hit upon the mysterie. For you shall then have a neat cuppe of nappie ale (right Darbie, not dagger, though effectually animating) wel boyled, defecated, and cleared, that it shall equal the best brewed beere in transpareince, please the most curious pallat

with mild quicknesse of relish, quench the thirst, humoct the inward parts, helpe the concoction and distribution of meate, and by its moderate penetration much further the attractive power of the parts. Such a cup of pure comfort (not lanted or gummed) find many good fellows that walk er they wash for their morning draughts of true Darbie."

Though a little out of place, I cannot refrain from quoting the same learned M.D. in his panegyric on "Health and Ale":—

"Health is the perfection and life of life, and life without it is no life, but even a living death, where both animal powers and corporal parts suffering, produce but lame and depraved actions. Being, therefore, by long and infallible experience confirmed in approbation of my panala, or panacea, bred or brought forth by infusion of a well-dispensed fund or bag of ingredients, in ordinary ale (the ancient drink of this country), than which cannot be well excogitated a more general worthy medicine, that so cheap and choice, without all curiositie doth *tuto et jocunde et sat cito quie sat bene*, both conserve the salutary and prevent and cure most morbosic affects and diseases thereunto incident. I could not dispense with an absolute concealment of its most precious worth, but in some sort participate to the world the manifold benefits derivable from its operation."

The author then proves "that ale is a wholesome drinck, contrarie to many men's conceits—that ale is a fit bodie and convenient liquor to imbibe and participate the qualities and virtues of ingredients by infusion."

The old ladies, generally speaking, seemed to love their liquor, and were not too proud to sample their own productions. A picture of the Scotch Ale Wife and her barrel has already been given; here are two English counterparts:—

A Tale of a Tankard.

No plate had John and Joan to hoard;
Plain folk in humble plight:
One only tankard crown'd their board,
And that was fill'd each night!

Along whose inner bottom sketch'd,
In pride of chubby grace,
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd
A baby angel's face.

John swallow'd, first, a mod'rate sup;
But Joan was not like John,
For when her lips once touch'd the cup
She drank till all was gone.

John often urged her to drink fair,
But she ne'er changed a jot;
She loved to see the angel there,
And therefore drain'd the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain,
Another card he play'd,
And, where the angel stood so plain,
A devil got portray'd.

Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
Yet Joan as stoutly quaff'd,
And ever when she seized her ale
She clear'd it at a draught.

John stared, with wonder petrified!
His hair rose on his pate,
And—"Why do you drink now," he cried
"At this enormous rate?"

"O John," says she, "am I to blame
I can't in conscience stop;
For, sure 'twould be a burning shame
To leave the devil a drop."

John Burton wrote a sort of *in memoriam* song or parody to the tune of "Here's to the Harp."

HERE'S TO THE BOTTLE.

Here's to the bottle she loved so much
And here's the glass she drank from,
Here's the max her lips oft touch'd,
The stuff they never shrank from.
Herrings lay unheeded by,
Where's the hand to gut them?
Mackerel here neglected lie,
Where's the throat to hoot them?

Max is good, but she I loved
Ne'er shall taste its sweetness;
Her lips that once so fleetly moved
Now have lost their fleetness.
Gallons were pots when here she strayed,
Pots were pints to her muzzle,
Heaven ne'er formed a drunker maid,
A maid so fond of guzzle.

John Skelton, who wrote and compiled from Old Authors and Old Books, drew the lifelike portrait of a by-gone notability, of whom the *Penny Magazine* said:—

"The freest and boldest of his humorous pieces is perhaps 'The tunnyng (or brewing) of Elinor Rummyng,' an alewife at Leatherhead. It is a picture in the Dutch style—minute in detail, true and homely in character, hiding nothing, softening nothing. Like one of Teniers' 'Boors drinking' in subject and manner of treatment, it has also something of his facile slightness and bold certainty of touch. Placing you inside Elinor's common room, he proceeds to give free sketches of the wives who resort there—for all the customers are feminine—having first given a sufficiently unfavourable portrait of Elinor herself. We may quote a passage or two taken from different parts. This is his account of her business:

"'But to make up my tale
She breweth nappy ale,

And maketh thereof sale
To travellers, to tinkers,
To sweaters,* to swinkers,*
And all good ale-drinkers,
That will nothing spare,
But drink till they stare,
And bring themselves bare,
With, Now away the mare,
And let us slay care,
As wise as an hare!'

"Like a prudent alewife, Elinor does not give trust: but if her customers lack cash, she will not refuse goods, and so does a little business in the 'leaving shop' line.

"'Instead of coin and money
Some bring her a coney,
And some a pot with honey,
Some a salt, and some a spoon,
Some their hose, and some their shoon;
Some ran a good trot,
With a skellet or a pot.

Anon cometh another,
As dry as the other,
And with her doth bring
Meal, salt, or other thing,
Her harvest girdle, her wedding ring.

Some bringeth her husband's hood
Because the ale is good,
Another brought her his cap
To offer to the ale tap,
With hey, and with ho,
Sit we down in a row
And drink till we blow

* Labourers.

And pipe tyrly tyrlow.
Some laid to pledge
Their hatchet and their wedge,
Their heckle and their reel,
Their rock, their spinning wheel;
And some went so narrow,
They laid to pledge their wharrow,
Their ribskin and their spindle,
Their needle and their thimble:
Here was scant thrift
When they made such shift
Their thirst was so great
They asked never for meat,
But drink, still drink,
"And let the cat wink!"

. . .

Some for very need
Laid down a skein of thread.

. . . .

Another sort of sluts
Some brought walnuts,
Some apples, some pears,
Some brought their clipping shears,
Some brought this and that,
Some brought I know not what.'

"If our poet is to be trusted, the women of those days had marvellous swallows. One, 'hight Sybil,' did

"'The pot to her pluck,
To drink a good luck,
And swinged up a quart
At once for her part.'"

The pictures of the sisterhood are not flattering by any means, but to every obverse there is a reverse, and I extract the annexed account from *Chambers's Journal* for January 1848. The story bears the impress of truth, and shows undeniably that an alewife

can be a kindly hearted, pious, and truly good woman, and entirely reverses the teetotal pictures which depict all who deal in malt or distilled drinks as emissaries of the evil one. I myself have known many kindly men and women who have helped the poor in many ways, and yet have belonged to that much abused class the publicans. The story in *Chambers's Journal* is too long to give in full, so that I can only take an extract. The description of the country roadside public is charming.

THE CORNISH ALEWIFE; A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

By Mary Bennett.

Far from the town, where Tamar's waters flow,
An alehouse stood, a hundred years or so:
Quaint was the porch, with ivy clothed about,
And many a comely fowl marched in and out,
Graceful and plump, and smooth, of glowing hue,
The pride of Molly, and her profit too:
Nor less her pigs, that were so white and clean—
Pigs so precisely trained were never seen.
She was a matchless housewife—sooth to say,
A better never met the face of day.
Full fifty years she kept this hostelry,
Hiding itself in orchard greenery;
And graced with flowers, in rustic garden set,
And shaded pasture—slopes that round it met:
Here the frog leaps, and there the robin sings,
And here the new-fledged linnet tries his wings:
Here Molly's cows regaled on scented clover,
'Till night and Kitty called them under cover.
Well they knew Kitty—thrifty and fair was she,
And second mistress of the hostelry.
Few were the guests that brought the hostel gain,
But cheese and butter were not made in vain;
And Molly's clouted cream was known, I wis,
To fame as far as the Metropolis.

'Twas true though trite, things might have been much worse—
Old Molly might have had a lighter purse;
She might have had a heavier too, but that
She had a mind for charity and chat.
Oft to her porch the wandering beggar came,
With all the news that he could find or frame,
The vagrant gossip of the town or dale,
To charm old Molly for a glass of ale.
And oft his mite as little as he can,
Brings to the hostel the poor quarryman;
And finds a large return in warmth and ease,
Kind words, good home-brewed ale, bacon, and cheese,
Beans, peas, what not—from Molly's ample stores.
And oft the wind-worn seaman from the shores,
And oft the swarthy miner from the caves
Old Molly hailed—she never harboured knaves.
In chilling winter, when the wind blows fierce,
And the fell frost's sharp deadly arrows pierce,
How pleasant by the ale wife's fire to sit,
Warm, snug, and merry! while the gay beams flit
O'er her oak chest like polished mirror bright;
Her red brick floor, where scarce a soil doth light,
Her milk-white tables, platters ranged with care,
Her folio bible and her brass-clasped prayer.

The subsequent lines record the last illness of Molly, and her instructions to her successor:—

"Kitty, give thou a horn of ale to the poor
Miners and quarrymen when I'm no more:
They'll often miss me as they pass this way;
I was not a flint to them that could not pay.
Beggar or worker—well thou knowest that—
If folks were honest and observed the mat;
For when I found a poor soul hardly driven,
I lent my mite and scored it up to Heaven."

What a contrast is the above true story to the fancy portraits drawn by members of the teetotal party.

Simple faith is better than Norman blood, as Tennyson puts it, especially when good drink is concerned.

An Ale Charm.

During the period when James I. studied the sciences at St Andrews, under the tuition of the celebrated George Buchanan, every sort of superior learning and knowledge was considered by the illiterate and superstitious vulgar, as proceeding from magic, or, as it was usually termed, the black art. On this principle George Buchanan, on account of his superior attainments in literature, was esteemed a wizard. A poor woman, who kept an alehouse in St Andrews, and who, by some means or other, had lost all her custom, applied to George for his witchcraft assistance. After some serious conversation George told her that, if she strictly adhered to his instructions, she would soon become very rich. To remove all his doubts, she gave him the strongest assurances of her punctual compliance with his orders. "Then, Maggie," said the learned wizard, "the next time you brew throw out of the vat six ladlesfull of water in the de'il's name, turning between each ladlefull round on the left; this done, put six ladlesfull of malt in the vat in God's name, turning round by the right between each time; and, in addition to this, be sure to wear this bandage round your neck, and never open it till the day of your death." Maggie strictly obeyed, and in the course of a few years accumulated great riches. At her death the bandage was opened in a solemn manner, when it was found to contain a label of paper, on which were written these words—

"Gin Maggie brew good ale,
She will get good sale."

Here is a story of a successful ale wife, equal to anything in the Romance of the Peerage:—

During the troubles in the reign of Charles I., a country girl came to London in search of a situation, and, not succeeding

as she had anticipated, applied to be allowed to carry out beer from a brew house, an occupation followed by women who were known as "tub-women." The brewer, observing our heroine to be a good-looking girl, took her out of her low situation into his house, and afterwards married her. In a short time he died while she was yet comparatively young, and left her a very large fortune. She now relinquished the brewery, and, for the proper settlement of her husband's affairs, was recommended to a Mr Hyde, an able lawyer and practitioner, whom she afterwards married. This gentleman ultimately became Earl of Clarendon. From his marriage he had issue one daughter, who was betrothed to, and became the wife of, James II., and mother of Mary and Ann, both subsequently queens of England!

The following Catnach ballad is not of a *high order* of merit.

Heavy Wet.

Heavy wet, heavy wet, still I cry,
Full and fair pots when I am dry
If so be, you ask me where
They are drawn I answer here,
Where on lips their friend forget,
That's the place for heavy wet.

Heavy wet, heavy wet, still I cry,
Meux', Whitbread's, nought care I,
To the Blue Posts let us go,
There we'll clouds of 'baccy blow,
And while we all our cares forget,
All the year we quaff heavy wet.

Scene—Bar of a country public-house. Boy: "Pint of porter, please, ma'am." Landlady: "Who's it for?" Boy: "Father." Landlady: "Your father? I thought he was a teetotaler?" Boy: "So he is, ma'am; he don't drink it—he only dips his toast in it and eats it."

CHAPTER XVI.

Brewers.

A.D. M. BREWER MEDICUM.

This phrase, to drink a health, is only trew
Of drink which men of your profession brew.
—Epigram from Percy.

Long before Cromwell elevated the calling of brewing by pitch-forking his old colleagues into the Upper House and the higher offices of his Government, the brewer was looked upon as an important functionary, taking precedence in the King's Household before the physician. Cromwell, with his burly figure and grog-blossom at the end of his nose, looked the typical brewer every inch of him. Ireton, his son-in-law, followed the same calling; and Colonel Pride had acted as a brewer's man, or perhaps a manager, before he attained his majority. Time out of mind the brewers have held an honourable place both on the Bench and in the Senate; their numbers have contributed a fair contingent to the lower strata of the upper ten; and now we have the apotheosis of Sir Henry Allsopp transferred to the House of Lords. The Foleys and other great ironmasters have been ennobled to a greater extent than the brewers; but the whirligig of time brings about strange revenges, so we may hope to see that the enormous benefactions, works of charity, which many members of the craft have endowed and carried out, will in due time receive fitting recognition from the powers that be.

Those who carp at the brewing and licensed victuallers' trades would do well to remember the immense amounts which they contribute annually in the form of educational and charitable endowments, and the many thousands of children they have been the means of educating in a godly and practical manner. These

institutions are lasting and noble monuments in evidence of the munificence of the trades, and second only in importance to those supported by that loyal and noble band who meet together for brotherly love, relief, and truth, and of whose institution it may be truly said, "Kings shall be thy nursing fathers."

Old Taylor, paradoxically named the "Water Poet," for he seldom drank the limpid, and wrote perhaps more about beerhouses than any man, could not refrain from a fling at the brewers, though he admits that he had to "whet his whistle" before he could get up sufficient divine afflatus to pen the following (*temp.*, 1621):—

The Trade of Brewing.

"Of all trades in the world, a brewer is the loadstone which draws the customs of all functions unto it. It is the mark or upshot of every man's ayme, and the bottomlesse whirlepoole that swallows up the profits of rich and poore. The brewer's art (like a wild kestrell or lemand hawke) flies at all game; or like a butler's boxe at Christmasse, it is sure to win, whosoever loses. In a word, it rules and raignes (in some sort) as Augustus Cæsar did, for it taxeth the whole earth. Your innes and your ale-houses are brookes and rivers, and their clients are small rills and springs, who all (very dutifully) doe pay their tributes to the boundless ocean of the brewhouse. For, all the world knowes, that if men and women did drinke no more than sufficed nature, or if it were but a little extraordinary now and then upon occasion, or by chance as you may terme it; if drinking were used in any reason, or any reason used in drinking, I pray ye what would become of the brewer then? Surely we doe live in an age wherein the seven deadly sins are every man's trade and living.*

"Pride is the maintainer of thousands, which would else perish; as mercers, taylors, embroydrers, silkmen, cutters, drawers,

* "Some," continues the author, who overflows in a footnote, "make a profit of quarrelling; some pick their livings out of contention and debate; some thrive and grow fat by gluttony; many are bravely maintained by bribery, theft, cheating, roguery, and villainy; but put all these together, and joine to them all sorts of people else, and they all in general are drinkers, and consequently the brewer's clients and customers."

sempsters, laundresses, of which functions there are millions which would starve but for Madame Pride, with her changeable fashions. Letchery, what a continual crop of profits it yields, appears by the gallant thriving and gawdy outsides of many he and she, private and public sinners, both in citie and suburbs. Covetousnesse is embroydered with extortion, and warmly lined and furred with oppression; and though it be a divell, yet is it most idolatrously worshipped by those simple sheep-headed fooles, whom it hath undone and beggared. I could speake of other vices, how profitable they are to a commonwealth; but my invention is thirsty, and must have one carouse more at the brew-house, who (as I take it) hath a greater share than any in the gaines which spring from the world's abuses.

"If any man hang, drowne, stabbe, or by any violent meanes make away his life, the goods and lands of any such person are forfeit to the use of the king; and I see no reason but those which kill themselves with drinking should be in the same estate, and be buried in the highways, with a stave drove thorow them; and if I had but a grant of this suite, I would not but that in seven yeeres (if my charity would but agree with my wealth) I might erect almeshouses, free schooles, mend highways, and make bridges; for I dare sweare that a number (almost numberlesse) have confessed upon their death-beds that at such and such a time, in such and such place, they dranke so much, which made them surfeite, of which surfeite they languished and dyed. The maine benefit of these superfluous and manslaughtering expenses comes to the brewer; so that, if a brewer be in any office, I hold him to be a very ingrateful man if he punish a drunkard; for every stiffe, pot-valiant drunkard is a post, beam, or pillar, which holds up the brewhouse; for as the barke is to the tree, so is a good drinker to the brewer."

He loved to give the brewers a sly dig, though he was a good friend to them. Note the next stanzas:—

THE BREWER'S COACHMAN.

Honest William, an easy and good-natur'd fellow,
Wou'd a little too oft get a little too mellow:

Body coachman was he to an eminent brewer—
No better e'er sat on a box, to be sure.
His coach was kept clean, and no mothers or nurses
Took that care of their babes that he took of his horses.
He had these—ay, and fifty good qualities more,
But the business of tipling cou'd ne'er be got o'er;
So his master effectually mended the matter
By hiring a man who drank nothing but water.
Now, William, says he, you see the plain case:
Had you drunk as he does, you'd kept a good place.
Drink water! quoth William—had all men done so,
You'd never have wanted a coachman, I trow:
They're soakers, like me, whom you load with reproaches,
That enable you brewers to ride in your coaches.

The brewer alluded to in this story evidently preferred acting on the following epigram freely translated from Horace, book xii., ep. 30:—

Ned is a sober fellow, they pretend—
Such wou'd I have my coachman, not my friend.

Pennant, in his day, took up the cudgels in defence of the trade.

"It is not in my power," continues Pennant, "to trace the progress of this important article of trade. Let me only say that it is now a national concern; for the duty on malt, from July 5th, 1785, to the same day in 1786, produced a million and a half of money to the support of the State from a liquor which invigorates the bodies of its willing subjects, to defend the blessings they enjoy; while that from Stygian gin enervates and incapacitates. One of these *chevaliers de malte* (as an impertinent Frenchman styled a most respectable gentleman of the trade—the late Humphrey Parsons) has, within one year, contributed not less than fifty thousand pounds to his own share. The sight of a great London brewhouse exhibits a magnificence unspeakable. The vessels exhibit the extent of the trade. Mr Meux, of Liquorpond Street, Gray's Inn Lane (now Reid's Brewery, Clerkenwell Road), cans how twenty-four tuns, containing in all thirty-five thousand

barrels of wholesome liquor, which enables the London porter drinkers to undergo tasks that ten gin drinkers would sink under. In the present year he has built a vessel sixty feet in diameter, a hundred and seventy-six feet in circumference, and twenty-three feet in height. It cost five thousand pounds in building, and contains from ten to twelve thousand barrels of beer, valued at about twenty thousand pounds."

Mr Flowers, a Hertfordshire brewer, in the beginning of the century penned the following eloquent defence of the trade to which he belonged :—

"If we take a retrospective view of that class of society, recognized by law under the name of common brewers, it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that a more respectable set of people for propriety, integrity, industry, and liberality never yet existed. I might challenge a comparison with all the different ranks of society—the farmer, the mechanic, the tradesman, the merchant, the lawgiver, the magistrate, the clergy, the commons, and the nobility. It is, however, invidious to find fault with whole classes of society; because there are good men amongst all. I shall, therefore, forbear any comparison; yet no men have been so much abused or unjustly calumniated as the common brewer; none have borne such treatment with more exemplary patience. As 'a good name is better than riches,' I am induced to examine the charges made against them, and point out their fallacy and injustice."

I take it that much of the abuse of which Mr Flowers complained was more in the nature of "chaff" than downright invective. Take for instance the next dedicatory lines from the "Vade Mecum to Malt Worms," a book written entirely in the interests of publicans and brewers. The latter class can stand chaff, but naturally enough object to the downright coarse abuse which the so-called temperate people delight to indulge in at their expense. Now for the dedication, which in a measure I will appropriate to myself:—

DEDICATION.

To you, Right Worshipful the Brewers!
These facts and scraps of Course are yours,

Because they treat of sucking Faces,
Applies for Favours and for Graces,
In every one's respective Station,
By way of formal DEDICATION:
Hoping, at least, you'll show your Breeding,
In giving them a transient Reading:
And will allow some Minuits Leisure
From CASH-BOOK that makes known your Treasure
To look on BOOK without Offence,
Tells you by whom you get your PENCE;
To whom you are yourselves beholding,
Their Customs and their TRADE unfolding;
Which from the MASH-TUB and the VAT,
Mount you up to the Lord knows what,
Make you to Coach yourselves and Spouses,
And build up Palaces for Houses.
What if 't some chaps of yours affront?
Must you straight cry out, Fye upon 't?
Sure men of BUNG-HOLES and of GRAINS
Can't be so destitute of BRAINS
As not to know from whence arise
The golden heaps that glut their Eyes,
Especially since not a Line
Prevents their gulling Fools of COYN,
But adds to what they've got before,
Pointing out Places o'er and o'er
Where the best liquor's to be had,
Without one word of drink that's bad.
Then, Doughty Sons of HOPS and MALT,
Say not our author is in Fault,
Or for discovering foolish pranks,
Deserving anything but thanks;
Not that he fears what shall ensue,
For as some BAKE so some may BREW;
Or dreads the least impending Danger
From the Caprice of Friend or Stranger;
Since he declares, the words WAR HAWK!

Shou'd WHITE APRON, Blue Apron baulk.
It is decreed—Nor shall your Fate
(If you of Malt and Hops abate,
If one of you be caught so hardy,
As to be caught in Duty Tardy)
Be otherwise than that which ROME
Assign'd to be a Murd'rer's Doom:
For take him rightly, too much water
Is full as criminal a matter
As anything that calls for Satyr.
And he that could good GUZZLE praise,
Can, when 'tis bad, Invectives raise,
And for Redress find Means and Ways,
Since 'tis most evidently sure
He'll quit the ALE-DRAPER for the BREWER,
Turn Justice to its proper Course,
And place the Saddle on the Right Horse.
These are the Schemes he has in view,
So, Gentry of the DRAY,
ADIEU.

The beer of England was well known and appreciated on the Continent at a very early period. In fact, Allsopp's ale was better known in Russia at the beginning of this century than it was in London, and that firm did an enormous European trade, until Napoleon on the one hand, and the Emperor of Russia on the other, prohibited the importation of English beer, and so for a time almost ruined Allsopp's trade. This prohibition did not extend to black beers, and hence Allsopp's misfortune became Barclay & Perkins' opportunity, of which they promptly availed themselves, and did an enormous trade on the Continent in their justly celebrated stout.

It is satisfactory to find that the English brewers still maintain the high character of their liquor by genuine means.

At the friendly reunion between the French, Belgian, and Burton brewers, which took place in 1885, Sir Arthur Bass made a few remarks anent Burton beer which deserved to be re-

membered by all. I quote from memory, but the purport of his remarks was to the effect that in Burton they had no royal method in the production of their choice ale: its excellence was simply due to the choice quality of the malt and hops they used, combined, of course, with the finest supply of natural water in the world for the purpose. This water is produced in nature's own laboratory, and, though innumerable attempts have been made by chemists to imitate it, they have always been failures and have served to illustrate the old axiom that chemists can decompose but they cannot re-compose; and they certainly cannot compose Burton water. It is gratifying, in these days of hop and malt substitutes and other abominations, to know that the princes of the trade still adhere to the genuine malt and hops in the concoction of their world-renowned drink.

The following figures from *Kutlow's Gazette* show that the English trade shows no signs of falling off.

A return of the beer production of the various countries last year shows that Germany ranks second, the first place being taken by Great Britain, whose production was 44,060,000 hectolitres, or 125 litres per head of the population, there being 27,050 breweries in that country; while Germany with 25,989 breweries, produced 41,211,691 hectolitres, an average of 90 litres per head of the population. The breweries in Germany last year increased 85, and the beer production increased 1,883,023 hectolitres.

Recently there has been a marked tendency to convert private brewing firms into joint stock undertakings, although it is but seldom that the largest concerns have to appeal to the general public for subscriptions, as the shares are usually taken up entirely by the firms themselves. In this way the following well-known brewing firms have been converted into joint-stock companies during the year:—Messrs Watney & Co., with a capital of £1,300,000; Messrs Meux & Co., capital £1,500,000; Messrs Allsopp, capital £3,300,000; Messrs Guiness & Co., capital, £6,000,000; Messrs H. & G. Simonds, capital £500,000; Messrs Gleadow, Dibb & Co., capital £200,000; Messrs Morgan Bros., Forest Hill, capital £100,000; besides many other smaller concerns.

It is calculated that Great Britain brews about 1,050,000,000

gallons of beer yearly; Germany, 900,000,000; Austria, 270,000,000; Belgium, 180,000,000; France, 150,000,000; Russia, 50,000,000; Holland, 33,000,000; Denmark, 30,000,000; Sweden, 20,000,000; Switzerland, 17,000,000; Norway, 16,500,000.

The malt consumed in England by brewers between October 1st, 1879, and September 30th, 1880, amounted to 41,925,006 bushels; the victuallers in the same period consumed 4,996,084 bushels, and the persons licensed to sell beer to be drunk on and off the premises consumed 2,713,225 bushels.

I need not quote statistics further, interesting as they may be in the way of political economy, to show the immense importance of the trade. Those who wish to pursue the inquiry will find all the statistics duly recorded in M'Culloch's Dictionary, and the Excise, Revenue, and Board of Trade Returns. The total amount invested in the liquor trades of the United Kingdom amounts to £117,100,000: thus apportioned — England, £92,315,000; Scotland, £13,344,000; Ireland, £11,441,000.

Only second in importance and amount to cotton comes beer and its congeners, and yet, marvellous to relate, some of our would-be statesmen and legislators, with rash and ill-considered schemes, would disorganise this vast interest, with its capital of £117,000,000 and its formidable army of 1,500,0000 dependents! What wonder, when we reflect not only upon the industrial but also the social bearings of the question, that any interference with the national beverage—the poor man's pint of beer—is jealously regarded. No doubt reform in the drinking habits of this country is desirable; but no apprentice-hand should undertake to effect this: it is a task, moreover, which cannot be dealt with in a fanatical spirit, but must be entered upon with the utmost care, and be conducted with the greatest tenderness towards existing interests, and considerations for the habits, customs, and even prejudices of the free people of these isles. The statesman who shall succeed in making England a more sober nation will deserve its everlasting gratitude, and secure for himself undying fame. Meanwhile, the people are yearly becoming more sober, and to this result the brewers themselves are contributing largely

both by precept and example. The late Mr M. T. Bass, who was an earnest temperate man in the highest sense of the term, that is, of advocating moderation in all things, wrote to me a letter shortly before his death,—a letter from which I take the liberty of quoting one noteworthy passage :—

"There can be no doubt that the purity of the liquor consumed, of whatever sort, must contribute in a great degree to temperance. It may become an interesting question whether it is not desirable to discourage, in a great degree, all beverages which contribute to drunkenness when consumed without great caution."

This supports the argument I have advanced throughout, that if men would confine themselves more to genuine English beer, and eschew vile spirits, doctored port, "Hambro' sherry," and "prune wine," we should as a nation become more sober and enjoy better health.

When Thrale's brewery in Southwark was sold after his decease, Dr Johnson, who had been a great friend of the hospitable brewer, took care to explain "that they were not met to sell old hoops and barrels, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice." The then Messrs Barclay & Perkins bought the potentiality, and, we may well believe, have made good use of it. The only thing we remember that ruffled the uniform smoothness of their daily life occurred in or about 1849, when the Austrian general, Haynau, went to "do" the brewery, which was one of the sights of London. Haynau, rightly or wrongly, had the credit of being a woman flogger, whereupon the gallant brewers of Barclay took upon themselves to avenge the cause of the fair sex. Haynau was floored with a truss of hay, and somewhat mauled, in fact; and, after having been "chivied" all round the brewery, found refuge in a dust bin, from whence he was rescued somewhat the worse for wear. Oh! what a row, what a rumpus and a rioting there was on that occasion, which was the sensation of the day, and almost led to a diplomatic rupture between the courts of England and Austria. Old Dr Samuel spoke prophetically when he said, "The potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice." Some of our larger brewing firms seem to have secured this potentiality, though the smaller

ones suffer proportionately. To do the former justice, however, they in most cases dispense their wealth right royally.

The bottled beer trade is but an incidence of the brewing, but it involves an immense amount of labour and capital.

When Dean Nowell had to make himself scarce, and hid away his bottle of beer, and then, a few years afterwards, redisturbed his treasure and found it "not a bottle, but a gun, such was the sound of it when opened," as the veracious chronicler Fuller informs us, he little dreamed of the enormous impetus which his accidental discovery would give in future ages to the home and foreign trade in the shape of bottled beer, which has now assumed gigantic proportions, and, in delicacy of manipulative skill, the dignity of a fine art. The soul of the export bottler needs to be a prophetic one, that will enable him to judge not so much as to how the beer tastes now, but how it will turn out after it has "crossed the Line" and received its baptism of fire under the tropics, or at the Antipodes. To show the enormous extent to which the export of bottled beer goes on, I will take one representative firm, Messrs Read Brs., who confine themselves exclusively to the foreign trade, and are one of the largest export firms.

Their castellated building, in the Scottish baronial style of architecture, is an imposing and picturesque structure on the Midland Railway at Kentish Town. The trucks that are loaded at the Burton sidings are unloaded at Messrs Read's wharf, and again re-loaded with full bottles packed in cases, which they deliver in turns at the various docks for shipment to all parts of the world, so that the greatest economy of haulage and transit is effected. The firm confine their operations in ale to Messrs Bass and Meux' production, their normal stock in Kentish Town being 2,400 hogsheads in process of maturing, in addition to the enormous stocks they keep on hand in Burton. The average weekly turnout exceeds 60,000 bottles. The usual stock of bottles amount to, say, 700,000: The machinery used in corking and pressing is the invention of Messrs Read, but the wiring, capsuling, and labelling are done by hand, and it is remarkable what wonderful rapidity the bottling lads acquire in the constant practice of their art; in short, they wire their corks

with skill and dexterity. Messrs Read very properly point out that the responsibility of bottling is a serious one, for if the ale is not bottled at the right time, the results will be disastrous, and as the various brewings differ as to the time at which they mature, a knowledge of the right moment when a butt is in prime bottling condition can only be obtained by long experience and observation, whilst the effects of climatic changes and conditions in the ale have also to be studied. I have instanced Messrs Read's bottling establishment not in any invidious spirit, for I know Messrs Foster's and other firms turn out an enormous quantity of bottled ale, but I have no data of the amount, and, moreover, Messrs Read confine themselves exclusively to the export trade, and their "Bull dog" brand is deservedly known in all parts of the world, where it creams, mantles, and at once exhilarates and refreshes the thirsty wanderer, and makes him bless Burton and its beverage. As the Irishman very properly remarks—

A bottle is good when it's not too new,
I'm fond of one, but I dote upon two.

We were told by a great authority who wrote just after the Indian Mutiny of 1857, that if the English had been turned out of Hindostan at that time, the only relics of their rule which they would have left behind them would be gigantic piles of pale ale bottles.

As *Punch* puts it, the real bitter cry of London is the demand for Bass and Allsopp, to which might be added that for the cooling beverage of Ind Coope & Co. Messrs Reid's output therefore aggregates 3,120,000 bottles annually. Enormous as these figures are, however, they are put into the shade by Messrs Bass, whose aggregate annual issue of labels to their various bottling agents amounts to over a hundred millions. We have then to consider what Messrs Allsopp, Meux, Ind Coope, and the other well-known brewers, turn out, to get any adequate idea of the labour and capital involved in the bottling trade. After that one can well believe the travellers' tales, that they have seen the apex of the Great Pyramid adorned with Bass' labels, and the empty

bottles lying about in profusion. Another traveller relates that in Central Russia a grandee will give his most distinguished friends as a treat a bottle of Bass, which is prized more highly than the oldest and finest Johannisberg. So highly is the precious ambrosial nectar esteemed, indeed, that it costs 12s. 6d. per bottle, and host and guests sip it with silver teaspoons! I quote this story for what it is worth, but I do know, that some years ago, at one foreign port and coaling station, the officers of the army and navy were charged most exorbitant prices for bottled ale, and I was threatened with an action for heavy damages for having exposed the extortion in a newspaper article.

Burton is the hub of the brewing world, as Boston is of the Universe, yet, except locally, the ales were comparatively little known until the commencement of the century. This arose from the cost of inland transit, which was carried on by means of the old common stage waggon, and was of course ruinous. It was not till the passing of the Trent Navigation Act of 1698 that the trade began to assume any importance among the Staffordshire industries. Brindsley followed later on with his network of canals and inland navigation, and then the town came to first and foremost. The Midland Railway put the crown of prosperity on the town; and the development of the beer industry during the past half century has been something marvellous.

At that rate one might well re-echo Lord Neave's wish, which would imply a modest competence:—

> "When the evening of life comes with temperate ray,
> To cool the hot blood that has boiled all the day;
> May some sober pleasures that season attend,
> And Fortune still leave us a bottle and friend."

The Rev. Richard Warner, writing in 1804, said:—Burton-on-Trent employs seven breweries "in making that rich and glutinous beverage named after the town, and well known in the neighbourhood of Gray's Inn Lane—'balm of the cares, sweet solace of the toils,' of many an exhausted limb of the law, who at the renowned Peacock reinvigorates the powers with a nipperkin of Burton ale and a whiff of the Indian weed."

According to the census of 1821, there were only 867 men and 61 boys engaged in *all* the breweries then in work at Burton.

At the present time, the number is 27, the following being the names of the various firms:—Allsopp & Sons, Bass & Co., Bell & Co., Burdley & Co., Boddington & Co., Bowler Brs., Burton Brewery Company, Charrington & Co., Cooper & Co., Dawson & Co., Eadie, Jas. Evershed, S. Green & Clarkson, Hill & Son, Ind Coope & Co., Mann, Crossman & Paulin, Marston & Sons, Nunnely, Joseph, & Co.; Porter & Son, Robinson & Co., Salt & Co., Sykes & Co., Thompson & Son, Truman, Hanbury, Buxton & Co., Walker & Son, Walker Peter, Execrs. of; Worthington & Co.

The mainspring of the great success of the Burton brewers is undoubtedly due to the peculiar quality of the water. It is known, says the *Lancet*, that these ales speedily become bright and clear, that they never require "finings" to be employed, and are fit for use almost as soon as brewed. Now the depurating power of lime is well known, inasmuch that it has long been employed in the clarification of cane and other vegetable juices; and it is, no doubt, to the presence and precipitation of this substance that the action of the Burton water in rendering beer transparent and bright is attributable? It is curious, continues Dr Bushnan, that water possessing these peculiar properties is confined to certain localities in this district, separated in some instances only a few feet from each other. It is a fact that more than one brewery attempted in Burton-on-Trent has been closed, because, being situated at the other end of the town, the speculators have found the water of a totally different quality, and their outlay of labour and capital has proved utterly fruitless. The result was foretold by the elder Darwin:—"I cannot leave this account of the calcerous or hard water of Burton without adding that I suppose, from the great affinity between calcareous earth and sulphuric acid, may be explained a circumstance, the theory of which has never been understood, and therefore the fact has generally been doubted, and that is, that hard waters make stronger beer than soft ones. I appeal to the brewers of Burton for the fact, who have the soft water of the Trent running on one side of their brewhouses, and

yet prefer universally the harder calcareous water supplied by their pump. I suppose there may be some saccharine quality with malt (which is not all of it equally perfectly made into sugar by the vegetable digesting power of the germinating barley) which by its attracting the calcareous earths of hard waters may produce a kind of mineral sugar, which, like the true sugar, may be convertible into spirit."

As no notice of the brewing trade could be made without mentioning the two kings thereof—Bass and Allsopp—a short sketch of the rise and progress of these houses will not be out of place. I will commence with the late Baron Hindlip, who will now, 1887, be always better known as Sir Henry Allsopp, as Lord Beaconsfield was as Benjamin D'Israeli.

Dr Shaw, in his "History and Antiquities of Staffordshire, 1798," in speaking of the brewing trade of Burton, says:—"The first origin of this business here was about ninety years ago, and simply commenced with a few public-houses; and one Benjamin Prilson (a misprint for Wilson) was the first who began in a small way the business of a common brewer. This Benjamin Wilson was either the father of the first great brewer of Burton ales, or, it may have been himself, for his letters (still extant) show that he had established a fine flourishing foreign trade in Burton ales in 1748."

I am indebted to much of the following to a clever little work on "Burton and its Beer," written by Dr Bushnan in 1852, who takes up the thread of the narrative where Dr Shaw leaves off:—

"To found by individual exertion, a new trade which shall enrich a whole community; to establish a great mercantile house, and so to consolidate the character of its productions as to ensure not only a continuance of its reputation, but a permanent advantage to the locality where its operations are carried on—are works of no ordinary merit—tasks demanding no small expenditure of labour, and the possession of no ordinary talent. Fortunate, indeed, was it for the town of Burton-on-Trent that in Benjamin Wilson and his successor, Samuel Allsopp, it possessed two men equal to such works. A man more competent than Benjamin

Wilson cannot be easily imagined. With a mind firm and disciplined, comprehensive in his views of business, and at the same time minutely careful in details, he was of a truly large spirit, yet a shrewd financier; the very soul of honour, and thorough man of business; a theorist, yet a practical man; a speculator, yet of caution bordering on closeness. True in his friendships, exact in his engagements, simple in manners, hearty in feelings, amiable in demeanour, courteous in all communications, he never lost a friend or made an enemy; he extended his transactions without creating jealousy, and rendering every customer a warm partizan. The character he achieved for his brewery he regarded as the best legacy he could leave to his children. Such was the character of 'Old Benjamin Wilson' as he was affectionately called, and his character has been well maintained by his successors. In those early days the cost of transit by the common stage waggon was such as to prohibit Burton beer in London, except to the very wealthy and exclusive classes, and it is strange to read that Benjamin Wilson's Burton beer was better known in Russia, where he did a large trade, than it was in the metropolis. The Empress Catherine, and the grand old savage Czar Peter, freely drank the beer at their respective Courts long before it became popular at St James' under the Four Georges. From the lives of the Sovereigns of Russia we learn that the order of drinking was, 'A cup of brandy, after which succeed great glasses of adulterated Tokay and between whiles a bumper of the strongest English beer,' supplied by the founder of the house of Allsopp. The beer was tried first as a luxury, and then became a necessity. The foregoing facts were supplied by Messrs Allsopp & Co."

The accuracy of the firm's statements is confirmed by "Seaward's Anecdotes," published in 1823.

The Alexander referred to was the First, and reigned over Russia from 1801 to 1825, so that we can fix the date of the story within a quarter of a century. "The Emperor Alexander, returning from Cronstadt, when the weather was most oppressively hot, halted at a little village in consequence of a relay of horses not being ready. An English merchant, who had an adjacent

country house, with that warmth of heart which forgets and surpasses all etiquette, ran out and presented to the Emperor a glass of Burton ale, which his Majesty, with his usual affability, drank, and thanked his host. Both the Emperor and the merchant forgot that the beverage was prohibited, or secretly relished it the more on that account."

Again, according to "Mavor's Tours," published in 1805, the writer "set off in the coach to Litchfield, thence to Burton, famous for its ale, which a late empress is said to have been extremely partial to." The writer might have taken the trouble to have found out which empress, and have given the date; but from Messrs Allsopp's account we take it to have been Catherine of Russia.

When the Trent Navigation Bill had passed and the work carried out, the trade of Burton was extended to Hull, the then great port of the Baltic; and a large and extending business was done by "old Benjamin Wilson" with the North Sea captains, who liked the liquor themselves and introduced it to their respective ports. The records and business letters of the founder of the firm are interesting as showing the gigantic results that have sprung from small beginnings. In 1774 Mr Wilson wrote: "We have already two large brewhouses employ'd, and about to use a third. With respect to the quantity of ale likely to go to St Petersburg, it would be very considerable could the order be completed; but, from various causes, that is impossible. The other ports have made considerable demands upon us this year, so that though a great deal of ale will be brew'd from this time to the 5th of April, yet we hope and believe Petersburg cannot be overcharged. Our orders for that place exceed six hundred hogsheads." That Benjamin Wilson deserved the high estimation in which he was held is shown by a letter to one of his correspondents in St Petersburg, in which the following passage occurs: "To people who have the credit of their own manufacture and the inseparable interest of their friends at heart, we cannot but feel an accumulated satisfaction at every additional instance of our ale proving fine and distinguishing itself, which, in justice to its character, we have ye happiness to say our friends have universally confirmed." "Old

Wilson" traded in partnership with his brother, who retired in 1775, and in due time Benjamin Wilson, jun., succeeded with his father. In the course of years and nature the house became Wilson Brothers. Then a marriage between the daughter of Wilson, *pere*, and James Allsopp of the knightly family of Allsopp of the Dale, paved the way to the present firm of Allsopp & Company. The Allsopps have always been of aristocratic race. The founder of the family was Hugh de Allsopp, who fought with Richard I. in the Holy Land, and distinguished himself at Acre. For seventeen generations the Allsopps lived at the Dale, near the Peak, and were of the county families, *par excellence*, when Mr Jas. Allsopp joined connubially and commercially the house of Wilson, and the firm became still more famous as "Wilson & Allsopp." The last name, however, appears in connection with brewing at a date long anterior to the above-named partnership. Pepys, in his diary, mentions a Mr Allsopp as the king's brewer, and the peculiar confidential position which he enjoyed in the household of Charles II. To return to a later date, Mr James Allsopp had a son Samuel (nephew of Benjamin Wilson, jun.), who was taken into partnership by his uncle; and the late head of the firm, Baron Hindlip, who died recently (1887), full of years as he was of honours, was a son of the aforementioned Samuel Allsopp. This is briefly a sketch of the firm for about 150 years. Whether "old" Wilson built the first brewery he occupied or not is a moot point. The author we have quoted so freely from gives currency to a tradition that "The brewery was so old that no one ever heard of its having a beginning. The very land it stood upon was freehold, and that made it out to be older than the Abbey."

I certainly cannot congratulate Burton and its brewers on the possession of a poet, when this is the sort of thing turned out:—

> This ale must come from Allsopp's vat,
> It is so bright and mellow;
> There's none but he can brew like that—
> Oh! he's a famous fellow!

Such ale as this, wherever sought,
None other could invent, sirs!
'Tis only brewed, 'tis only bought,
At Burton-upon-Trent, sirs.

The next couplet is more epigrammatic :—

Basse's immortal ale shall make us gay ;
He holds out longest yt dilutes his clay.
SAM. CATHERALL *to his Friend* HEARNE, Nov. 2, 1729.

Bass is the complement of Burton as Beaconsfield is of Hughenden. The munificence of the house of Bass is almost unparalleled even in this country, where our merchant kings and princes seem occasionally to rival each other in their wise munificence. I notice that the endowments and benefactions made by this firm towards education, recreation, and religious instruction, amounted, some time ago to over £122,000. Such a sum given by one house of business appears almost incredible; but it is not only the princely munificence as the wise administration and disposition of these funds that give a double value to their works and labours that proceed of love. I met the late Mr M. T. Bass years ago in relation to the efforts then being made to ameliorate the condition of railway servants. I shall never forget the thoroughness with which he entered into this work. I think he had a thankless task; but no amount of labour, passive and active resistance, or ingratitude and covert rebellion on the part of many of his protegés seemed to discourage him; whilst his mastery over all the details of the undertaking was marvellous. These qualities would have placed the late head of the firm in the foremost rank in any calling, either in science, the professions, or statesmanship. As it was, though he never took a very prominent position in the House, his course of action was always marked by broad liberality; whilst his personal character, great wealth, and sound views gave him commanding influence. *Le roi est mort vive le roi!*—the king never dies—and it is satisfactory to know that the son has taken the father's position. These large houses are reticent as to their good works—they prefer not to let their right hand know what

the left is doing—and hence their modesty prevents them from making public many interesting facts and anecdotes. Perhaps when the life and works of the late Mr Bass are published—if they ever are, and they deserve to be—we shall learn more of the rise and progress of Messrs Bass, Ratcliff, and Gretton.

From a modest little brochure, issued by Messrs Wyman & Sons, of Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn, entitled "A Glass of Pale Ale," we learn that the brewery was first started by Mr William Bass in the year 1777, when George the Third was king, and the boy minister, William Pitt, in power. Previous to that period Mr Bass had been engaged in the carrying business, at a time when all, or nearly all, the goods and merchandise inland traffic was done by means of the "common stage waggon." This branch of his business was afterwards transferred to the now historic and ubiquitous firm of Pickford & Co. The late Mr Bass was one of the largest holders of railway stock in England. The cost of road transit from Burton to London was in former days so great as practically to prohibit the consumption of "Burton" in the metropolis, and the London brewers of Southwarke had always been famous for the liquor from the time of Chaucer downwards, and a great prejudice in its favour prevailed. These two causes rendered Burton ale less known in London than on the Continent, Russia, and the East.

> Bass! whose fame is based on beer;
> Bass! whose name is known where'er
> Britons hold their nectar dear—
> Thirst assuaging pleasantly.

It is with the last-named quarter of the globe that the name of Bass is indissolubly associated in connection with pale ale, on which *Punch* has aptly bestowed the motto, *A liquid Amari.* An ingenious Assyriologist traces the connection of the firm with the East as follows. I don't vouch for the accuracy, as I have not had time to verify the Assyrian tablets that have of late years been unearthed. The authority I quote says:—

"I was much puzzled by the adoption of the pyramid as the trade mark of the house of Bass, until one day I alighted on a

ponderous volume from the pen of one learned in the *aliases* of the divinities of Assyria, Egypt, and Greece. That book cleared up the mystery, for it informed me that the pyramid builders worshipped a great power, who was called by some 'Tammuz,' by others 'Bassareus,' the son of the goddess Ops. He was termed Bassareus 'the Fortifier:' his symbol was a cross made thus X, and he was honoured by the Egyptians with libations of the wine of malt. Now that was a long time ago, and the reader will not marvel that in its transmission through the centuries the name 'Tammuz' has been corrupted into Thomas, 'Bassareus' into Bass, the single X into treble X—thus XXX—and 'Ops,' the graceful maternal cherisher of the founder of the family, into Hops!"

The modest beginnings of Mr William Bass flourished like the grain of mustard seed. The first brewery was built on a small plot of ground about the size of an ordinary garden. The present firm now occupy business premises extending over forty-five acres of freehold of the value of £250,000, and over one hundred acres of leasehold property. His "power" in the brewery was probably altogether manual, helped in some processes, possibly, by a horse. James Watt was not fully fledged, nor his engine fully developed then; he was at that time battling with the Cornish mining captains. Now Bass & Co.'s brewery has 34 steam engines of 720-horse power in the aggregate, and two portable engines of 26-horse power, besides 10 locomotives and 34 miles of private railway sidings.

Though the fame of the house is known chiefly from its pale ale brewings, it is not so generally known as it should be that the firm turn out some lovely stout—soft as milk, rich, rare, and creamy, and leaving a pleasant winy taste on the palate.

Why Bass's stout is not known as well to the public as their bitter, is a matter that concerns the firm—though the public are losers in consequence, for it only wants to be known to be respected and beloved. It is not my business to write a history of the firm of Bass, or to give a dry set of statistical figures showing the enormous amount of malt, hops consumed, and duty paid by these kings of the trade, or even to notice the large army of employès

engaged in promoting the business of the concern. The Burton people know all these details far better than I do.

The Brewers' Company.

The Brewers' Company was incorporated in the reign of Henry VI., in the year 1438, their charter being confirmed by Edward IV., with the further privilege of making bye-laws. The chosen patrons of the company were the Blessed Virgin Mary and St Thomas A'Beckett. The following extracts from their books have been taken from a four-page pamphlet issued anonymously in 1860, intituled "A Looking Glass for Brewers; wherein they may see their Origin and Dignity, together with the Curious Customs of their Ancient Craft." It must be remembered that most of the large companies were in existence long before the date of their charter.

Their very ancient and curious records under date of 1421, contain a long and remarkable story of the perverseness of one William Payne, at the sign of *The Swan*, by St Anthony's Hospital, Threadneedle Street, which originated in his refusal to contribute a barrel of *ale*, to be sent to the king (Henry V.) whilst he was in France. "For this affair he was fined 3s. 4d. for a *swan* for the masters' breakfast; and refusing to pay, was imprisoned: afterwards contemptuously resolving not to wear the Company's livery," he was brought before the mayor, and eventually conformed; but, it is added, "was very long before he could be humbled and brought to good behaviour." Another story, in which a *swan* was also the fine, occurs soon after, in the same books. It details the ill-treatment of Simon Potkin, of the *Key*, at Aldgate, who had paid 20d. to a friend to procure a certificate of the "oppressive acts," as they are styled, of the famous Sir Richard Whittington, then Lord Mayor, and who appears to have been particularly severe with the retailers of ale; this Potkin, on being fined by the chamberlain for bad measure, excused himself by saying that "he had given money to the masters [of the Brewers' Company], that he might sell at his own will." For this slander he is stated to have got into great trouble

with his company, and to have been only finally pardoned on paying 3s. 4d. for a *swan*, to be eaten by the masters; but, out of which, it is added, "he was allowed his own share."

In 1420, their books mention in decided terms the establishment in that Company of what may be considered a Court of Assistants, though not so named, and specify its duties. The entry which records the occurrence states a "resolution made by Thomas Greene, master, and the three wardens, '*and others*,' that they and their successors should meet at 'Brewereshalle,' there to hold their communication, on what necessities of the same craft were to be enquired of, sought into, and executed by them, as they should see most expedient for its honour and prosperity." Their meetings were to be held every Monday, except when changed to other days on account of festivals. The Company's affairs had evidently been conducted previously by general assemblies of the livery with the masters; for the year before (1419) the clerk is said to have been elected by the master and wardens, "with the counsel and unanimous consent of the brewers' craft."

The subjection of the Brewers' Company to the control of the Lord Mayor, is acknowledged in a very humble petition, dated 1435, in which they address the chief magistrate as their "right worshipful and gracious lord and sovereign the Maior of London."

The records of the Company, in 1422, contain a curious entry of an information against them for selling dear ale; the complainant in the case being no less a personage than the renowned Sir Richard Whittington. The substance of it, translated from the original in Norman French, follows:—

"On Thursday, July 30th, 1422, Robert Chichele, the mayor, sent for the masters and twelve of the most worthy of our Company to appear at the Guild Hall; to whom John Fray, the recorder, objected a breach of government, for which £20 should be forfeited for selling *dear ale*. After much dispute about the price and quality of malt, wherein 'Whitynton,' the late mayor, declared 'that the brewers had ridden into the country and forestalled the malt, to raise its price,' they were convicted in the penalty of £20; which, objecting to, the masters were ordered

to be kept in prison in the chamberlain's company, until they should pay it, or find security for payment thereof."

Whittington having obtained his conviction, and the Mayor and Court of Aldermen "gone homeward to their meat," the masters (who, the record proceeds to state, remained in custody) "asked the chamberlain and clerk what they should do? who bade them go home, and promised that no harm should come to them; for all this proceeding had been done but to please Richard Whitynton, for he was the cause of all the foresaid judgment."

In proof of his "extraordinary and arbitrary proceedings against the Brewers' Company," the records contain an account of "the offence taken by Richard Whitynton, mayor," against them for their having had "fat swans (*cignos pingius*) at their feast on the morrow of St Martin."

The same year furnishes an example of the city's control in what may be termed the impressment of the companies into the public service. It states that in—

"1422, Parliament having enacted that all the weirs or 'rydells,' in the Thames between Staines and Gravesend, and Queensborough, should be destroyed, the mayor and common council ordained that two men from each of the twenty-six crafts should go out with the mayor for this business. With the brewers were joined six other crafts, viz., the girdlers, fletchers, salters, barbers, dyers, and tallow-chandlers, who were all to go in *one barge*. The fletchers excusing themselves as being too busy on account of preparing 'artillery' for the king (who was then in France), were permitted to find substitutes, and make payment.

"Thomas Grene and Robert Swannefeld were chosen on this occasion to go up to Kingston on the part of the brewers, who spent 13s. 4d.; and Robert Carpenter and John Mason to go to Gravesend, who spent 20s.; each having a reward of 6s. 8d. They moreover paid to the chamberlain 56s. for three workmen for twenty-eight days, and by order of the mayor levied the amount on the craft for this purpose; but which (it is added) was with difficulty collected."

The system of bribery is entertainingly illustrated by the following entries:—

1422-3.—A note (in Latin), that William Walderne (mayor in that year) behaved well to the company, until two or three weeks before his retirement from office; when, beginning to annoy them, they "assuaged his displeasure" by presenting to him "a *boar*, price 20s.; and an *ox*, price 17s."

Whityngton himself is stated to have received a douceur through his servant, in an item of expenditure in the warden's accounts afterwards; which debits the company £7, 3s. 4d. "for ii pipes of red wyne to Richard Whityngton's butler." For a succeeding mayorality another sum of £13, 6s. 8d. is charged "for gyfts to the lord maior." Other entries record the receiving of presents of different kinds, both by the chief magistrate and his officers; or speak of such gifts as customary compliments to obtain favour. Thus we find in 1423, an entry of "money given to divers serjeants of the maior, for to be good friends to our craft," or, as it is afterwards worded, "for their labour to the profit of the craft." Mention is also made of the £16 "given to a tasker of the king's, to suffer our carpenters still in our work;" (who were artisans employed at this time in the repairs of the company's hall, and were liable to be impressed for the king's works).

1424.—"A record in praise of John Michelle." He was mayor this year; and, though a receiver of presents like his predecessors, is eulogised, because "he was a good man, and meek and soft to speak with. When he was sworn into office, the brewers gave to him an *ox*, that cost 21s. 2d., and a *boar*, price 30s. 1d.; so that he did no harm to the brewers, and advised them to make good ale, that he might not have any complaint against them."

The preceding year, 1423, affords an example of a mayor who would *not* take a bribe. The entry is in these words:—

"William Crowmere, mayor this year, was a good man, and well pleased all the citizens, especially the brewers; when the masters offered gifts to him he thanked them, but would not receive any."

A long notice in Latin describes the character and behaviour to the company of Robert Chichely, mayor in 1423, who, it is

said, "always treated the brewers well, and early exhorted them to due diligence in their craft, and to prevent transgressors." It concludes with mentioning a curious regulation made by him as to the beer trade of the time. "That retailers of ale should sell the same in their houses in pots of '*peutre*,' sealed and open; and that whoever carried ale to the buyer should hold the pot in one hand and a cup in the other; and that all who had pots unsealed should be fined."

The brewers' records afforded several curious specimens of election dinners, as far back as 1419, the seventh year of the reign of Henry the Fifth.

The presence of females was allowed at these feasts. The brothers of the Brewers' Company were to pay 12d., the sisters 8d., and a brother and his wife, 20d.; whilst, among the Fishmongers, the members were to pay towards the feast, on their quitting church, "every man, xiid.; and for his wife, viiid.;" and each "for his gest in the same manere at the assemblie, as the wardeyns shall reasonabilly ordeynne."

An account of repairs done in the reign of Henry VI. to Brewers' Hall, which was a large structure on the present site, mentions "the tenement by the great gate," afterwards converted into the company's almshouses.

The preparations of the Brewers' Company to celebrate the second arrival of Henry V. from France, with some general particulars of the procession, are given in the following notice from the company's books:—

"On Thursday, 13 February, 1422, the King came from France to London, and W. Cambrigge, the mayor, rode with all the commonalty of the city to meet him; who were all commanded to be clad alike, in white gowns with red capes. The brewers ordered that all householders of their company, and all the brewers' men of 40s. a year, should provide clothes for themselves, under fine of 20s.; but many neglected, and yet were let off easily. William, the (company's) clerk, had a gown given to him by the masters. The Queen likewise came on Friday the 21st, and was received in like manner."

The brewers' records give the following interesting account of

Henry the Fifth's funeral:—"*William Walderne* was chosen mayor on St Edmund's day, when it was ordered that the aldermen and crafts should go to Westminster with him, to take his charge, *in barges, without minstrels.*" Every householder was charged to provide a black or russet gown and a black hood; and, after the charge, to be present at the King's funeral. Certain of the crafts were ordered to find 200 torches for the funeral. The brewers provided eight torches on this occasion, weighing 138 lbs. of wax, price 51s. 9d. The chamberlain gave white gowns to the torch-bearers, and the brewers paid to each 3d. a day for two days.

"The royal corpse was brought to London on Thursday, November 5, and was met at St George's bar, in Southwark, by the mayor, sheriffs, and citizens, on foot; the brewers stood at St Margaret's (Southwark) church-yard, until the funeral procession had gone by, preceded by the torch-bearers, and then followed to St. Paul's, where a dirge was performed. On the next day, several masses were sung by many bishops and others, who, after eating, preceded the corpse to Westminster, with the mayor and civic authorities. The torches were held at the gate of the abbey until all had entered; and, when brought back, weighed 112 lbs., and were sold for 28s. Every householder from the church of St Magnus to Temple-bar had a servant holding a torch at his door while the procession passed. The burial was solemnized on Saturday, November 7, when there were offered at the high altar, four steeds royally trapped, with a knight, full and whole armed with the king's coat armour, and a crown upon his head, sitting on one of the steeds. After mass, 200 cloths of gold were offered."

CHAPTER XVII.

DRINKING CLUBS AND CUSTOMS.

"The jolly members of a toping club,
Like pipe-staves, are but hoop'd into a tub,
And in a close confederacy link,
For nothing else but only to hold drink."

BUTLER.

BUTLER was rather hard on the members of the drinking clubs which existed in his day, but they were essential to that age and subsequent periods also. Newspapers, as we understand them, did not exist, and the evening reunion at the club was the only medium for exchanging the news and gossip of the day, the latest doings of the Whigs and Tories, the movements of the young Pretender, the Hanoverian prospects, and what not. It was natural enough, in the days when a Whig and Tory could scarcely meet without drawing swords, that disciples of the same political creed should know where to meet each other, and hence the importance of the clubs in which the loyal toasts of the respective parties could be drunk in peace and harmony.

God bless the King, I mean the faith's defender;
God bless—no harm in blessing the pretender;
But who the Pretender is, or who the King—
God bless us all—that's quite another thing.

And so the King was drank over a bowl of water, and the well-understood double *entendre* was rehearsed over and over again. They were hard drinkers and hard hitters, though I question whether even they were so bad as they are painted. Our ancestors drank well when they were about it, but they were about in the

open air all the day, and they fed well, they were not everlastingly taking glasses of sherry, nips of brandy, pick-ups, S. and B.'s, and other pretences of cheating the devil by a pretence of sobriety, which means a chronic state of half-drunkennesss. They went in for a good square meal, and washed it down with plenty of good honest liquor, and they woke up without a headache. At all events they took the brandy or whisky honestly, and did not go through the farce of making it a temperance tipple by the addition of soda. "The Loyal Garland, a collection of songs highly in request, and much esteemed in the past and present times" (1686) gives a good description of a club of the period:—

THE GOOD FELLOWS.

When our brains well liquor'd are,
Then we charm asleep our care;
Then we account Machevil a fool with his plots,
And cry there's no depth but the bottom o' th' pots.
Then Hector compar'd with us will be,
But a coward, and Crœsus beggarly:
Then with song our voices we raise,
And circle our temple with bays.
Then honour we count but a blast of wind,
And trample all things in our mind:
The valiant in arms,
That are led by fond alarms,
Get their honour with harms;
Whilst he that takes up
A plentiful cup
To no danger is brought,
But of paying his groat.
Then quickly, come lads, and fill our cups full,
For since down we must all be laid;
'Tis held a good rule
In Bacchus's school,
'Tis better to lye drunk than dead.

There was no mock modesty about them. The old mug-houses again were favourite resorts. The description of one which existed in the reign of George I. has been penned by a contemporary, a foreigner:—

"At the Mug-house Club in Long Acre, where on Wednesdays a mixture of gentlemen, lawyers, and tradesmen meet in a great room, a grave old gentleman in his grey hairs, and nearly ninety years of age, is their president, and sits in an armed chair some steps higher than the rest. A harp plays all the while at the lower end of the room; and now and then some one of the company rises and entertains the rest with a song (and, by-the-bye, some are good masters). Here is nothing drunk but ale, and every gentleman chalks on the table as it is brought in."

The "Facers" formed another odd band of brothers. According to Ramsay they were "A club of fair drinkers who inclined rather to spend a shilling on ale than twopence for meat. They had their name from a rule they observed of obliging themselves to throw all they left in the cup in their own faces, therefore to save their faces and clothes, they prudently suck'd the liquor out."

The "Wolves" was the name of another convivial club which met at the "Coal-hole," now transformed into Terry's Theatre, in the Strand, under the leadership of Edmund Kean. So disorderly and uproarious, however, did the "Wolves" become, that it was considered a nuisance even to the Coal-hole, and was accordingly broken up.

These lines aptly apply to the uproarious Wolves:—

"He that is drunk, or bullied, pays the Treat.
Their talk is loose; and o'er the bouncing Ale
At Constables and Justices they rail."

Perhaps a better idea of the sayings and doings of these jovial crimson-nosed clubbites may be formed from the old "patter" song.

THE COUNTRY CLUB.

Now we are all met here together,
In spite of wind or weather,
To moisten well our clay;

Before we think of jogging,
Let's take a cheerful noggin,
Where's the waiter? ring away;
Where's the glees and the catches,
The tobacco, pipe, and matches,
And plenty of brown stout?
Fill the glasses, e'er we start 'em,
Let's proceed *secundum artem*,
Let the clerk all the names read out.

Spoken: Gentlemen of the Quizzical Society, please to answer to your names. Farmer Scroggins! Why! I be here; Doctor Horseleech! here; Parson Paunch! here; Taylor Tit! here: and so he goes on for about twenty, till at last you hear, are you all assembled? All, all, all, all.

So here's to you, Mister Wiggins,
Here's to you, Master Figgins,
So put the beer about.

Come tell us what the news is,
Who wins and who loses,
Of the times what do people say?
Hard, hard, the landlord racks us,
Then we have such a load of taxes,
Indeed! well, and how goes hay?
Why, now, there's Master Wiseman,
He told the exciseman
The cause of this pother and rout.
Order, order, and sobriety,
The rules of the society,
Let the scratchetary read 'em out.

Spoken: Every member of this society that spills his liquor in his neighbour's pockets, shall forfeit twopence. Every member that fingers his neighbour's wig with his pipe, shall forfeit twopence. Every member of this society who refuses to laugh at a good joke, shall forfeit twopence. Every member of this society

who reproaches his neighbour with coming to distress by unavoidable misfortune, shall forfeit twopence. Mr President, I move that this forfeit be a shilling. And I second the motion. Are you all agreed? I am, univarsally. A noble resolution! D'ye think so?

Why then, here's to you, Mr Higgins,
Here's to you, Mr Wiggins,
So put the beer about.

And now the potent liquor,
Not even spares the vicar,
But in all their noddles mounts.
While among this set of queerers,
All talkers and no hearers,
Each his favourite tale recounts.
The soldier talks of battle,
The grazier sells his cattle,
Conversation to provoke,
Till the juice of the barrel
Begets some curious quarrel,
While the company is lost in smoke.

Spoken: Upon my soul, neighbour, I had no hand in the death of your wife; it was all in the way of business. Nay, but, doctor, 'twere a cursed unneighbourly thing of you. Not that the woman were any sitch great things, but to put a body to sitch an expence. Why, you don't say so! Killed fifteen by your own hand! fifteen by my laurels! D'ye hear that, butcher? Hear it, yes; but I'll lay un what he dares he has not kill'd so many as I have by hundreds. Powder my whiskers. Come, come, gentlemen, says the bellowsmaker, no breezes! Let me exhort you to temperance, says the parson. Amen, says the clerk. That's right, said the undertaker; let us bury animosity! Now that's what I like, said the fiddler. I like to see harmony restored. D'ye, though? Why then,

Here's to you, Mr Higgins,
Here's to you, Mr Wiggins,
So put the beer about.

There was not much formality about these clubs; in fact, every tavern parlour was, *ipso facto*, a club in itself. All the habitues knew each other's affairs intimately, and met nightly to discuss the same matters, when "news much older than the ale went round." They always welcomed a new arrival who made himself agreeable, and found means to "sit upon" any one that was otherwise. One can but regret the decline and decay of the good old tavern with its comfortable parlour and tap-room, and still more so the rise of the modern gin-palace, with its glare, glitter, rapid drinking, and general flashiness all round. I am confident that much of the drunkenness that prevails is due to the rapid style of drinking which prevails in these establishments. With a few notable exceptions, the old-fashioned hostel, with its solid comforts, civility, and genial company is a thing of the past. A capital description of these places of resort in Birmingham was written in 1782 and 1783 by J. Morfitt; but the description applies so generally to most town and provincial taverns that it will well bear reproducing.

"The law of congregation, as the naturalists call it, operates here very powerfully in all seasons, bringing the good folks of the town regularly together in the evening, and for an hour or two after dinner, into the certain public houses, nick-named *smoke-shops*, where they discuss the topic of the day over a cup of *good* ale. I wish to lay a stress upon the epithet *good*, for, were it otherwise, in vain might the landlord bow, and the landlady apologize: no atonement could possibly be made; the most elegant parlour would be deserted for the meanest tap-room. It is by no means uncommon, after the usual salutations and greetings, to ask one another, as a most important question, 'Where is the best tap?' Some of these *smoke-shops* are spacious, and not inelegant rooms, provided with ventilators, maps, gazetteers, and every other accommodation for smoking a pipe, reading a newspaper, and drinking a glass of genuine ale—ale, not supplied by public brewers, but manufactured by the landlords themselves, with the most anxious attention, as on the quality of this beloved beverage depends their fortune and their fame.

"The company, though enveloped in smoke, bears no resem-

blance to the lumpish, boorish beings, that are huddled together in a Dutch Treckschuyte. So far from the conversation being confined to the insipid subject of trade, it is varied and jocose, replete with anecdote, and often enlivened by a toast and a song. The landlord mingles with his customers, acting as a kind of arbiter *elegantiarum*, and contributing all that is in his power to their accommodation and festivity. The most illustrious of these assemblies are Tomlinson's, in Friday-street; Poet Freeth's,* in Bell-Street; and Lynden's, in Peck-lane. All these have their several attractions, and the first and last are enthusiastically attached to the King and constitution of this country. Though their loyalty may begin, it does not end in fume. Here let any one, at his peril, sit or stand with his head covered when the sacred song of *God save the King* is sung. Here, during the late war, was promulgated, in large and golden characters, a salutary admonition to the sons of sedition to fly the hallowed ground, *procul, procul este profani!* I beg pardon; the inscriptions were in plain English as follows, *no Jacobins admitted.* It is well worth the while of any stranger, and of a Gleaner in particular, to visit these temples of festivity; if he can bear the cloud of fumigation, and stand the fire of a phalanx of pipes, he will learn more of the customs, manners, and habits, of this class of the inhabitants in a single evening than I could describe in a whole volume.

"John Freeth, the Birmingham bard, who 'writes songs, finds tunes, and sings them, too,' is venerable for his years, respectable for his probity, and distinguished by home-spun wit and good-humoured satire. He is one of the best political ballad writers and election poets in the kingdom.

"So much for the genius of our meetings of this class, as far as respects eating and drinking. Ale, you will perceive, is its nectar; and its ambrosia boiled legs of mutton, tripe, cow-heel, and *greaty* pudding. Here another explanation is necessary. *Greaty*, or rather *groaty* pudding (for I know not its orthography) is made of shins of beef, and groats (that is, dried oats

* Freeth's song of "Birmingham Beer" will be found on another page.

stripped of their husks), and, after being well seasoned with salt and pepper, is baked in ovens. Not many years ago it had the honour, like tripe, of being publicly proclaimed by the town crier, and is still in high estimation, as a winter dish. Hot grey pease were likewise formerly cried about the streets in an evening, but they seem at present to have lost their vogue. Let not these things be considered as degrading the dignity of communication: it may be matter of useful curiosity to know what is the favourite diet of these hardy and ingenious 'artificers in brass and iron.'"

"Much as I heard," says another writer of the same period, "of the drinking and smoking houses once so famous for good ale, and justly called smoke shops, for in a room twenty feet long, twelve or fourteen wide, and eight high, you may find in an evening thirty or forty men, every one with a pipe in his mouth and a glass of ale before him. In the windows are many little inlets made of tin, and need enough there is for them. Report says that if any of the company are wanted, the waiter, who is not permitted to call them out by name, takes a pair of bellows to disperse the smoke from the face of the drinkers till he finds the man he wants."

The author, who was concerned at so much smoking, was afterwards consoled by learning that these clubbites were not only *happy* and *hearty*, but also *loyal* souls.

"At a little later period, however, after the French Revolution, the writer deplores a sad falling off, and could not fail to observe upon the wicked industry with which *licentious principles* have been propagated. The manufactories, my friend, have their politicians and republicans as well as the barber's shop and the ale house, yea, and their revolutionists, Robespieres, and atheists are as numerous and as fierce, and it is as common to hear the downfall of states, the high and low church party, the indivisibility of the great nation, the imperfection of thrones and dominions, and the perfectability of human nature, the Bill of Rights, and the Bill of Wrongs discussed and determined in casting a button, or pointing a pin as at the Devil Tavern, or the Robin Hood Society! Aye, and believe me, with as much sagacity as in more popular assemblies, and with quite as much rage and patriotic violence."

In fact, heated politics are not peculiar to any age or time. Samuel Johnson observed something of a similar kind, which will bear repetition at the present moment—

> "Here falling houses thunder on your head,
> And there, a female atheist talks you dead."

It was invariably the custom among our forefathers to drink to toasts and sentiments. Dean Ramsay, in his reminiscences, congratulates the present age in having abolished this custom. On the other hand, there is much to be said in its favour, especially in harmonic gatherings, when a sentiment neatly capped a song. As Thomas Rhymer in his book says, "When a person has sung, and another ungifted with vocal powers is called upon, he may contribute his mite to the convivial moment, and thus at once save useless pressing to perform a task for which, perhaps, nature and want of taste had rendered him totally unfit." Besides which, a toast or a health would often be the means of breaking the ice between two congenial souls. The toasts were always loyal in sentiment, embodying the feast of reason and the flow of soul in terse epigrammatic language, and many were applicable to special songs. The abuse of the custom which Dean Ramsay deplored is no argument against its use. As the observance once universal is now obsolete, it may be of interest to give a selection of toasts taken chiefly from Rhymer, especially as the custom originated in beer drinking observances. The verb to "toast" in its relation originated in the practice of putting a piece of toasted bread into a jug of ale. The good old congenial custom originated from an objectionable habit which the Danes had of stabbing or cutting the throats of the English whilst they were drinking their spiced ale. In order to guard against such a contingency, it became the practice for the individual to request some friends sitting near him to become his surety or pledge while he drank. Thus, from this nettle danger our ancestors plucked the flower safety, and the system became one of their cherished institutions. The word bumper, which is always associated with a toast, arose from the customs which good Catholics observed of drinking the health of the Pope, *au bon Père*, at the conclusion of a feast. Nearly all

toasts breathe a spirit of loyalty and much sound wisdom, whilst the bulk of them would not be out of place in a teetotal gathering, either for sobriety or sentiment. The first was invariably

THE QUEEN, GOD BLESS HER.

Then followed Edward Fitzball's graceful words wedded to Rodwell's appropriate music:—

* THEN THE TOAST BE DEAR WOMAN.

Bright, bright, are the beams of the morning sky,
And sweet dew the red blossoms sip,
But brighter the glances of dear woman's eye,
And sweeter the dew on her lip.
Her mouth is the fountain of rapture,
The source from whence purity flows;
Ah! who would not taste of its magic,
As the honey-bee drinks from the rose.
Ah! who would not taste of its magic,
As the honey-bee drinks from the rose.
Then the toast, then the toast, be dear woman,
Let each breast that is manly approve;
Then the toast, then the toast, be dear woman,
And three cheers for the girls we love.
Hip, hip, hip, hip, Hurrah!
Hip, hip, hip, hip, Hurrah!
And three cheers for the girls we love.

"The Queen, may she reign long and live happily.

"The Prince of Wales."

"May the smuggler's heart be free from a pirate's spirit.

"May the laws soon cease, that tempt honest men to become knaves.

"The country whose laws are made for revenue, not for prohibition."

"May hearts be joined whenever hands are united.

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* Music at B. Williams,

"May music inspire joy, and unity allow no discord.

"When Apollo inspires our lips, may he also drive care from our hearts."

"May truth animate Paddy's heart, when blarney stimulates his tongue.

"A full tumbler to every good fellow—a good tumble to every bad one.

"The rose, thistle, and shamrock, may they never be disunited."

"May the poaching friar be whipped with his own cord.

"May religion ever be divested of sensuality.

"May hypocrisy be stripped whenever it puts on the cloak of religion."

"Early hours and hearty health."

"Olden times.

"Old halls.—Old farms, and old pastimes."

"May the game-laws be reformed or repealed.

"May moonlight sporting cease, by employment being given to the labourer.

"The abolishment of game-keeping, rather than increase of crime."

"Liberty without lawlessness."

"Old English sports, may they never be done away with.

"Old English customs, may modern refinement never introduce habits less healthful."

"Oaken ships and British hands to man them.

"May hearts of oak man our navy, and plants of oak support it.

"May the British tar never lose the oak's firmness, or debase his country's character."

"May our love be ever young—our charity ever vigorous.

"The heart which is open to all worth, and shut to all vice."

"May we never unfurl our banner but for defence, and never furl it in dishonour.

"May just wars be accompanied by good fortune, and aggressive valour be discomfited."

"May a quarrelsome toper be compelled to be a teetotaller."

"May the beam in the glass never destroy the ray in the mind.

"When we are tempted to lave the clay, may we never deprive it of consistency."

"A jolly nose, when it is the sign of a good fellow, but not of a sot.

"May we never colour the nose by emptying the pocket.

"May the bloom of the face never extend to the nose."

"May our glass be broken, rather than we should allow merriment to be succeeded by madness."

"May the toils of the day be forgotten in the welcome of night."

"May riotous monks have a double Lent.

"Merry monks, but not mad ones.

"May monastic rule be firm without severity, and mild without weakness."

"Merry hearts to village maidens.

"Harmless joys, with spirits to enjoy them.

"May the merry-day actions never be succeeded by the next day's regret."

"Our country, our Constitution, and our Queen."

"Let the lass be good, if even the glass is fill'd badly.

"May a toast to the fair never prove an apology for the conduct of a SATYR."

"May the gentleman *that is*, be as true-hearted as the gentleman *that was*.

"Old English faces, old English hearts, and old English customs.

"May modern landlords by their conduct deserve the tears that watered the biers of their progenitors."

"ENGLAND, THE OCEAN QUEEN.

"May the Ocean Queen never oppress old ocean Sisters.

"May Britain ever retain the character of 'the home of the friendless.'"

"May we never put an enemy into our mouths that can steal away our brains."

"May the cold of Christmas be forgotten in the comfort of its cheer.

"May all hearts be merry at Christmas, even when all hands are cold.

"May the frosts which bind old Christmas open all hearts to the poor."

"Sir John Barleycorn, may he soon be relieved from his fetters.

"The times when each village home was never without good beer.

"Sir John Barleycorn, may the time soon come when each peasant may have him for a lodger."

"Merrie England, may her peasant sons resume their ancient independence.

"Old sports, and village pastimes as they were.

"Merrie Christmas, may we always have good cheer to welcome it."

"The peasantry of England, may they resume their ancient spirit.

"May God speed the plough, and reward the men who drive it.

"May they who raise the wheat be well rewarded with plenty."

"The sports of former, and the science of present days.

"The golden days of Queen Bess, but may their despotism never be revived.

"Our Fatherland, its Queen and Constitution."

"The merry days of England, may her merriest be yet to come.

"May the wassail bowl never be the burial-place of our reason.

"May the pastimes of the present generation never disgrace the pleasures of the past."

"The golden days of Queen Bess.

"May the poor never want relief, while the rich have power to administer it.

"Country sports, and light-hearted players."

"The English *belles*, may their society animate virtue, and stimulate to glorious enterprise."

"Sweethearts and wives.

"The wind that blows, the ship that goes, and the lass that loves a sailor.

"May distress ensure sympathy, and misfortune assistance."

"May woman be our companion; may we never make her a slave.

"The pleasures that will bear reflection.

"Woman: may she ever remain the guard of man's virtue."

"May sorrow never induce a resort to wine.

"Let us never attempt to lighten care by drowning reason.

"When sorrows weigh heavy on the heart, may reason be strong in the head."

"May want never drive the gipsy out of the pale or within the grasp of the law.

"May punishment attend idleness—fortune accompany exertion."

"A stout ship, a clear sea, and a far-off coast in stormy weather.

"May the heart of a British sailor be firm as his native oaks, his activity equal to his ocean winds.

"May hope accompany the sailor, and ever prevent the appearance of despair."

"May we seek acquaintance with the '*rising sun*,' that we may be introduced to '*many days*.'"

"Health to the fair, and may happiness accompany it.

"When we speak of the fair, in our toasts, may our minds be purified by the introduction.

"May our fair friends command respect—even Bacchus should approve their rights."

"May the life of a beast ensure the death of a dog.

"May we never allow any servants to become our masters.

"May we never have a pain that champagne will not cure."

"May the sweet sounds of music never be interrupted by the discord of performers.

"May music elevate the mind, not lull its senses.

"May love always keep company with harmony."

"May we live to see the wrongs of Poland redressed.

"Confusion to the tyrant, liberty to the slave."

"May the spirit of generosity never be damped by the blight of ingratitude."

"May our suns set in peace, even if they rise to witness our toil."

"May fair clothes alway cover fair hearts.

"May the lover's pride be succeeded by the husband's truth and affection.

"May our wedding days be happy—our wedded days know no bathos."

"May the action of the soldier's brains never be limited to the circumference of his coat.

"A good head, a good heart, and a firm hand to every good soldier.

"May our fair never so nearly resemble our geese, as to be attracted by a red rag (*coat*)."

"England's wooden walls.

"Oaken hearts and oak ships."

"Irish fun without its folly."

"The honour that God only can give, and which tyrants cannot take away."

"To the kind hearts in gipsy tents.

"To the gipsy who attacks our weaknesses rather than our hen roosts.

"May the gipsy tent never be inhabited by a bandit's heart."

"Forest sport, but family comforts to return to.

"The freedom of the forest, without the cares of the town."

"The time when the Zingaree shall tear his tents, and society receive him as a brother.

"Gipsy joys without gipsy license.

"The free movements of the gipsy, but with fetters on his morals."

"May each lass have a true lover.

"When women believe, may men never deceive.

"May trust ever be allied with truth."

"May the bell (*belle*) never be too long in the clapper.

"May the belle's license never exceed her liberty.

"A fair welcome at the end of a long journey."

"May the joys of drinking never supersede the pleasure of reasoning."

"Friend of my soul, here's a bumper to thee."

"May might ever be associated with mercy.

"May the flag of England ever be unfurled to support, never to suppress, the liberty of nations.

"The standard of England, may it never be unfurled for the support of foreign tyrants."

"The oak: may our thoughts be as luxuriant as its boughs, our hearts as sound as its trunk.

"May the remembrance of the past prepare us for the future.

"The oak: may we, like it, fall, but to arrive at a more glorious destiny."

"May hilarity always be united with temperance.

"May temperance be in our hearts whenever the glass is in our hands.

"Father Mathew: may his habits be practised when his name is forgotten."

"Our fathers: may their memories be melody in our hearts.

"May our father's song remind us only of his virtues.

"May the good old songs render us better able to estimate the merits of the new."

"When Glory calls, may right attend her banner.

"May we never profane the name of glory by associating it with deeds of rapine.

"Military glory; may we live to attend her funeral, and never witness her resurrection among the nations."

"Patriotism without pugnacity.

"Old England for ever, and God save the Queen."

"May the standard of England never be raised for oppression, nor lowered with dishonour.

"May the standard of England ever be acknowledged as the standard of liberty.

"May the Queen of *half* the world be Queen of *all* her people's hearts."

"May the recollection of our childhood be hallowed by the experience of maturity.

"May our wanderings from home never render less desirable our return to home.

"The streams and flowers and Belles of Britain—may they never be less bright."

"The Queen, may she never forget that trade and commerce have given England her power.

"Commerce, may her chains speedily be broken.

"Trade, may it have freedom to range the world."

"May Paddy's bulls never be horned with mischief.

"May the sons of Ireland live in harmony, and banish religious discord from their shores."

"May contemplation upon our last resting place check vain hopes and prevent weak despondency."

"May we never make engagements without thought, nor attempts without reason."

"May harmony fill our hearts, and not merely charm our ears."

"May the pot-house Parson become as rare as a four-horse coach soon will be.

"May we never bend our reason to our inclinations.

"May the offices of religion find fit Priests, and may we find better employment than to laugh at bad ones."

"May a good joke always inspire a smart rejoinder.

"May each witty story bear a good moral, and may we have brains to find it.

"May our wit be not merely a jingling of sounds, but a concatenation of sense."

"May we show our *sense* by controlling our *senses*.

"The time when drudgery shall be confined to the physical, and banished from the mental powers."

"May matrimonial jars never end in a dissolution of partnership.

"Bear and Forbear.

"May matrimony teach patience when the lesson has to be learnt."

"Money, may it add to our pleasure by giving us the power to please others.

"Money, may it never be our god; but in our hands an instrument of good."

"May the last shilling soon have a successor.

"May he who parts with his last shilling to relieve distress, never know what it is to want it."

"May sweet sounds never promote discord.

"May ladies be assured, that the cultivation of the mind is much more material than that of music."

"May the ladies never be caught like bees, by mere noise.

"To the hero of a thousand fights.

"The British army, may its discipline ensure the respect of its enemies."

"May St Patrick banish the *varmint* from the houses as well as the fields.

"May all *leil* hands join in expelling those with dishonest hearts.

"'Eringobragh.'"

"May the laurel rest on his brow, who dies in the attempt to free a country from a tyrant's grasp."

"May kindness never be obliterated from the heart by carelessness.

"When parting with the loved is imperative, may our resolution be equal to the occasion.

"The remembrance of those we have loved and lost."

"May the remembrances of affection never depart."

"The Queen of Night, may she mitigate our cares; not stimulate to madness.

"Moonlight meetings that will bear the light of day.

"In the old, may the moon's ray bring to mind the days of youth; to the young, may they read the lesson that all beauty must wane."

"May our slumbers be light as fairy steps, and our conscience light as our sleep.

"The woes of lovers, may they be evanescent as the moonbeam."

"May we witness the blushes of the morning, that we may hope to participate in its bloom."

"May recollections of hope animate and not damp exertion.

"Our Fatherland, may we prize the remembrance of its virtues.

"May the tears of affection, like the dew, never see a second sun."

"May vows before marriage never be forgotten after it.

"May the marriage bond banish every idea of rivalry in love."

"May jealousy never invade the domestic hearth."

"The Belles of Scotland.

"The mountain scenes which rear mighty hearts.

"May the music of Scotland never cease to inspire a Scotchman's heart."

"May Britannia ever maintain her supremacy at sea.

"May the spirit of the Briton animate all lands in which her sons are naturalised.

"May Britons never submit to, nor desire to force on others the bond of slavery."

"May our age ne'er be widowed, but may death be welcome with those we love.

"May those who live together through a long life, in death be undivided.

"May the warmth of our affections survive the frosts of age.

"Our country, may her sons never dishonour their parentage.

"Highland sports, may the forester never want a stag, nor the angler a salmon."

"A monastic rather than a mermaid's cell.

"May our bed never be harder than heather, nor softer than feathers.

"Mermaids for the ocean—young maids for true hearts."

"May the time soon arrive when the children of Judah shall again be a collected people.

"In our intercourse with Abraham's seed, may their present degradation never make us forget they were the chosen people of God."

"May the ruins of the Jewish empire impress the sons of Abraham with a due sense of their great crime.

"May Israel soon be collected in the land of Judah.

"May the daughters of Israel soon strike the harp once more under their native vines and fig trees."

"Love's almanack, may it be a perpetual one."

"The 'Carse o' Gowrie,' may its beauties ensure plenty o' visitants.

"The lass o' Gowrie, may 'Mess John' never be absent when she requires his aid.

"May contentment secure matrimony, and love induce it."

"To old Ocean's sister, may the memory of her ancient glory never depart.

"Venice, may she be a lesson to the nations, that tyranny is destructive of prosperity.

"To the memory of the time when Venice was great, glorious, and free."

"May the blighted heart find in every one a brother.

"May the midnight of the mind find all willing to illuminate its darkness.

"May woman never know despair, nor man ever occasion it."

"The deep sea, may its wonders raise our minds to Him that can control it.

"The ecstasy that a gale in a good craft and a roaring sea excites.

"The majesty of man, while it triumphs over nature, may it willingly bow to nature's God."

"May selfishness never possess our hearts.

"May we esteem merit wherever we find it.

"May we love woman quite independent of our relation to her; and may she ever inspire virtue."

"May our sailors be constant as the NEEDLE, and true as the compass."

"Lots of beef, oceans of beer, a pretty girl, and a thousand a year."

"May we never want a friend and a glass to give him."

The list of toasts is rather long, but yet they embody in one form or another the sentiments and feelings of the whole of the English people, breathe a kindly, manly spirit, and are free from the dogmatism and contrariness of those proverbs which Sancho Panza, the clown, loved, but his master, Don Quixote, the gentleman, hated.

In 1844, Mr John Dunlop published the seventh edition of

his elaborate account of the artificial and compulsory drinking usages of the United Kingdom, in furtherance of the temperance movement. The work was a most laborious production, but it only proved that drinking prevailed on special occasions, and had become incorporated in the customs of almost every trade and calling in the United Kingdom, and that, unfortunately, the abuse of what was in itself a good and friendly observance became at times a source of great evil, and that in some trades it prevailed more than in others.

Beer in one form or another has always been an important element in initiations, as our R.A.O.B.'s are well aware, the "purity and holiness" of the Gatter being specially looked after by the taster. Footings are always paid in beer. I must, however, go back to old Taylor the poet for an account of the ceremony of "hancing," as performed in his day:—

"Being entertained at the city of Hamburgh, he was given the choicest place in the English house which he attended. Every man did his best to hance him for his welcome—which, by interpretation, is to give a man a loaf too much out of the brewer's basket—in which kind of potshot our English have grown such stout proficients that some of them dares bandy and contend with the Dutch, their first teachers." This statement is confirmed by *Iago*, 'Othello,' act ii., scene 3. "But, after they hanced me as well as they could, they administered an oath to me in the manner and form as following:—

"THE OBLIGATION ON BEING HANCED.—[*Laying my hand on a full pot*] I swear, by the contents and all that is herein contained, that, by the courteous favour of these gentlemen, I do find myself sufficiently hanced, and that henceforth I shall acknowledge it, and that whenever I shall offer to be hanced again I shall arm myself with the craft of a fox, the manners of a hog, the wisdom of an ass, mixed with the civility of a bear."

"This was the form of the oath as near as I can remember."

In the notes to Fletcher's play of "Beggars Bush," 1647, I find the following slightly slangy form of admitting a member into the Honourable Fraternity of Beggars:—

I crown thy nab with a gag of ben bouse,
And stall thee by the salmon into the clows,
To mand on the pad and to strike all the cheats;
To null from the ruffmans, commissions, and slates,
Twang dells i' the stiromel, and let the quire-cuffin,
And Herman becktrine, and trine to the ruffian."

It is scarcely necessary to translate the above.

One of the most peculiar beer drinking customs which prevailed was that which was scrupulously enforced upon travellers through Highgate, and known as swearing on the horns. Though wine is mentioned in one of the forms of obligation, a gallon of beer was usually the initiation fee in the generality of houses. Lord Byron, and after him a troop of Harrovians, were initiated, as is shown by the following lines from "Childe Harold":—

"Some o'er the Thames row the ribbon'd fair,
Others along the safer turnpike fly,
Some Richmond Hill ascend, some scud to Ware,
Ask ye, Boetian Shades, the reason why?
'Tis to the worship of the solemn Horn,
Grasped in the holy hand of mystery,
In whose dread name both men and maids are sworn,
And consecrate the oath with draught, and dance till morn."

When from seventy to eighty coaches passed through the village daily, the majority of the passengers were constrained to take the oath. The custom must have brought an enormous accession of business to the village, and the landlords waxed fat thereon. The form of oath varied according to the wit and humour of the presiding genius. The high priest and his satellite were dressed in mock canonicals, and frequently wore masks. Here is one short form of oath given in an old print in the coffee-room of the Gate-house, dated 1796:—"Pray, sir, lay your right hand on this book and attend to the oath. You swear by the rules of sound judgment that you will not eat brown bread when you can get white, except you like brown better; that you will not

drink small beer when you can get strong, except you like the small beer better. But you will kiss the maid in preference to the mistress, if you like the maid better. So help you Billy Bodkin. Turn round and fulfil your oath." The following was the prelude to which the acolytes were chanted in:—

"'Tis a custom at Highgate that all who go through
Must be sworn on the Horns, sir, and so, sir, must you.
Bring the horns, shut the door, now, sir, take off your hat,
When you come here again don't forget to mind *that*."

There were few men who had the moral courage to resist the appeal. Usually, however, the obligation was much longer than the one just given. Here is a more detailed one:—

"Upstanding and uncovered; silence. Take notice what I now say to you, for *that* is the first word of the oath, mind *that!* You must acknowledge me to be your adopted father; I must acknowledge you to be my adopted son. If you do not call me father, you forfeit a bottle of wine; if I do not call you son, I forfeit the same. And now, my good son, if you are travelling through the village of Highgate, and if you have no money in your pocket, go call for a bottle of wine at any house you may think proper to enter, and book it to your father's score. If you have any friends with you, you may treat them as well; but if you have any money of your own, you must pay for it yourself; for you must not say you have no money when you have; neither must you convey your money out of your pocket into that of your friend's pocket, for I shall search them as well as you, and if I find that you or they have any money you forfeit a bottle of wine for trying to cheat and cozen your old father. You must not eat brown bread when you can get white, unless you like brown the best; nor must you drink small beer when you can get strong, unless you like small the best; you must not kiss the maid when you can kiss the mistress, unless you like the maid best; but sooner than lose a good chance you may kiss them both. And now, my good son, I wish you a safe journey through Highgate and this life. I charge you, my good son,

that if you know any in this company who have not taken this oath you must cause them to take it, for if you fail to do so, you will forfeit one yourself. So now, my good son, God bless you; kiss the horns or a pretty girl if you see one here, which you like best, and so be free of Highgate."

Perhaps, however, the best form of oath was the following rhymed version, which was administered by the landlord and his clerk, usually the ostler, in full official costume:—

"Silence, oh yes, you are my son!
Full to your old father turn, sir.
This is an oath you must take as you run,
So lay your hands upon the horn, sir.
The Clerk: Amen.

"You shall not spend with cheaters or cozens your life,
Nor waste it on profligate beauty;
And when you are wedded be kind to your wife,
And true to all petticoat duty.
(*In obedience to the Clerk the candidate says, "I will," and kisses the horn at the end of each verse.*)

"And while you thus solemnly swear to be kind,
And shield and protect from disaster,
This part of the oath you must bear it in mind,
That you and *not* she is the master.

"You shall pledge no man first when a woman is near,
For 'tis neither proper nor right, sir;
Nor, unless you prefer it, drink small for strong beer,
Nor eat brown bread when you can get white, sir.

"You shall never drink brandy when wine you can get,
Say, when good port or sherry is handy,
Unless that your task in strong spirit is set,
In which case, you may, sir, drink brandy.

"To kiss the fair maid when the mistress is kind,
Remember that you must be loath, sir;
But if the maid's fairest, your oath does not bind,
Or you may, if you like it, kiss both, sir.

"Should you ever return, take this oath here again,
Like a man of good sense, lead a true, sir;
And be sure to bring with you some more merry men,
That they on the horns may swear too, sir."

Then followed a piece of good advice, viz.:—"To keep from all houses of ill repute and every place of public resort for bad company; beware of false friends, for they will turn to be your foes, and inveigle you into houses where you may lose your money and get no redress; keep from thieves of every denomination."

"Now, sir, if you please, sign your name in that book, and if you can't write, make your mark, and the Clerk of the Court will attest it. You will please pay half a crown for court fees, and what you like to the clerk." This formality having been complied with, the landlord proceeded to acquaint the neophyte with the privileges of being free of Highgate:—"If at any time you are going through the hamlet and want to rest yourself, and you see a pig lying in a ditch, you are quite at liberty to kick her out and take her place; but if you see three lying together, you must only kick out the middle one, and lie between the two. So God save the King, Queen, and the Lord of the Manor." To this the clerk responds—"Amen." As in duty bound, the initiation fees were duly paid, the wine drank, and the quasi-parson and clerk looked out for fresh novices.

There are various conjectures as to the origin of this ceremony. Some say that it was intended as a burlesque upon religious ceremonies; others that the drovers who passed through the village, wishing to keep to their own society, compelled outsiders either to kiss the horns of an ox which were brought to the door for the purpose or else to quit their company. The custom was certainly a very ancient one, but was not exclusively confined to Highgate. At Hoddesden the observance was kept up, and still more so at

Ware, when the people went to stare at the great bed of that town, and where the landlord performed the ceremony, in which an old ballad describes it as "Ye twynkling of ye bedde post."

Grose, writing in 1785, alludes to the custom as having been very ancient in his time, and so also does Hone; and Bell points out that the oath was universally taken by gentle and simple. Horns are still kept and shown at the Gate House, the Angel, and other inns. Prickett thinks the custom may have originated in some punning allusions to Hornsey, but this seems scarcely probable. There was no law as to the particular kind of horns on which the neophytes were sworn. Ram's, stag's, and bullock's were variously used.

Ned Ward, in one of his peregrinations, describes the ceremony as performed at Ware; and a similar one prevailed at an annual fair near Cambridge, in which the presiding high priest was known as the Lord of the Spiggott. An attempt was made some years ago to revive the custom, but it was a failure. I have been told that the last place in which the oath was administered was the Fox under the Hill at Highgate, when the fees were reduced to one shilling.

Here is an account of a Sussex observance, for which I am indebted to Mr Sawyer, F.S.A. This particular forfeit toast is a relic of the ancient custom of drinking *super negulum*, or "on the nail."

"Here's a health to Tom Brown,
Let the glass go round,
Drink up your ale without shrinking,
Put a print (or pond) on your nail,
And kiss the glass's tail,
And fill it up again without ceasing."

The drinker must leave just sufficient beer in the glass to cover his finger nail, but if he leaves too much, or not enough, the penalty is to drink another glass. Ben Jonson alludes to this custom in his play, "The Case is Altered," thus, "He plays *super negulum* with my liquor of life."

CHAPTER XVIII.

ROYAL AND NOBLE DRINKERS.

"*A quart of ale is a dish for a King.*"

A WHOLE book has been written about royal and noble authors, but a much bigger one could be written on royal and noble drinkers, from the earliest days to the present; and what an interesting volume it would make to record the domestic and social doings of the great and gifted in their hours of relaxation! I can only touch upon the subject. King records the doings of one mighty Prince, and the number of brewers and bakers he employed—

"There was a Prince of Lubberland,
A potentate of high command,
Ten thousand bakers did attend him,
Ten thousand brewers did befriend him,
These brought him kissing-crusts, and those,
Brought him small beer, before he rose."

That might have been exaggerated, but this is real:—

"King Hardicnute, 'midst Danes and Saxons stout,
Carouz'd in nut-brown ale, and din'd on grout,
Which dish its pristine honour still retains,
And, when each Prince is crown'd, in honour reigns."

Doubtless Mr Whyte-Melville is correct in his facts, but he seems to have mixed up Ancient and Modern History in the next political song.

"King Nabuchadonosor
Lived in a golden palace;
He fed from a golden dish, and drank
His swipes from a golden chalice.
But John Wilkes he was for Middlesex,
And they chose him for knight of the shire,
For he made a fool of Alderman Bull.
And he called Parson Tooke a liar!

Alexander evidently grew quarrelsome in his cups.

"*Fluellen.* . . . Alexander (God knows, and you know) in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicated in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus."

The doings of the household of King Arthur are set forth in a very old favourite glee.

"When Arthur first in court began
To wear long hanging sleeves,
He entertained three serving men,
And all of them were thieves.

"The first he was an Irishman,
The second he was a Scot,
The third he was a Welshman,
And all were knaves, I wot.

"The Irishman he lov'd Usquebaugh,
The Scot lov'd ale called *Bluet-ap*,
The Welshman he lov'd toasted cheese,
And he made his mouth like a mouse trap.

"Usquebaugh burnt the Irishman's throat,
The Scot was drown'd in ale,
The Welshman was like to be choked by a mouse,
But he pull'd it out by the tail."

Not less veracious, but more beery, are the doings at the Court of Bombastes, as written by Barnes Rhodes:—

KING ARTAX OMNOUS.

"Last night, when undisturbed by state affairs,
Moistening our clay, and puffing off our cares,
Oft the replenish'd goblet did we drain,
And drank and smok'd, and smok'd and drank again;
Such was the case, our very actions such,
Until at length we got a drop too much.
Frisbos. Gen'ral Bombombestes, whose resistless force
Alone exceeds by far a brewer's horse,
Returns victorious, bringing mines of wealth!
Artax. Does he, by Jingo! Then we'll drink his health.
Bombas. Meet me this evening at the Barley-Mow;
I'll bring your pay, you see I'm busy now:
Begone, brave army, don't kick up a row. [*Sings.*

Hope told a flattering tale
Much longer than my arm,
That love and pots of ale
In peace would keep me warm:
The flatt'rer is not gone,
She visits Number One:
In love I'm monstrous deep—
Love! odsbobs, destroys my sleep."

"Music's the food of love, give o'er, give o'er,
For I must fatten on that food no more.
My happiness is changed to doleful dumps,
Whilst, merry Michael, all thy cards were trumps.
So should you by fortune's blest decrees
Possess at least a pound of Cheshire cheese,
And bent some favour'd party to regale,
Lay in a kilderkin or so of ale;
Lo! angry fate, in one unlucky hour
Some hungry rats may all the cheese devour,
And the loud thunder turn the liquor sour."—*Scene* 4.

Sir Eglamour, when he had banged a dragon, consoled himself with a big drink.

"When all was done, to an alehouse he went,
And by-and-bye his twopence he spent;
For he was so hot with tugging the dragon,
That nothing would quench him but a whole flagon."

Conversely of this, Moore of Moore Hall screwed up his courage beforehand:—

"As soon as he rose and donned his clothes,
To make him strong and mighty;
He quaffed by the tale, six pots of ale,
And a quart of *aqua vitæ*."

Friar Tuck, *alias* the Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst, was not the only one that entertained a king unawares.

The play of "The King and the Miller of Mansfield" refers to an adventure of King Henry II., as is set forth in the long and very robust ballad of the period, reprinted in Ritson's collection, of which one verse will be sufficient:—

"Then to their supper were they set orderly,
With a hot bag pudding and good apple pie;
Nappy ale, stout and stale, in a brown bowl,
Which did about the boord merrily troul."

Venison pasty succeeded, and the miller confided, under the promise of secrecy, how he levied on the King's deer.

"Doubt not, then said our King, my promis'd secrecy,
The King shall never know more on't from me.
A cup of lamb's wool they drank unto him then,
And to their beds they pass'd presently."

The next day the King sent for and feasted the miller and his family, and made him a knight and keeper of the forest.

"Quoth Sir John Cockle, I'll pledge you a pottle,
Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire.
But then, said the King, I do think of a thing—
Some of your lightfoot I would we had here."

King Edward IV. chummed in disguised with the sons of St Crispin, who thereupon christened their trade the "gentle craft," on account of having been pledged by Royalty. The story is referred to in the play of "George a Green, the Pinner of Wakefield" (1599):—

> "Marry, because you have drank with the King,
> And the King hath so graciously pledged you,
> You shall be no more called shoemakers;
> But you and yours, to the world's end,
> Shall be called the trade of the gentle craft."

King James' adventure with the tinkler is somewhat parallel to that of the King and the Miller of Mansfield. The ballad records show how King James I., when hunting in the neighbourhood of Norwood, had lost his way:—

> "As he was a-hunting the swift fallow-deer,
> He dropt all his nobles; and when he got clear,
> In hope of some pastime away did he ride,
> Till he came to an alehouse hard by a woodside.
>
> "And there with a tinkler he happened to meet,
> And him in kind sort so freely did greet:
> Pray thee, good fellow, what hast in thy jug,
> Which under thy arm thou dost lovingly hug?
>
> "By the mass! quoth the tinkler, it's nappy brown ale,
> And for to drink to thee, friend, I will not fail;
> For although thy jacket looks gallant and fine,
> I think that my twopence is as good as thine.
>
> "By my soul! honest fellow, the truth thou hast spoke,
> And straight he sat down with the tinkler to joke;
> They drank to the King, and they pledged to each other,
> Who'd seen 'em had thought they were brother and brother."

In the end James promises to gratify the tinkler with a sight of the King, and took him on the crupper to where the courtiers

were met, when the tinkler discovered that his jolly companion was the King himself.

"Like on that was frightened quite out of his wits,
Then on his knees he instantly gets,
Beseeching for mercy; the King to him said,
Thou art a good fellow, so be not afraid!

"Come, tell thy name? I am John of the Dale,
A mender of kettles—a lover of ale.
Rise up, Sir John, I will honour thee here,—
I make thee a knight of three thousand a year!

From these accounts we may infer that even royalty likes at times to divest itself of the robes of office and cares of state and "have a fling."

"A prince, who in a forest rides astray,
And, weary, to some cottage finds the way,
Talks of no pyramids of fowl, or bisks of fish,
But, hungry, sups his cream serv'd in an earthen dish:
Quenches his thirst with ale in nut-brown bowls,
And takes the hasty rasher from the coals."

Dryden again repeats the same sentiment in the prologue "All for Love"—

"But, as the rich, when tir'd with daily feasts,
For change, become their next poor tenant's guests,
Drink hearty draughts of ale from plain brown bowls,
And snatch the homely rasher from the coals."

In the Percy ballads we learn how King John came to his end by means of poisoned ale.

"A flat-faced monke comes with a glosing tale
To give the king a cup of spiced ale:
A deadlier draught was never offered man,
Yet this false monke unto the king began."

Hotspur is supposed by Grey to have had this story in mind when he wished his rival, Prince Henry, a similar ending—

"I'd have him poisoned with a pot of ale."

The account of the poisoning of King John is in Caxton's "*Fructus Temporum*," 1515.

Puss and Mew.—In 1738, when penalties were laid on the dealers of spirituous liquors, "Puss and Mew," an ingenious mode of avoiding informations, was adopted. The customer, on entering the house, or the entrance to it, cried "Puss," to which a voice from within replied "Mew;" a drawer was then thrust forward, into which the customer put his money; the drawer being pulled in, was soon after thrust out again, with the quantity of spirits required.

Cutting it Fine.—Justices Smith and Wills held that a licensed victualler, who, having drawn a pint of beer in a standard measure, put it into a jug before delivering it to the customer, had committed a breach of the eighth section of the Licensing Act. The section provides that beer not sold in cask or bottle must be sold in imperial standards.

Deductions—Two Ways of Looking at it.—Sir Wilfrid Lawson is reported to be busy on a statistical work showing that the £38,000,000 per annum we Britishers pay to the Exchequer in the shape of drink duty, licenses, and so on, is a tax which is a disgrace to us, and must cripple us in time as a nation. Considering that we have been regarded as a beer-swilling people since the time of Egbert, and that the Anglo-Saxon race covers a seventh part of *terra firma*, Sir Wilfrid's sermonising will fall on the usual stony ground.

Beer and Brains.—The question why printers did not succeed as well as brewers was thus answered: "Because printers work for the head and brewers for the stomach, and where twenty men have stomachs but one has brains."

CHAPTER XIX.

BLACK BEER.

Porter's praise demands my song,
Porter black and Porter strong.

"P rais'd and caress'd, the tuneful Phillips sung
O f cyder fam'd, whence first his laurel sprung;
R ise then, my muse, and to the world proclaim
T he mighty charms of *Porter's* potent name:
E ach back from thee shall sweetest pleasure taste,
R evel secure, nor think to part in haste."—T. T.

So much has been written, so much in praise of the amber ale, brown ale, bitter, and beer, that hitherto the very important element of black beers has been left out. "A pot of porter, ho!" from "The Myrtle and the Vine," 1800, will not be out of place.

When to old England I come home,
Fal lal, fal, lal, la!
What joy to see the tankard foam,
Fal lal, fal, lal, la!
When treading London's well-known ground
If e'er I feel my spirits tire,
I haul my sail, look up around
In search of Whitebread's best entire.
I spy the name of Calvert,
Of Curtis, Cox & Co.;
I give a cheer and bawl for 't,
"A pot of porter, ho!"
When to old England I come home,
What joy to see the tankard foam!
With heart so light, and frolic high,
I drink it off to liberty!

Where wine and water can be found,
Fal lal, fal, lal, la!
I've travell'd far the world around,
Fal lal, fal, lal, la!
Again I hope, before I die,
Of England's can the taste to try;
For many a league I'd go about
To take a draught of Gifford's stout.
I spy the name of Truman,
Of Maddox, Meux & Co.;
The sight makes me a new man,
"A pot of porter, ho!"
When to old England, &c.

I cannot give the date of the foregoing, but it was probably about the beginning of the century, and is interesting as giving a list of the brewers who were then famous for their porter. The following figures, compiled from official sources, are interesting as showing the quantity of porter brewed in London by the twelve principal houses from the 5th July, 1811, to 5th July, 1812, not only as showing the quantity brewed, but the names of the houses then in existence:—Barclay, Perkins & Co., 270,259 barrels; Meux, Reid & Co., 188,078 brls.; Truman, Hanbury & Co., 150,164 brls.; Whitbread & Co., 122,446 brls.; Calvert, Felix & Co., 108,212 brls.; Meux, Henry & Co., 102,493 brls.; Combe, Delafield & Co., 100,824 brls.; Goodwyn & Co., 81,022 brls.; Elliott & Co., 58,035 brls.; Cocks & Campbell (late Brown & Parry), 51,274 brls.; Taylor & Co., 51,220 brls.; Clowes & Co., 34,010 brls.: total, 1,318,037. The number of barrels of ale brewed in the London district during the same period, by the eight principal ale brewers, was 105,563 barrels.

In the year 1709, when Thompson visited Sweden, he recorded that the foreign brewers were successfully imitating the manufacture of London porter, and states very properly that—

"Where the lower orders use beer as a common drink, breweries ought to abound. In that year there were 159 registered establishments of that kind in Sweden. Some years

previous to that period they were enabled to export 232 barrels from Stockholm; and in Gottenburg a Mr Lorent was erecting a brewery for porter to enable him to imitate that of London, which sold at the inns for 2s. 6d. the bottle."

The porter ought to have been good at that price, though as a rule the foreign and Continental rates levied for British beer were somewhat fabulous.

From the same author we learn that "In Quebec, 1824, where there are three breweries, the best brandy (real Cognac) of the first strength, is sold at 4s. 6d. per gallon, port wine at 1s. 6d., and porter at 8s. per dozen. In Montreal, Leeward Island rum is not more than 4d. the three half-pints, while beer at 6d. per quart, although there are several breweries in the place."

Incidentally, foreign brewers were well looked after in the interests of the public:—

"So early as 1268, the manufacture of beer was of such importance, that laws were drawn up and approved by the mayor of Paris to regulate the trade. The brewers at that time were called *cervoisiers*, from cervoise, the name given to beer. In 1489, the laws were revised, on account of the abuses that were practised in the breweries, and again, in 1630, ten new regulations were added to the code, and registered in Parliament in 1714. In 1801, there were seventy-eight master brewers in Paris, but it is proper to observe, that no one can open or carry on a brewhouse in that capital without having regularly served five years of an apprenticeship, and three years as a foreman. The law wisely enforces that some of the members of their corporation shall examine the ingredients used in brewing, lest any noxious or deleterious substance be employed, and it likewise enjoins, that barm shall not be sold in any place without a previous inspection. No oxen or other animals are allowed to be fed or kept within the range of the brewery concerns, in order to prevent filth and annoyance. Formerly, each brewer could have only one pan, or mash kieve, per day, containing fifteen septiers of malt. Three members of the corporation, annually elected, are obliged to inspect the breweries, all of which they may visit whenever they please."

The origin of the term "porter" is pretty generally known.

Before 1730 the malt liquors in use were ale, beer, and twopenny; and it was usual to call for a pint or tankard of half-and-half, *i.e.*, half of ale and half of beer. In course of time it also became the practice to ask for a pint of "three-thirds," or "three-threads," meaning a third each of ale, beer, and twopenny. Having to go to three casks for one pint of ale occasioned considerable inconvenience and loss of time, so, to meet this difficulty, a brewer named Harwood made a liquor which partook of the united flavours of all three. This he called "entire," or "entire-butt beer," meaning that it was drawn from one cask or butt. It was in the year 1720 that Harwood, whose brewhouse was on the east side of High Street, Shoreditch, conceived the idea of making "entire." It is said to have been called "porter," either from its having been the common drink of the porters or from Harwood sending it round to his customers by men who, when they knocked at the doors, called out "porter"—meaning thereby not the drink, but themselves, its porters or carriers. According to Leigh, it was first retailed at the "Blue Last," Curtain Road. This good old hostel still flourishes bravely, and has a gigantic sign-board announcing the fact that it is the old original Porter-house. Gutteridge, a native of Shoreditch, thus praises the beverage, and immortalises the inventor thereof:—

> "Harwood, my townsman, he invented first
> Porter to rival wine and quench the thirst;
> Porter, which spreads its fame half the world o'er,
> Whose reputation rises more and more.
> As long as porter shall preserve its fame,
> Let all with gratitude our parish name."

As is shown by the above returns of the respective output of the London brewers, they were not long in following up, and perchance improving upon, Harwood's recipe for black beer. Meux became famous thereby, and so did Barclay & Perkins.

According to Seaward, who compiled his "Spirit of Wit and Drollery" in 1823, Meux' porter vat was then one of the sights of London, as noted in its way as was the great tun of Heidel-

berg. "Amongst the wonders of London," says Seaward, "may be reckoned Meux' porter vat. It is 65½ feet in diameter and 25½ feet high. It contains 20,000 barrels of porter, worth 40s. each, and cost £10,000." Another famous vat that I know belongs to Messrs Slee, Slee & Company, the famous vinegar brewers of Horsleydown. This was built when George III. was king, and celebrated by a dinner and ball inside it, and has been in use ever since.

There is a tradition told of one of their brewers having fallen into this vat, in consequence of which the whole of the contents were run off and Oxford Street flooded with sweet wort. This sad and painful death is, we are sorry to say, of too frequent occurrence. We had a slight acquaintance with several brewers and brewers' men who met a similar sad ending. The tortures of such a death are too horrible to dwell upon, except that they may serve to inculcate precautions on the part of the masters, and double caution on the part of the men.

There is a grim sense of humour which is somewhat revolting in "Patent Brown Stout," but as the words were once popular I am to a certain extent compelled to reprint them. The poem is by George Colman, who wrote a somewhat parallel song on a sausage-maker, who was minced up in his own machine and devoured unconsciously by his former customers, whilst his wife was left lamenting—like Lord Ullin—because there was no more husband to give such a superior flavour to the sausages. His end was discovered by means of a brass button in one of the delicacies which he had helped to flavour. Readers of the "Ingoldsby Legends" will remember that the body of old Sir Thomas made an excellent eel-trap.

PATENT BROWN STOUT.

A brewer in a country town
Had got a monstrous reputation;
No other beer but his went down,
The hosts of the surrounding station
Carving his name upon their mugs
And painting it on every shutter;

And though some envious folks would utter
Hints that its flavour came from drugs,
Others maintain'd 'twas no such matter,
But owing to his monstrous vat,
At least as corpulent as that
At Heidelberg—and some said fatter.
His foreman was a lusty black,
An honest fellow,
But one who had an ugly knack
Of tasting samples as he brew'd,
Till he was stupefied and mellow.
One day in this top-heavy mood,
Having to cross the vat aforesaid
(Just then with boiling beer supplied),
O'ercome with giddiness and qualms, he
Reeled—fell in—and nothing more said,
But in his favourite liquor died,
Like Clarence in his butt of Malmsey.
In all directions round about
The negro absentee was sought,
But as no human noddle thought
That our fat black was now brown stout,
They settled that the rogue had left
The place for debt, or crime, or theft.
Meanwhile the beer was day by day
Drawn into casks and sent away,
Until the lees flow'd thick and thicker,
When, lo! outstretch'd upon the ground
Once more their missing friend they found,
As they had often done—in liquor.
See, cried his moralizing master,
I always knew the fellow drank hard,
And prophesied some sad disaster;
His fate should other tipplers strike.
Poor Mungo! there he welters like
A toast at bottom of a tankard!
Next morn a publican, whose tap

Had help'd to drain the vat so dry,
Not having heard of the mishap,
Came to demand a fresh supply,
Protesting loudly that the last
All previous specimens surpass'd,
Possessing a much richer *gusto*
Than formerly it ever used to,
And begging, as a special favour,
Some more of the exact same flavour.
Zounds! cried the brewer, that's a task
More difficult to grant than ask—
Most gladly would I give the smack
Of the last beer to the ensuing,
But where am I to find a black
And boil him down at every brewing?

Perhaps the earliest mention of porter is given by Mr H. J. Riley in *Notes and Queries*, August 12th, 1854:—

"I find porter referred to in Nicholas Amherst's *Terræ Filius* for May 22nd, 1721:—'We had rather dine at a cook's shop upon beef, cabbage, and *porter*, than tug at an oar, or rot in a dark, stinking dungeon.' This is probably the very earliest mention in print of porter."

One enterprising publican, about sixty years ago, with a view to popularise the new drink, perpetrated the following atrocious pun in the way of a signboard and on his pots, on which were engraved a recumbent figure of Britannia, with the motto—

"Pray support her."

The following anecdote of that queen of song, Malibran, shows how porter used to support her in her most arduous undertakings. It is told by the late Alfred Bunn:—

"On the occasion of the first performance of the 'Maid of Artois,' Malibran played the first two acts in such a flood of triumph that she was determined, by almost superhuman efforts, to continue its glory to the final fall of the curtain. 'I went,' says Bunn, 'into her dressing-room previous to the commencement of the third act to ask her how she felt, and she replied: "Very

tired, but "—and her eye suddenly lighted up—"you angry devil, if you will contrive to get me a pint of porter into the desert scene, you shall have an encore to your finale." Had I been dealing with any other performer I should perhaps have hesitated in complying with the request that might have been dangerous in its application at the moment, but to check Malibran's powers was to annihilate them. I therefore arranged that behind the pillar of drifted sand, on which she falls in a state of exhaustion towards the close of the desert scene, a small aperture should be made in the stage. Through that aperture a pewter pint of porter was conveyed to the parched lips of this rare child of song, which so revived her after the terrible exertions the scene led to that she electrified the audience, and had strength to repeat the charm with the finale to the "Maid of Artois." The novelty of the circumstance so tickled her fancy, and the draught itself was so extremely refreshing, that it was arranged, during the subsequent run of the opera, for the negro slave at the head of the procession to have in the gourd suspended at his neck the same quantity of the same beverage, to be applied to her lips on his first beholding the apparently dying Isoline.'"

The last time Madame Pasta was in England, a lady of high distinction asked her if she drank as much porter as usual. "No, mia cara, prendo *half-and-half* adesso."

Malibran was the very antithesis of the masher who, when asked by his inamorata, "Do you like Meyerbeer?" replied, "Well, to tell the truth, I don't know; I never drank it." How unlike this inanity was young Tom Brown, when, on his first journey to Harrow, he and his father put up at the famous old coaching house, the Peacock, at Islington, which, by the way, still flourishes in a green old age but with modernised company and surroundings.

Tom, being summoned to supper, regaled himself in one of the bright little boxes of the Peacock coffee-room, on the beef-steak and unlimited oyster-sauce and brown stout (tasted then for the first time—a day to be marked for ever by Tom with a white stone); at first attended to the excellent advice which his father bestowed.

Then again at one of the resting-places, after a rattling spin on the four-horse coach along the great north road, a fresh-looking barmaid serves them each with a glass of early purl as they stand before the fire, coachman and guard exchanging business remarks. The purl warms the cockles of Tom's heart, and makes him cough.

"Rare tackle that, sir, of a cold morning," said the coachman, smiling. "Time's up."

Then, at the end of another stage, where the coachman is two minutes before his time, he rolls down from the box and into the inn. The guard rolls off behind. "Now, sir," says he to Tom, "you just jump down, and I'll give you a drop of something to keep the cold out."

"An early purl" does the business far more effectually, and without the unpleasant after-effects which the stiff glass of brandy and water has upon the bulk of passengers.

Here is another porter story, from Seward, 1823, touching the then Alderman Calvert and his entire:—

This gentleman, as well as the generality of London brewers, had a number of public-houses belonging to him. One of these, in a low neighbourhood, which he had let on a trivial consideration, at length increased so high in its demand for his entire that the alderman, amazed at the consumption, as he seldom heard of any company being seen there in the day-time, called upon the landlord, expressing his surprise at the circumstance, no person being seen in the house in the day-time. The landlord told his worship that if he would call in the evening his curiosity would be amply gratified, but added that if the quality of his beer were not bettered he might lose some of his principal customers. The alderman attended, and, the better to make his observations, was prevailed upon by the landlord to put on one of his old great coats, a slouched hat, &c. He was then, with some apology by the former, introduced into a back room nearly filled with the halt, the lame, and the blind, who had lost all their infirmities in the plenitude of his porter. After the mutual relation of their day's adventures, songs, &c., it was proposed, as usual, to one of the oldest of them, who acted as president, to name the supper,

from, whether he had not before noticed the new guest or not, fixing his eyes upon the knight, he exclaimed, "For supper to-night, I think, we must have an *alderman hung in chains.*" While this was acceded to by the whole company, the alderman, thinking he was discovered, and that they meant to do him ill, made a precipitate retreat out of the room, and communicated with much embarrassment to the landlord. His apprehension, however, soon subsided, as before the host could give him an explanation he was called backwards to take orders for supper, when, without taking any notice to the worthy brewer, he stepped to a poulterer's in the neighbourhood and soon returned with a fine turkey and link of pork sausages, which, presenting to his guest, he assured him, when spitted with the link of sausages to be roasted, was the alderman meant by the company to be hung in chains for supper. The adventure, continues the narrator, so well pleased the brewer that the melioration of the beer was immediately attended to.

This story illustrates the benefits which arise to trade when the brewer personally looks after his own business. Goldsmith made a note on Calvert's porter in his description of an author's bedchamber—

> "Where the Red Lion, staring o'er the way,
> Invites each passing stranger that can pay,
> Where Calvert's butt and Parson's black champagne,
> Regale the bloods and drabs of Drury Lane."

The following old rhyme shows a wise resolution on the part of the writer of the couplet:—

> "Of porter, cyder, beer, and wine,
> I'll take a little at a time."

Little and often is a good rule. In some parts of the country they advocate regularity—half-a-pint every half-hour. The old race of medicos were unanimous in prescribing "one good drunk once a month" to their male patients, and both the old and the new school are almost unanimous in recommending stout to delicate invalids, and especially nursing mothers, and so this

beverage imbibed second-hand has tided many a stalwart man over the sickness and perils of childhood, much in the same way that the famous "glass of bitter" induced convalescence to our gracious prince. Some doubts have been thrown on the veracity of this story, but if it is not true, it ought to be, at all events.

Of late years, especially during the passing of that, in a general way, very excellent Bill, the Adulteration of Foods and Drugs Act, we heard a great deal of exaggerated nonsense about the sophistication of drink and the habit of publicans of putting salt into stout and porter to induce thirst. Now, things are bad enough in the way of adulteration and adulterators, undoubtedly, but not so black as they are painted. If salt enough were put into beer, either black or amber, sufficient to induce thirst, it would simply be unpalatable, and would so defeat its object. On the other hand, the delicate light beers of the best brewers will not bear tampering with. The public may therefore take that statement *cum grano salis* on the *similia similibus* principle. Whilst touching on this subject, I may as well quote *Punch* for 1852, as there is a great deal of sound sense embodied within a little nonsense.

THE BITTER BEER CONTROVERSY.

"A controversy, involving much bitterness, has lately been raging in the newspapers on that flattest of all subjects, Beer; and, it is a remarkable fact, that some of the parties to the quarrel have evidently not thought 'small beer' of themselves or their commodities. Somebody happened to declare that strychnine was used in the manufacture of bitter ale, when nearly every brewer of that article "rushed into print," for the purpose of puffing his own peculiar beverage. One firm proposed that a commission should be immediately appointed to inquire whether there was really nothing but mischief brewing on the premises, and another firm offered to open its vats to the gaze of curiosity, and bring all its bungs into the eye of the closest scrutiny. Our old friend the British public is a little apt to exaggerate, when it takes it into its head, that it is being imposed upon, and when an article has once got a bad name, nothing is bad enough to meet the popular notion

regarding it. For instance, milk, which is actually nothing more than mere whitewash, is popularly supposed to be a compound of sheep's brains and other filth, by the side of which chalk is innocence itself; and nobody who buys a pound of sugar can be induced to believe that he is not purchasing a great deal more sand than saccharine. Porter has been described by some who have taken an erroneous notion of Porter's 'Statistics,' as a compound of Spanish liquorice and horse-flesh, though we think it would be difficult to trace a relation between the knacker's yard and any of our great London breweries.

"Our friend, the *Lancet*, by its exposure of certain tricks in the coffee and other trades, has made the public suspicious of nearly everything that is sold for food; and the popular supposition that bread consists of nothing but alum and plaster-of-Paris may soon again have its partisans. For our own parts, we are not disposed to look at the worst side of everything, and we are inclined—perhaps too credulously—to believe that our tea is not *all* birch-broom, nor our port wine *all* sloe-juice. Everything, however bad, has some redeeming quality. Mankind is not all bad, and coffee is not all chicory. There is but one thing in the world to which we would refuse credit for some extenuating circumstance—and that article is the cheap sausage."

I am led into this digression from remembering a number of excise prosecutions that were instituted at different times for adulteration of stout and porter by means of salt, when it was proved that in numerous instances the water that produced the best beer contained naturally more saline matter in solution than the excise authorities themselves allowed, and the prosecutions in consequence became abortive. This is the natural outcome of grandmotherly or excessive legislation.

CHAPTER XX.

DRINKING VESSELS.

"Come fill me a Tankard, good mine Host."

FROM the tipple to the tankard is an easy and natural transition for the cup-bearer, and hence the cup itself has always been the choice insignia of power, and the highest style of art and jewellery lavished on its production and adornment. The vases of Cellini are among his masterpieces, whilst the Tantalus tankards and "whistling cups" of a later date are as highly embellished as they were ingenious. It is not so much of these *chef d'œuvres* that I would speak, as of the more homely and ancient style of vessels, the borachio and the leather bottle. The praises of the latter have been sung in good set verse, reproduced in the "Antidote to Melancholy," 1682. Mr Chappell ascribes the song to the Restoration period, which was prolific of good songs.

THE LEATHER BOTTEL.

God bless the cow and the old cow's hide;
And ev'ry thing in the world beside;
For when we've said and done all we can,
'Tis all for the good and use of man:
So I hope his soul in heaven may dwell
That first devised the leather bottèl.

What say ye to these glasses fine?
Faith! they shall have no praise of mine;
For if you touch your glass on the brim,
The liquor falls out and leaves none therein,

And though your table-cloth be ever so fine,
There lies your beer, your ale, your wine;
Whereas had it been the leather bottel,
And the stopper been in, it had been well:
So I hope in heaven his soul will dwell
That first devised the leather bottèl.

What say ye to these tankards fine?
Faith! they shall have no praise of mine;
For when the master doth send his man,
To fill it with liquor as fast as he can,
The bearer thereof then runneth away,
And is ne'er heard again of for many a day;
Whereas had it been the leather bottèl,
And the stopper been in, why all had been well:
So I hope his soul in heaven will dwell
That first devised the leather bottèl.

What say ye to these black jacks three?
Faith! they shall have no praise from me;
For when a man and his wife are at strife,
Which much too oft is the case in life,
Why, then they seize on the black jack both,
And in the scuffle they spoil the broth;
Not thinking that at a future day
They must account for throwing good liquor away;
Whereas had it been the leather bottèl,
And the stopper been in, they could have banged away well:
So I hope his soul in heaven will dwell
That first devised the leather bottèl.

And when this bottèl is quite grown old,
And no more good liquor it will hold,
All off its sides you may cut a clout,
That will serve to mend your old shoes about;
T'other end, hang it on to a pin,
'Twill serve to put your odd trifles in;

Here's a save-all for your candles' ends,
For young beginners have need of such things:
So I hope his soul in heaven may dwell
That first devised the leather bottèl.

Mr Miles, in his selection of songs, gives a different version, as under:—

Whate'er we see, where'er we go,
Who wander daily to and fro;
The ships that on the sea do swim,
And all the things the land within—
Say what you will, do what you can,
Are for one end—the use of man:
So joy to him, where'er he dwell,
Who first found out the leather bottèl.

Now, what do you say to these cans of wood?
Oh! no, in faith they cannot be good;
For if the bearer fall by the way,
Why on the ground the liquor doth lay;
But had it been in a leather bottèl,
Although he had fallen all had been well:
So joy to him, where'er he dwell, &c.

Then what do you say to these glasses fine?
Oh! they shall have no praise of mine;
For if you chance to touch the brim,
Down falls the glass and liquor therein;
But had it been in a leather bottèl,
And the stopple in, all had been well:
So joy to him, where'er he dwell, &c.

Then what do you think of these black pots three?
If a man and his wife should not agree,
Why they'll tug and pull till their liquor doth spill;
In a leather bottèl they may tug their fill,

And pull away till their arms do ache,
And yet their liquor no harm can take:
So joy to him, where'er he dwell, &c.

At noon the haymakers sit them down,
To drink from their bottèls of ale nut-brown;
In summer, too, when the weather is warm,
A good full bottèl will do them no harm.
Then the lads and the lasses begin to tattle,
But what would they do without this bottèl?
So joy to him, where'er he dwell, &c.

And when the bottèl at last grows old,
And will good liquor no longer hold,
Out of the side you may make a clout,
To mend your shoes when they're worn out;
Or take and hang it up on a pin,
'Twill serve to put hinges and odd things in:
So joy to him, where'er he dwell, &c.

The leather bottle was introduced into Europe at an early date. One of the oldest and most common form is that preserved in the arms of the Bottlemakers' Company of London, who bear *argent* on a chevron between three bottles *sable*, as many hunting-horns of the first. These heraldic bottles are oblong, flat at the ends, and narrower at the upper edge where the mouth is situated.

The keg was also one of the very early forms of the leather bottle. The British Museum possesses a specimen of about the capacity of a quart, which is encircled by five projecting bands imitative of hoops, and its cylindrical mouth has a buttress on each side, perforated for the admission of the suspending cords. A leather bottle of allied form, but without the surrounding projections, may still be seen as a gilded sign above the entrance door of the banking house of Messrs Hoare, No. 37 Fleet Street. The "Leather Bottle" in Leather Lane, Holborn, has another specimen appropriate to the district.

One exceedingly rare form of leathern bottle was discovered some years ago in St Ann's Well, near Nottingham, and described

as "Robin Hood's pocket pistol." Mr Syer Cunning describes it as being in the shape of a pistol of the 16th century, about eighteen inches in length. Four strokes on each side, in place of the lock, have been taken for the date 1112, and a band on the underpart has in it two perforations for cords.

Most of the leathern bottles were contrived for carriage at the side of pilgrims, travellers, and labourers.

—— "The shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leathern bottle."
Henry VI., ii., 3.

Heywood, in his "Philocothonista; or, the Drunkard opened, dissected, and anatomized," 1635, says:—"Other bottles we have of leather, but they are most used amongst the shepherd's and harvest people of the country."

"A leather bottle we know is good,
Far better than glasses or cans of wood;
For when a man 's at work in the field,
Your glasses and pots no comfort will yield;
But a good leather bottèl standing by
Will raise his spirits whenever he's dry."

Though the leather bottle in Heywood's time was chiefly used by the peasantry, yet at one time, suitably adorned, they graced the tables of the great and gifted. At one time it was a favourite tavern sign. It still exists in various parts of the country, at Northfleet in Kent, Lewknor in Oxfordshire, and the Historic Leather Bottel, in Garret Lane, Wandsworth, immortalised as the scene of Foote's Mayor of Garret, and by the annual election of that dignitary;—

"In order due to Wandsworth town;
Whence to the *Leather Bottle* driven,
With shouts that rent the welkin given."

Undoubtedly the leathern bottle is of great antiquity throughout an immense area of the globe, and leathern bottles have been held in high esteem among all ranks and conditions of men. The

idea was doubtless taken from the borachio or the skins of animals, which in earlier days served for the conveyance and storage of wine or water. The black Jack needs no particular description. It was a favourite vessel for ale, and occasionally made of Gargantuan proportions. They have some good specimens in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.

"Old Simon, the cellarer, keeps a rare store
Of Malmsey and Malvoisie,
And Cyprus, and who shall say how many more,
For a chary old soul is he.
For a chary old soul is he.
Of sack and canary he never does fail,
And all the year round there is brewing of ale,
Yet he never aileth, he quaintly doth say,
While he keeps to his sober six flagons a-day.
But oh! oh! oh! his nose doth shew,
How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go."

One of the best songs in praise of the beer jug is the well-known one that occurs in the comic opera of "The Poor Soldier," ascribed to John O'Keefe; the music by Shield. The song itself is said to have been imitated from the Latin of *Hieronymus Amaltheus*, by the Rev. Francis Fawkes, M.A., the date being 1761. Before the song comes off, the following dialogue takes place between the pliable priest (Father Luke) and the artful Dermot:—

SCENE II.—Outside Dermot's Cottage.

[*Enter Father Luke and Dermot.*]

Father Luke. Well now, Dermot, I've come to this house with you—what's this business?

Dermot. Oh, sir, I'll tell you.

Father Luke. Unburthen your conscience to me, child—speak freely—you know I'm your spiritual confessor.—*Have you tapped the barrel of ale yet?*

Dermot. That I have, sir, and you shall taste it.

[*Exit into the house.*

Father Luke. Aye, he wants to come round me for my ward Kathleen. [*Re-enter Dermot with ale.*] My dear child, what's that?

Dermot. Only your favourite brown jug, sir.

Father Luke [*taking it*]. Now, child, why will you do these things? [*drinks.*]

Dermot [*aside*]. I'll prime him well before I mention Kathleen. It's a hard heart that a cup can't soften.

Father Luke. I think, Dermot, that jug and I are old acquaintances?

Dermot. That you are indeed, sir. [*Sings.*]

DEAR SIR, THIS BROWN JUG.

Dear Sir,* this brown jug, that now foams with mild ale
(In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale),
Was once Toby Philpot, a thirsty old soul
As e'er crack'd a bottle or fathomed a bowl;
In boozing about 'twas his praise to excel,
And among jolly topers he bore off the bell.

It chanced, as in dog-days he sat at his ease
In his flower-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrows away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
His breath doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had resolved it again,
A potter found out, in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he formed this brown jug,
Now sacred to friendship, and mirth, and mild ale;
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.

Certainly, old Toby bequeathed his name to a long and noble race of jugs. To my mind they are the *beau ideal* of beer tankards,

* In some versions this commences, "Dear Tom, this brown jug."

and are made in perfection at Messrs James Stiff & Sons, of Lambeth. Messrs Doulton turn out noble specimens of drinking jugs and vessels. I might suggest to these firms that reproductions of Black Jacks and Greybeards would be a "good line."

There is, however, somewhat of a mortuary element in the foregoing song which tempts one to discourse of tombs, of worms, and epitaphs. Shakespeare worked the Toby Philpot idea somewhat in Hamlet, who, by the way, was a morbid youth, and, like washerwomen, "enjoyed bad health:"—

"To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung hole?"

Then, again:—

> "Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

We remember reading an epitaph embodying the above sentiments, as follows:—

> "Here in this grave lies Catherine Gray,
> Changed to a senseless lump of clay;
> By earth and clay she got her pelf,
> And now she's turned to clay herself.
>
> "Ye weeping friends, let me advise,
> Abate your tears and dry your eyes;
> Who knows, but in the course of years,
> In some tall pitcher or brown pan,
> She in her shop may be again."

We suppose the following punning lines were intended to give pleasure. It may be some defect of ear or want of the poetic vision, but they seem stupid and vulgar in the extreme. They are said to commemorate a Liverpool brewer:—

> "Poor John Scott lies buried here;
> Although he was both hale and stout
> Death stretched him on the bitter bier:
> In another world he hops about."

Epitaph writers seem to have differed as to the benefits of ale-drinking. One writes :—

"Here old John Randall lies, who telling of his tale,
Liv'd three-score years and ten—such virtue was in ale.
Ale was his meat, ale was his drink, ale did his heart revive,
And if he could have drunk his ale, he still had been alive."

Old Randall, like Boniface, loved his ale old and strong. There is no virtue in weak beer, as the martyr who lies buried in the Cathedral churchyard of Winchester would bear witness.

The inhabitants of *Wintoniensis* are very proud of the recording tombstone :—"To the memory of Thomas Fletcher, a grenadier in the North Battalion of the Hampshire Militia, who died of a fever, contracted by drinking small beer when hot, the 12th of May 1764." The epitaph is :—

"Here rests in peace a Hampshire Grenadier,
Who caught his death by drinking cold small beer;
Soldiers, be warned by his untimely fall,
And when you're hot drink strong, or none at all."

ON BRAWNE.

Here Brawne, the quondam beggar, lies,
Who counted by his tale,
Full six-score winters in his life—
Such virtue is in ale.
Ale was his meat, ale was his drink,
Ale did him long reprive,
And could he still have drunk his ale,
He had been still alive.

There is a striking similarity between Randall's and Brawne's epitaphs, which reflects on the literary honour of one of the writers.

ON MR PEPPER,

A Publican at St John's, Stamford, Lincolnshire.

Hot by name, but mild by nature,
He brewed good ale for every creature;
He brewed good ale, and sold it too,
And unto each man gave his due.

Here is a classical ode on the breaking of a china quart mug belonging to the buttery, Lincoln College, Oxford. It appeared originally in the "Annual Register" of 1776. The ode, which points a moral and adorns a tale, is particularly good.

"*Amphora non meruit tam pretiosa mori.*"

Whene'er the cruel hand of death
Untimely stops a fav'rite's breath,
Muses in plaintive numbers tell
How lov'd he liv'd, how mourned he fell—
Catullus wail'd his sparrow's fate,
And Gray immortalised his cat.
Thrice tuneful bards! could I but chime so clever,
My quart, my honest quart, should live for ever.

How weak is all a mortal's pow'r
T' avert the death-devoted hour!
Nor can a shape or beauty save
From the sure conquest of the grave.
In vain the butler's choicest care,
The master's wish, the bursar's prayer!
For when life's lengthen'd to its longest span
Anna itself must fall as well as man.

Can I forget how oft my quart
Hath sooth'd my care and warm'd my heart?
When barley lent its balmy aid,
And all its liquid charms display'd!
When orange and the nut-brown toast
Swam mantling round the spicy coast!
The pleasing depth I view'd with sparkling eyes,
Nor envy'd Jove the nectar of the skies.

The sideboard, on that fatal day,
When you in glittering ruins lay,
Mourn'd at thy loss. In guggling tone
Decanters poured out their moan—

A dimness hung on every glass—
Joe* wonder'd what the matter was,
Cooks self-contracted freed the frantic beer,
And sympathising tankards dropp'd a tear.

Where are the flowery wreaths that bound
In rosy wings thy chaplet round?
The azure stars whose glitt'ring rays
Promised a happier length of days?
The trees that on thy border grew,
And blossom'd with eternal blue?
Trees, stars, and flow'rs are scattered on he floor,
And all thy brittle beauties are no more.

Had'st thou been form'd of coarser earth,
Had Nottingham but giv'n thee birth!
Or had the variegated side
Of Stafford's sable hue been dy'd,
Thy stately fabric had been sound,
Tho' tables tumbled on the ground—
The finest mould the soonest will decay;
Hear this, ye fair, for you yourselves are clay.

A broken glass is a fitting pendant to a broken pitcher, moral and all.

LINES BY A BOY ON HIS SISTER'S BREAKING AN ALE GLASS.

See, sister, in this shattered glass,
The fate of many a pretty lass:
Woman, like glass, is frail and weak,
Is apt to slip, is apt to break:
Therefore, guide every step with caution,
For just like glass is Reputation.
Both broke to pieces in once falling,
For ever lost, and past recalling.

J. L., 1749.

* The college butler.

The Barley Mow song gives a good schedule of drinking vessels, the jolly brown bowl, nipperkin, quarter-pint, half-pint, pint, quart, pottle, gallon, half-anker, anker, through the hogshead, pipe, up to the river and ocean, which last might be described as a big drink. The squab-shaped earthen vessel in which labourers carry their drink is the same shape as those which are dug out of the tumuli which abound in the neighbourhood of Salisbury Plain, and through Wiltshire and Hampshire generally.

Robert Burns wrote some good stanzas in praise of

THE BIG-BELLIED BOTTLE.

No churchman am I, for to rail and to write;
No statesman nor soldier, to plot or to fight;
No sly man of business, contriving a snare;
For a big-bellied bottle's the whole of my care.

The peer I don't envy—I give him his bow;
I scorn not the peasant, though ever so low;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse;
There centum per centum, the cit with his purse;
But see you "the Crown," how it waves in the air?
There a big-bellied bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-bellied bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;
But the pursy old landlord just waddled upstairs,
With a glorious bottle, that ended my cares.

"Life's cares they are comforts," * a maxim laid down
By the bard, what d'ye call him? that wore the black gown;
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair,
For a big-bellied bottle's a heaven of a care.

(*Verse added in a Masonic Lodge.*)

Then fill up a bumper, and make it o'erflow,
And honours Masonic prepare for to throw;
May every true brother of the Compass and Square
Have a big-bellied bottle when harass'd with care.

Here is an account of Beer Duels which puts our English topers in the shade when compared with the corresponding usage of the *Kneipe*. No one must drink *solus*. If anyone ventures to take a solitary swig, he is compelled to drain a full measure to the health of the company generally. The proper course is to drink to someone else, specifying the quantity the drinker proposes to imbibe. The person honoured is bound to accept the challenge, which he may do with a simple "drink away," or some equivalent phrase, when the challenger is bound to drink off, within the next five minutes, the quantity he has named, and within five minutes more the challenged must drink to him, "in response," the like quantity. If either fail in his obligation, excommunication is the result. But the challenged party may not be content simply to accept the challenge. Stirred with noble ardour, he may "go higher," doubling the quantity named. The challenger may do the same, and so on, until the total quantity reaches a maximum of eight tankards, which are drunk off alternately, one by one, with an interval of five beer-minutes between each. The beer drunk by the challenged, "in response," is not allowed "a double debt to pay." Probably some craven soul in the past devised the plan of saving his brains and his pocket by making the same beer which he drank in response to one person, also serve the purpose of a challenge to another.

* Young's "Night Thoughts."

CHAPTER XXI.

WARM ALE.

Nose, nose, jolly red nose,
And what gave thee that jolly red nose?
Cinnamon and ginger, nutmegs and cloves,
And that's what gave me that jolly red nose.

I HAVE frequently alluded to the wassail and the composition of lamb's wool. It is a matter of regret that some of the more comforting drinks have gone out of date. When beer was the staple drink, morning, noon, and night, it was natural that our ancestors would prefer their breakfast beer warm and their "night-caps" flavoured, hence the variety of their comforting drinks. "Egg flip" is not to be sneezed at; "egg hot" and "early purl," which warms the cockles of your heart in winter, is commendable; whilst for a comforting drink we would back "lamb's wool" and "dog's nose" against the finest "gin sling" or "brandy cocktail" ever concocted. Southey, in his "Common-place Book," records the process of roasting porter, a once fashionable tipple, as practised by Sir J. Beaumont:—

"He had a set of silver cups made for the purpose. They were brought red-hot to table, the porter was poured into them in that state, and it was a pleasure to see with what alarm an inexperienced guest ventured to take the cup at the moment that the liquor foamed over and cooled it. The effect must have been much the same as that of putting a hot poker in a pot of porter, which I have often seen done at Westminster; or a piece of red-hot pottery, which we sometimes use here."

It will be seen that the chief requisites for the foregoing luxury, next to the porter, was a set of silver cups and a furnace in which to get them up red-hot. We take it that a pewter tankard would not stand the heat. It is not everyone that can

afford silver tankards for such a purpose; but, as Southey points out, for ordinary people a red-hot poker will answer the purpose.

Apropos of warm drink, the following ode in praise of warm beer confirms our ideas on the subject.

IN COMMENDATION OF WARM BEER.

We care not what stern grandsires now can say,
Since reason doth and ought to bear the sway;
Vain grandames' saws ne'er shall make me think
That rotten teeth comes most by warmèd drink.
No, grandsire, no; if you had used to warm
Your morning's draughts, as I do, farre less harm
Your raggie lungs had felt; not half so soon,
For want of teeth to chew, you'd use the spoon.
Grandame, be silent now, if you be wise,
Lest I betray your shrinking niggardize;
I wot you well no physic ken, nor yet
The name or nature of the vitall heat.
'Twas more to save your fire, and fear that I
Your pewter cups should melt or smokifie,
Than skill or care of me, which made you swear,
God wot, and stamp to see me warm my beer.
Though grandsire growl, though grandame swear, I hold
That man unwise that drinks his liquor cold.

The evils of cold beer and the virtues of warm ditto are well set out in the following reprint, to which the foregoing ode formed a sort of preface:—

WARM BEER; or, a Treatise wherein is declared by Many Reasons, that Beer so qualified is far more wholesome than that which is drunk cold. With a Confutation of such Objections that are made against it; published for the Preservation of Health.*

"*To the Reader.*

"Errors long used make us both blind and deaf, be the truth never so apparent, not unlike the owl, as Aristotle saith, whose

* Cambridge: Printed by R. D. for Henry Overton, and are to be sold at his shop entering into Pope's Head Alley out of Lumbard Street in London. 1641

sight the sunbeams dull; yet I doubt not but some will take it thankfully, and making use will take benefit thereby, assuring themselves I write nothing here, which I hold not for the truth, and have made long experience of, both by myself, and divers of my friends. I have therefore published it in our native tongue, respecting a general good, referring the commendations of the thing to the proof, and us all to the Almighty. Amen.

"Paulus Jovius writeth that Candella Scala, Prince of Verona, being hot in his armour, drank out of a fountain cold water, and presently died. He writeth also that the Dolphin of France, son to Francis the French King, then in his time being, although he were a lusty strong gentleman, yet he being hot at tennis, and drinking cold drink fell sick and died. The like happened to Pompeius Columna who was Viceroy in Naples for Charles the fifth. Amatus Lusitanus, an excellent physician in his time, in his century rehearseth three histories of young men who died drinking cold water and wine, in their heat. And of this I know many examples, and not long since in Sussex (where I dwell), at a place called Marfield, a hammerman coming in hot and drinking cold drink fell mad, and within short space so died.

"To the mother also cold beer is hurtful. About the year of our Lord 1590 I was with a gentlewoman, one Mr Clark's wife of Jarcks Hill in Kent, in whom, labouring of a cancer in her *matrix*, I tried this experience, that giving her beer actually cold she would immediately be in the greatest pain in the world, but give it her hot and she felt none. Another woman dwelt in Houndsditch, at the sign of the Guilded Cup, seven years since, who likewise labouring of a cancer in the *matrix*, if you had given her cold beer, it made her be in great pain, if hot, in nothing so much: by which it is evident that the beer did pass so cold, as that it gave a sensible feeling of the difference. Therefore it is not to be doubted but that the actual cold was an enemy, being so much more misliked of nature then the hot.

"When I did always drink cold beer, and now and then a cup of wine, I was very often troubled with exceeding pain in the head, which did much distemper me; also with stomachache, toothache,

cough, cold, and many other rheumatic diseases: but since my drinking my beer (small or strong) actually hot as blood, I have never been troubled with any of the former diseases; but have always continued in very good health constantly (blessed be God), yet I use not to drink wine, because I find that hot beer (without wine) keepeth the stomach in a continual moderate concoction: but wine and hot beer doth over-heat the stomach, and inflameth the liver (especially in cold stomachs which have hot livers), and men oftentimes drink wine to heat their cold stomachs, they thereby also inflame their livers, and so the helping of the cold stomach is the means of the destruction of the liver. Hot beer doth prevent this evil, for it heateth the stomach and causeth good digestion, and nourisheth and strengtheneth the liver. And that beer actually made hot doth cause good concoction, you may conceive it by this comparison. The stomach is compared to a pot boiling over the fire with meat; now if you put cold water therein it ceaseth the boiling, till the fire can overcome the coldness of the water, and the more water you put in, the longer it will be before it boil again, and so long time you hinder the meat from being boiled: so it is with the stomach. If you drink cold beer, you hinder the digestion of the meat in the stomach; and the more cold you drink, the more you hinder it. Also, cold water doth not only hinder the boiling of the meat in the pot, but also causeth the meat to be hard, so that if it should boil six hours longer than ordinary, yet still the meat will be hard and never tender and soft. Right so it is with the stomach. Cold beer doth not only hinder concoction, but also hardeneth the meat in the stomach, as you may see by them which drink overmuch cold beer at or after dinner or supper. Six hours after they will vomit up the same meat again, as raw and undigested as if it were but even then eaten: which they could not have done, if they had not cooled their stomachs so much with cold beer: because nature would have digested the meat before that time. But on the contrary, hot water put in a boiling pot with meat, hindereth not the boiling thereof, neither doth make the meat hard; it continueth the boiling thereof, nourishing the meat with sufficiency of liquor, and making it soft and tender, fit to be eaten: so in

like manner doth hot beer to the stomach: it hindereth not concoction, nor hardeneth the meat in the stomach, but contrariwise, it continueth its concoction, and maketh it fit for the nourishment of the whole body.

"Again, as this hot beer is excellent good for the keeping of the stomach in good order for concoction, and consequently good health; so it is most excellent for the quenching of thirst. For I have not known thirst since I have used hot beer; let the weather be never so hot, and my work great, yet have I not felt thirst as formerly. Nay, although I have eaten fish or flesh never so salt, which ordinarily do cause thirst and dryness, yet I have been freed from it by the use of hot beer, and have been no more thirsty after the eating of salt meat then I have after fresh. When a man is thirsty, there are two master-qualities which do predominate in the stomach, namely heat and dryness, over their contraries, cold and moisture. When a man drinketh cold beer to quench his thirst, he setteth all four qualities together by the ears in the stomach, which do with all violence oppose one another and cause a great combustion in the stomach, breeding many distempers therein. For if heat get the mastery, it causeth inflammation through the whole body, and bringeth a man into fluxes and other diseases. But hot beer prevents all these dangers, and maketh friendship between all these enemies, viz., hot and cold, wet and dry, in the stomach; because when the coldness of the beer is taken away by actual heat, and made as hot as the stomach, then heat hath no opposite, his enemy cold being taken away, and there only remains these two enemies, dry and wet in the stomach: which heat laboureth to make friends. When one is exceeding thirsty, the beer being made hot and then drunk into the dry stomach, it immediately quencheth the thirst, moistening and refreshing nature abundantly. Cold beer is very pleasant when extreme thirst is in the stomach; but what more dangerous to the health. Many by drinking a cup of cold beer in extreme thirst, have taken a surfeit and killed themselves. Therefore we must not drink cold beer, because it is pleasant, but hot beer, because it is profitable, especially in the city for such as have cold stomachs, and inclining to a consumption. I have known some

that have been so far gone in a consumption, that none would think in reason they could live a week to an end: their breath was short, their stomach was gone, and their strength failed, so that they were not able to walk about the room without resting, panting, and blowing; they drank many hot drinks and wines to heat their cold stomachs, and cure their diseases, especially sweet wines, but all in vain: for the more wine they drank to warm their stomachs, the more they inflamed their livers, by which means they grew worse and worse, increasing their disease: but when they did leave drinking all wine and betook themselves only to the drinking of hot beer so hot as blood, within a month, their breath, stomach, and strength was so increased, that they could walk about their garden with ease, and within two months could walk four miles, and within three months were perfectly made well as ever they were in their lives.

"As concerning the objection, that cold beer nourisheth best, in respect that heating of the beer passeth away its finest spirits, I answer that those spirits will not part with so small a heating. I have taken a kettle with a broad mouth and therein put three bottles of beer, and have boiled it half an hour to a gallon, and then I have set it in a pot with a limbech, and I have drawn from it as much *aqua vitæ* as I could from a gallon, which was immediately put out of the barrel into the pot."

The composition of the spiced bowl or lamb's wool was not a task to be undertaken lightly. This drink prevailed throughout the year, not only at Christmas, as would be inferred from Herrick's lines, which will be found among the wassail songs. Adam, in "Green's Looking Glass for London and England," says:—"Mark you, sir, a pot of ale consists of four parts: imprimus the ale, the toast, the ginger, and the nutmeg."

Adam left out the roasted crabs, however, which formed an important ingredient, as Drake shows in his "Life and Times of Shakespeare," vol. i. p. 105.

"And when the sun doth folde againe;
Then jogging home betime,
He turns a crab or turns around,
Or sings some merrie ryme.

"Nor lacks he gleeful tales to tell
Whilst round the bole doth trot;
And sitteth singing care away
'Till he to bed hath got."

The lines in italics allude to the favourite beverage of the peasantry and the modes in which they recreated themselves over the spicy bowl. To turn a crab is to roast a wilding or wild apple for the purpose of being thrown hissing hot into a bowl of nut-brown ale, into which had been previously put a toast with some spice and sugar. To this popular and delicious compound Shakespeare frequently referred.

"When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who:
Tu-wit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel (*skim*) the pot.

"When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marion's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who:
Tu-wit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot."

In the players song, from the "Histrio Mastix," we have a similar laudation of warm spiced ale.

"The nut-brown ale, the nut-brown ale
Puts down all drink when it is stale;
The toast, the nutmeg, and the ginger,
Will make the sighing man a singer.

Ale gives a buffet in the head,
But ginger underprops the braine;
When ale would strike a strong man dead,
Then nutmeg tempers it againe.
The nut-brown ale, the nut-brown ale
Puts down all drinke when it is stale."

"An English gentleman at the opening of the great day, *i.e.*, on Christmas Day in the morning, had all his tenants and neighbours enter his hall by daybreak. The strong beer was broached, and the black jacks went plentifully about with toast, sugar, nutmeg, and good Cheshire cheese. The hackin (the great sausage) must be boiled by daybreak, or else two young men must take the maiden (*i.e.* the cook) by the arms and run her round the market-place till she is shamed of her laziness."—"Round about our Sea-Coal Fire."

As the making of these warm, comforting, and invigorating beer drinks has become all but a lost art, it may not be out of place to reprint a few old recipes. Here is one for a fine old English drink, one of the olden time.

THE CRAFTE FOR BRAKET.

When thou hast good ale, draw out a quart of it and put it to the honey, and set it over the fyre, and let it seethe well, and take it off the fyre and scume it well, and so again, and then let it keel a whyle, and put thereto the peper, and set him on the fyre, and let him boyle together, with esy fyre, but clere. To four gallons of good ale put a pynte of fyne tryed honey and a saucerfull of poudre of peper.

POP-IN.

Smollett, in "Roderick Random," describes Crab the apothecary as drinking a liquor called *pop-in*, composed by mixing a quartern of brandy with a quart of small beer.

A book on "Oxford Night-Caps" was published in 1837, from which I extract the recipe for

EGG POSSETT OR FLIP.

Egg posset, *alias* egg flip, otherwise, in college language, rum booze. Beat up well the yolks of eight eggs with refined sugar

pulverised and a nutmeg grated; then extract the juice from the rind of a lemon by rubbing loaf sugar upon it, and put the sugar with a piece of cinnamon and a quart of strong home-brewed beer into a saucepan, place it on the fire, and when it boils take it off, then add a single glass of gin, or this may be left out, put the liquor into a spouted jug, and pour it gradually among the yolks of eggs, &c. All must be kept well stirred with a spoon while the liquor is being poured in. If it be not sweet enough add loaf sugar. In the university this beverage is frequently given to servants at Christmas and other high festivals.

Rum Fustian

is a "night-cap" made precisely in the same way as the preceding (egg flip), with the yolks of twelve eggs, a quart of strong home-brewed beer, a bottle of white wine, half a pint of gin, a grated nutmeg, the juice from the peel of a lemon, a small quantity of cinnamon, and sugar sufficient to sweeten it.

Beer Flip.

This "night-cap" is prepared in the same way, and with the same materials as "egg flip," excepting that a quart of strong home-brewed beer is substituted for the wine; a glass of gin is sometimes added, but it is better omitted. In the university this beverage is frequently given to servants at Christmas, and other high festivals during winter.

Dr Kitchener, like many other eminent physicians, did not disdain to apply his great talents to the improvement of the arts of eating and drinking and cooking. The next seven are from "The Cook's Oracle."

Ale Possett.

Boil a pint of new milk with a slice of toasted bread, sweeten and season a bottle of mild ale in a china basin or dish, and pour the boiling milk over it. When the head rises serve it.

Flip.

Keep grated ginger and nutmeg with a little fine dried lemon peel rubbed together in a mortar.

To make a quart of flip:—Put the ale on the fire to warm, and beat up three or four eggs with four ounces of moist sugar, a

teaspoonful of grated nutmeg or ginger, and a quartern of good old rum or brandy. When the ale is near to boil put it into one pitcher, and the rum and eggs, &c., into another; turn it from one pitcher to another till it is as smooth as cream.

N.B.—This quantity I styled *One yard of Flannel.*

Obs.—The above is given in the words of the publican who gave the recipe.

Tewahdiddle.

A pint of table beer (or ale, if you intend it for a supplement to your "night-cap"), a tablespoonful of brandy, and a teaspoonful of brown sugar, or clarified syrup; a little grated nutmeg or ginger may be added, and a roll of very thin cut lemon peel.

Obs.—Before our readers make any remarks on this composition, we beg of them to taste it; if the materials are good, and their palate vibrates in unison with our own, they will find it one of the pleasantest beverages they ever put to their lips,—and, as Lord Ruthven says, "this is a right gossip's cup, that far exceeds all the ale that ever Mother Bunch made in her lifetime."—See his Lordship's "Experiments in Cookery," &c., page 215. 18mo. London, 1654.

Cool Tankard, or Beer Cup.

A quart of mild ale, a glass of white wine, one of brandy, one of capillaire, the juice of a lemon, a roll of the peel pared thin, nutmeg grated at the top (a sprig of borrage or balm), and a bit of toasted bread.

Cider Cup

Is the same—only substituting cider for beer.

The following are from the *Family Herald* handy-book, "How to Brew from a Barrel to a Bowl of Bishop," and a very useful brochure it is too:—

Warm Ale Cup.

One quart of ale, one glass of brandy, two glasses of sherry, and a quarter of a pound of lump sugar. Spice according to the palate. Boil the sugar in half the ale, and then mix the whole well together.

Egg Flip.

Take two eggs, and break them into a basin; add about three ounces of sugar, and beat those together. In the meantime make a pint of table beer or mild porter hot, but do not let it boil, otherwise the eggs will be curdled, in which state they are termed by many "hen and chickens." When the beer is near boiling, take it off, and mix the eggs and sugar already prepared and the hot beer together, by pouring the mixture backwards and forwards from the pot to the basin. Add a wine glass of gin, or any other spirit which may be preferred; but gin is the liquor generally used. Grate a little nutmeg or ginger on the top, and it will be ready for drinking.

Egg Hot.

The principal difference between this and the preceding is, that it contains no spirit. Take one pint of good ale, three eggs, two ounces of sugar, with sufficient nutmeg and ginger to the palate. Well beat the eggs with half the beer and the sugar; then heat the ingredients in a saucepan to near the boiling point. Proceed as above, adding the remainder of the ale and spice.

Purl.

This is a beverage which is held in high estimation in many places. It is made with a mixture of beer or ale (formerly amber ale was only used), and gin and bitters, or gin bitters. The gin and bitters are put into a half-pint pewter pot, and the ale warmed over a brisk fire, and added to it, at the exact warmth for a person to drink such a portion at a single draught.

Home-Brewed.

The brewer's beer barrel, like the baker's bread, has superseded the home-brewed ale and the home-made loaf, except in remote places; but to those families who have the appliances, I would recommend a revival of the art. There is a pleasure in tasting and dispensing your own beer and bread, that no purchased viands can yield, especially when they both turn out well. Kitchiner gives the following somewhat spicy directions for brewing a mild ale:—Take three bushels of malt, three pounds

of hops, fifty-two gallons of water, for two workings. Or—malt, two bushels and a half; sugar, three pounds; hops, three pounds; coriander seeds, one ounce; capsicum, a drachm. Thirty-six gallons. This gives a pleasant ale, with a good body.

Apple Florentine.

A contributor to "Hone's Everyday Book" wrote the annexed account of a local dish which was duly honoured at Potton:—

"According to parental tradition, this 'Florentine' consisted of an immensely large dish of pewter, or such like metal, filled with 'good baking apples,' sugar, and lemon, to the very brim, with a roll of rich paste as a covering—pie fashion. When baked, and before serving up, the 'upper crust,' or 'lid,' was taken off by a 'skilful hand,' and divided into sizeable triangular portions or shares, to be again returned into the dish, ranged in formal 'order round,' by way of garnish; when, to complete the mess, a full quart of well-spiced ale was poured in, 'quite hot, hissing hot: think of that, Master *Brook*'—admirable conjunction, as many of the 'olde, olde, very olde,' sojourners at Potton can testify. The writer well remembers, in his childhood, spent in an adjacent village, an oval-shaped pewter dish, standing on the upper shelf of the kitchen dresser 'for ornament, not use,' then pointed at and highly valued as having had the honour (!) of containing 'Apple Florentine' at no fewer than thirty festivals. At the period mentioned in the commencement of this 'brief notice' of its merits, this ancient 'dainty' was in its pristine glory, but succeeding years saw its wonted place supplied by something 'more fashionable,' and various changes and alterations (not for the better, but for the worse) have taken place since it last

'Smoaked on the Christmas board.'"

Sops and Ale.

From the same source I take the following account of a singular and graceful custom which formerly prevailed at Eastbourne, under the denomination of "Sops and Ale." It was productive of much mirth and good-humour, being conducted as

follows:—"The senior bachelor in the place was elected by the inhabitants, steward, and to him was delivered a damask napkin, a large wooden bowl, twelve wooden trenchers, twelve wooden knives and forks, two wooden candlesticks, and two wooden cups for the reception of sugar; and on the Saturday fortnight the steward attended at the church door, with a white wand in his hand, and gave notice that sops and ale would be given that evening, at such a place. Immediately after any lady, or respectable farmer or tradesman's wife, became mother of a child, the steward called at the house, and begged permission for 'sops and ale,' which was always granted, and conducted in the following order:—Three tables were placed in some convenient room, one of which was covered with the above napkin, and had a china bowl and plates, with silver-handled knives and forks, placed on it, and in the bowl were put biscuits sopped with wine and sweetened with fine sugar. The second table was also covered with a cloth, with china, or other earthen plates, and a bowl with beer sops, sweetened with fine sugar, and decent knives and forks. The third table was placed without any cloth, and on it were put the wooden bowl, knives, forks, and trenchers, as before described, with the candlesticks and sugar cups, and in the bowl were beer sops sweetened with the coarsest sugar. As soon as the evening service was over, having had previous notice from the steward, the company assembled, and were placed in the following order:—Those persons whose wives were mothers of twins, were placed at the upper or first table; those whose wives had a child or children, at the second table; and such persons as were married, and had no children, together with the old bachelors, were placed at the third table, which was styled *the bachelors' table*, under which title the gentlemen who sat at it were addressed for the evening, and the gentlemen at the first table were styled *benchers*. Proper toasts were given, adapted for the occasion, and the company always broke up at eight o'clock, generally very cheerful and good-humoured."

"Well season'd bowls the gossip's spirits raise,
Who, while she guzzles, chats the doctor's praise."

Occasionally the beer would not turn out right, then came the consultation between neighbours and friends.

Record. Where's the ale?

Nill. Here it is.

Record. There's a fine head to it. Our last brewing did not turn out so well—what's your proportion? I shall mend our receipt. [*Drinks.*] Delicious in good truth.

—Birch's "Adopted Child," act i.

Gascoygne's "Delicate Dyet for Daintie-mouthed Droonkards," shows that at an earlier period the Germans were not such excessive beer drinkers as they now are, though lemons, sugar, and spices were freely used:—

"The Almaynes, with their small Rhenish wine, are contented; but we must have March beere, double beere, dagger ale, bracket, &c., &c. Yea, wine itself is not sufficient, but sugar, lemons, and spices must be drowned thereinne!" He proceeds to execrate the folly of permitting the wife, &c., to follow her mate to the ale-house, and even to invoke her as a pretence for a bumper. "Before your maistresse and my beloved wife, pledge me this cup full."

Old Pepys records that, "On the 4th January 1667, Mrs Pepys had company to dinner; and 'at night to sup, and then to cards, and last of all, to have a flaggon of ale and apples, drunk out of a wood cup, as a Christmas draught, which made all merry.'"—"On the 27th March 1669, after drinking a little buttered ale took coach," &c.

Jorevisi, who wrote a description of England in the 17th century, says,:—"In the evening the English take a certain beverage which they call buttered ale, composed of cinnamon, sugar, butter, and beer brewed without hops."

How truthfully and artistically, too, did Dickens hit off the comforts and leading points of an old fashioned hostel:—"For the rest, both the tap and the parlour of the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters gave upon the river, and had red curtains matching the noses of the regular customers, and were provided with comfortable fireside tin utensils, like models of sugar loaf hats, made in that shape that they might, with their pointed ends, seek out for

themselves glowing nooks in the depths, when they mulled your ale, or heated for you those delectable drinks, Purls, Flip, and Dog's Nose. The first of these humming compounds was a specialty of the Porters, which, through an inscription on its door-posts, gently appealed to your feelings as 'The Early Purl House.' For it would seem that Purl must always be taken early; though whether for any more distinctly stomachic reason than that, as the early bird catches the worm, so the early purl catches the customer, cannot here be resolved."

When the late Rev. Dr Kirkland was President of Harvard College, Porter's famous hostelry in North Cambridge was a favourite resort for students. One of the chief attractions at Porter's was the "flip," a delectable compound of decidedly spirituous flavour, which acquired a characteristic "tone" by being heated with a hot iron. Of course the prevailing practices did not escape the attention of President Kirkland, so he went up to the old hostelry and asked to see the landlord. Porter was greatly disturbed, as he expected a severe rebuke. "Mr Porter," said Dr Kirkland, in a grave tone, "I understand my young men come up here and drink your flip." "Yes, sir," replied the tavern-keeper, "they do." "Let me have some of that flip," said the dignified president; whereupon a mug of the beverage was brought out and was tasted. Then, fixing a stern gaze upon Porter, who almost trembled under it, the president said, "And my young men come out here and drink this stuff, do they?" "Yes, sir." "Well," said the doctor, draining the mug, "I should think they would!"

Dean Swift never wrote truer than when he stated that:— "There is no nation yet known, in either hemisphere, where the people of all conditions are more in want of some cordial to keep up their spirits than in this of ours."

CHAPTER XXII.

FACTS, SCRAPS, AND ANA.

"Unconsidered Trifles."

"Let us, at least all that can afford it, make for Master Sancroft's hostelrie, and talk soberly over our ale."—LAST OF THE BARONS.

I HAD intended to have classified the many varied subjects treated of in this work in the severe style, but found there were objections and difficulties to the carrying out of this plan. My object has been more to make a readable volume than a Dryasdust tome, and hence I have departed from the strict rules of editing. To have made my facts as bald as cricket balls, and then marshalled them severely like a regiment of soldiers, would have been wasteful and ridiculous excess of zeal, in a book that has really no beginning or ending, and is meant to be read at leisure moments, and opened at any place without taxing the reader's consecutive attention to any great extent. Books that are meant for amusement do not come under the same strict laws as works on algebraic equations, mathematical formulæ, or the philosophy of history.

This explanation will account for the miscellaneous heading and contents of the present chapter.

To commence. There has been so much nonsense talked about alcohol as poison, that a few opinions may not be out of place, and the statement that a man who takes even his bitter beer in moderation is on the high road to perdition, with ruined health thrown in, has been so often reiterated that many old women of both sexes have come to believe it. The shrieking Doctorhood have supplied apostles to the cause. To every one of these M.D.'s who hold such extreme and alarmist views, the authority of equally eminent professional men could be cited in favour of moderation

in all things. By the way, moderation in language might be studied with advantage in such discussions.

Lord Bramwell, in his reply to the animadversions of Archdeacon Farrar, puts the whole case neatly, and he speaks the sentiments of all sensible and moderate men. He spoke in favour of honest drink temperately taken. The Archdeacon replied by denouncing fraudulent adulterated drinks and all drink intemperately taken. "So do I, as heartily as he does. I deprecate the unfairness and mischief of an attempt to make people sober by law. The Archdeacon hardly notices that I ask for charity for the opinion of those who think as I do."

Having gone through all the points of the controversy, Lord Bramwell sums up:—

"I said that 'drink' in moderation is a source of great and harmless enjoyment. Does he deny it? No. He says it causes great mischief. Did I deny that? No. He says the mischief outweighs the good. I think the good outweighs the mischief. So far we differ. I say that, if not, the good may be had without the mischief. I do not understand him to deny that, if people would only be wise. I said it is unjust to deny enjoyment to A and the other letters of the alphabet down to Z, because Z abuses the means of enjoyment. Does the Archdeacon deny it? He complains of adulteration and the vile stuff that is sold as 'drink.' I did not mention that, but heartily join him, and would punish the makers and sellers as poisoners. He advocates temperance; have I said a word in favour of intemperance? No. I deprecate compulsory legislation as leading to breaches of the law. This is a subject he leaves untouched. I asked for charity and indulgence for those who think as I do. He does not say we are entitled to it. He appears to think we get as much as we deserve.

"The Archdeacon has called up Mahomet, Noah, his unlucky son Canaan and all his posterity, the Rabbi Oved the Galilean, and divers other Rabbis, Propertius, Pliny, a legendary Thracian King, Aristotle, Franklin, the Duke of Burgundy, Edward the Fourth, Avicenna, Averrhoes, Albert the Great, Thomas Aquinas, Oliver Cromwell, Milton, Goethe, and finishes with

Lord Shaftesbury, who, I warrant, never before found himself in such company." Lord Bramwell is a judge, and a good judge too.

"Is this the way to deal with the question? I say no; preach temperance, deprecate intemperance and show its mischief with all your force. Punish the mischievous drunkard. Punish those who supply drink to the man drunk already. Punish the adulterator. But respect the rights and opinions of those who do not agree with you; avoid the evils that attend on laws which have not the support of public opinion, feeling, or usage; be charitable to those who think otherwise than you do."

The case in favour of alcohol, judiciously employed, is summed up by a leading scientist in the argument that the agent, if used with due discretion—the quantities varying with the constitution and other circumstances of the individual—may be used not only without danger and detriment, but with positive safety and advantage. Every moderate drinker can supplement or vary this view according to his own personal experience. He knows that, all things being equal, the moderate drinker is, take him all round, a better average man, with not only a higher power of work, but a greater pleasure in executing it, than the total abstainer. Impartial and even prejudiced witnesses have been struck time and again by the marked contradiction between the physical appearance of the majority of total abstainers and the physical benefits we are invited to believe it confers. Take the contingent of Good Templars or Leaguers of the Cross in a popular procession or demonstration. The section who should be healthiest and happiest-looking invariably turn out a larger proportion of weakly hypochondriacs than any other contributory to the pageant. Again, what moderate drinker cannot honestly laugh at the allegation that a little alcohol in season does him no good? The statement is utterly in face of the experience of every man who uses alcohol with of course the qualifying conditions.

I shall only cite one or two medical authorities, and on the principle of *seniores priores*, quote Cyril Folkingham, M.D., who wrote his "Panala Ala Catholica" in 1623:—

"Health is the perfection and life of life, and life without it is no life, but even a living death, where both animal powers and

corporal parts suffering produce but lame and depraved actions. Being, therefore, by long and infallible experience confirmed in approbation of my panala, or panacea, bred or brought forth by infusion of a well-dispensed fund or bag of ingredients, in ordinary ale (the ancient drink of this country), than which cannot be well excogitated a more general worthy medicine, that so cheap and choice, without all curiositie doth *tuto et jocunde et sat cito quie sat bene*, both conserve the salutary and prevent and cure most morbosic effects and diseases thereunto incident. I could not dispense with an absolute concealment of its most precious worth, but in some sort participate to the world the manifold benefits derivable from its operation."

The author then proves "that ale is a wholesome drink, contrarie to many men's conceits—that ale is a fit bodie and convenient liquor to imbide and participate the qualities and virtues of ingredients by infusion."

"Beer," writes Mr Weir, "is to the London citizen what the water in the reservoirs of the plains of Lombardy, or the kahvreez of Persia (which is permitted to flow into the runnels of the landowners so many hours per diem), is to the village peasantry of those countries. It is one of those commonplaces of life—those daily-expected and daily-enjoyed simple pleasures which give man's life its local colouring. . . . In London it is our beer that stands foremost in the ranks of pleasant thoughts. Therefore it is that a halo dwells around the silver bright pewter pots of the potboy, and plays, like the lightning of St John, about the curved and tapering rod of office of the brewer's drayman. Therefore it is that the cry of 'beer' falls like music on the ear."

I might continue quoting eminent men *pro* and *con*, *ad libitum*, as to advantages and disadvantages of ale, and then be no nearer the solution of the question which every man and woman must solve for themselves.

Years ago the late eminent Dr Carpenter wrote "That a glass of bitter beer or pale ale, taken with the principal meal of the day, does more good and less harm than any medicine the physician can prescribe."

That alcohol, especially in the form of beer, does exert a

beneficial effect on the system is shown conclusively by Dr B. Thompson, in a recent lecture on "Our food and the use we make of it;" in the course of which he stated:—

"Not only as a therapeutic agent did it occupy an important position, but as a solvent of the more solid constituents of a meal, whether as dinner, luncheon, or supper, it could not be denied that, especially in the form of malt drink, it performed beneficial functions in the digestion of the food in the human stomach. In this respect beer (chief amongst whose component elements the bitter extracts of hops and the saccharine matter were most serviceable in their nutrient capacity) exercised a salutary influence in helping and promoting the various processes connected with digestion. The subject of alcohol entered largely into their daily food consumption, and when they remembered the immense amount of capital invested by an important trading community in its production in this country, it was important that right views should be held and promulgated as to its position, its uses and benefits when rightly applied, and its injurious effects when abused. It could not be denied that in the social circle it contributed no inconsiderable share to the sum of happiness and comfort. To the hard worker, physical and mental, wearied and fagged out with brain or hand toil, it was a welcome and, if properly treated, a useful and beneficial friend, enabling the fagging and lagging energies to do that which they would otherwise be unable to accomplish."

Now, the thoughtful words of one medical man who speaks with a sense of responsibility are worth more than columns of irresponsible twaddle and coarse abuse from men whose sole qualification for teaching is that at one time they loved the bottle "not wisely but too well," and hence from one extreme they have gone to the other. Referring to teetotallers generally, one can but wonder at their rash statements and conceit. I have attended many of their gatherings, and they are all about the same. I have heard Sir Wilfrid's laboured jokelets—and he is the *primo buffo* of the cause—and they are flat. I have seen Mr Raper go through his gymnastic performance, indicative of what sporting men would call "a merry little mill with the devil."

Perhaps to some peculiar minds this might be impressive, and to others funny, but it certainly was not *temperance.*

The Rev. J. H. Cooker, an American clergyman, sums up the question very concisely :—

"In condemning drunkenness we must remember that there are other and great vices. It can hardly be pictured in too black colours; but it is not the primary and exclusive evil of society. The moral teacher must beware of taking a narrow and onesided view of human life. Temperance is essential, but it is not the whole. Here again is the danger of exaggeration; of reform upon false principles; of life guided by a lean and cramped ideal. It is a calamity for a child to be brought up in an atmosphere where such exclusive emphasis is put on temperance that he comes to think his whole duty is performed if he keeps out of saloons. Keep out by all means, but it takes much beside that to make a noble manhood. In our advocacy of sobriety, we must not neglect the more positive virtues and graces; holiness and philanthropy.

"In our war upon drunkenness, we must not forget the other immoralities. That heartless, grasping, penurious spirit which lies and cheats and invents wrong simply to pile up wealth, poisons all the springs of life; that lust which seeks vile gratifications and occupies the mind with lascivious thoughts, does more than anything else to corrupt man's nature and disorganize society. I would not neglect nor belittle the evil of intemperance, but I would warn temperance workers against the danger of taking a limited and imperfect view of man's duty."

Sir Henry Thompson, abstainer though he is, has hit one of the right nails on the head in ascribing much of the drinking that goes on to the badness of the London water. He might have said the same of country, which in many districts is far worse than that of the metropolis. All drinking water, he said, should be filtered before use. In places or countries where the water cannot be relied on—even in Italy—good mineral water can always be obtained. Except in times of outbreak of cholera and typhoid, the part which the consumption of water has in the production of disease is very small. Sir Henry also said that he found himself

better for taking no alcohol. If other persons were better for a glass of beer or light wine, let them take it. Human beings, however, are not the only animals that suffer from contaminated drinking water. In reply to a question on the cattle disease, not long ago, Lord Sandon stated that forty-six cattle had died in Lincolnshire of drinking water. An ardent teetotaller in the House of Commons promptly penned the following :—

"When forty-six cattle have perished by water,
To alter our system it's time to begin ;
Let's feed them in future on beer or on porter,
On rum, or on brandy, on whisky, or gin.

"Like beasts let them drink without stoppage or pause,
Refilling their buckets again and again ;
Till at last we are able to say with just cause,
'These beasts are as wise and as worthy as men.'

"Then hail to the system promoted by Sandon !
Henceforward our life will more pleasantly glide ;
When our flocks and our herds shall all water abandon,
And our cattle lie peacefully drunk by our side."

It is generally supposed, and teetotallers tell us, that man is the only animal that gets intoxicated. This is slightly incorrect. Travellers assure us that there are many parts of the world in which certain plants and grasses are well known to exert a very evident intoxicating influence, and that animals are often very fond of them. China, it is said, has a species of stipa, very common in certain parts, extremely powerful in this way. A story is told of a missionary party turning out their horses to browse on a plot of this grass, and in the morning finding them, to their great scandal and dismay, all gloriously drunk. South Africa has, we believe, its "drunk grass," capable of reducing to a state of shocking debauchery any animal permitted to feed on it ; and several of the States of America are said to possess similar plants. Besides, the drunkenness of David's sow has been crystallized into a proverb. We have seen ducks and geese drunk many times, and how they do chatter when in that state.

An American authority states that the ground under clumps of chinaberry trees in the vicinity of Tampa, Fla., is covered with intoxicated birds almost every day, they having become tipsy through eating too many berries.

Here are two dog stories which show the very low state of morality to which the friend of man has fallen. No wonder that hydrophobia is so prevalent. "LL.D." writes, and the *Standard* publishes, an account of his disreputable dog:—

"The natural historian owned a drunken dog in a rough white Welsh terrier. He came from questionable owners at Cambridge, and his character had not passed unscathed through the ordeal of his early life. He had two characteristics. If he came across any one wearing jewellery, in rings, pins, or so on, he would forge away till he carried it off; while his great comfort was a tumbler of ale. His wont was to drink it at the house, when friends who knew his ways would supply him, and then go staggering up to the keeper's where he lived." The story lacks completeness. "LL.D." should have told us how his animal disposed of the "swag" after forging away to commit highway robbery; what price per oz. the "fence" allowed; and whether, after a successful foray, he treated his friends to dogsnose. "LL.D." says he could tell more wonderful stories—pray don't.

"A German saloon-keeper on Third Street, New York, has another dissipated canine. The dog is slowly but surely drinking himself to death. He not only looks on the beer when it is amber, but risks a sight when it is stale and flat. He watches the trough directly under the ice-chest where the beer kegs are placed, and when the trough becomes filled, the intemperate animal will lap it up. He refuses water, and drinks beer morning, noon, and night. After drinking heavily he will go to sleep, and the first thought on waking up seems to be of beer, as he goes directly to the trough and satisfies his thirst. He is becoming quite corpulent, and is a confirmed old drunkard. His only apparent amusement and enjoyment in life are to drink and to sleep."

Mark Twain is responsible for the following bee story, which is not in accordance with Dr Watts:—

"The bee has long been praised for its industry and sobriety,

but it has recently been learned that in those respects the bee is a fraud. As a matter of downright, cold fact, 'the little busy bee' works but about three hours a day, and is a most thorough-going loafer the rest of the time. Its reputation for sobriety is as little deserved. Wherever hives are kept in the neighbourhood of a cider mill, the bees always neglect work, go off and get full, stay out night, and get boisterous and disorderly."

Cosier.—Malvolio says, in "Twelfth Night," "Do you make an ale-house out of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your *cozier's* catches without mitigation or remorse of voice?" What is a cozier? or cosier, as it is sometimes written? Dr Johnson thought it meant a *tailor*, from *coudre*, to sew. Nares and Halliwell considered it to mean a *cobbler*, while Harsnet, afterwards Archbishop of York, alludes to the catches or rounds sung by working people in ale houses, as songs sung by *tinkers*, "as they sit by the fire with a pot of good ale between their legs." The Celtic etymology of the word refers it neither to tinker, tailor, nor cobbler, but to *cos*, a foot, and *cosaire*, a traveller on foot, a walker, a pedestrian, a tramp; *cosan*, a foot-path. It would thus appear that in Shakespeare's time the working men of England, when on the tramp or travelling from place to place in search of employment, were in the habit of assembling in the evening, and at the wayside public houses, and singing "rounds and catches" together. On this subject see Mr Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time," vol. i. pages 109, 110. The musical taste of the people was not confined to tailors, cobblers, or tinkers, as might be supposed by those who narrow the meaning of "cosier" to any one handicraft, but prevailed generally among the working classes.

A Misunderstanding.—When the presiding judge saw how unimportant the case seemed to be, he suggested that the counsel should get his client (rather deaf) to compromise the matter, and to ask her what sum she would take from the defendant to settle it. The counsel thereupon shouted in the ear of his client, "His lordship wants to know what you will take?" The good woman immediately replied, "I thank his lordship very kindly, and, if it's no ill-convenience to him, I'll take a little warm ale!"

"Beer Warms the Heart."—Dr Michael Hutchinson, who

collected £3249 for rebuilding All Saints' Church, Derby, in 1730, was so industrious and successful in this labour of love, that when the waits fiddled at his door for a Christmas-box, he invited them in, treated them with a tankard of ale, and persuaded them out of a guinea!

Frost and Alcohol.—We have had good reason to complain of the weather during the past winter, but still we have something to be thankful for. In 1468 the wine distributed to the soldiers in Flanders was cut with hatchets; in 1744-45 the strongest ale in England, when exposed to the air, was covered with ice one-eighth of an inch thick, in less than fifteen minutes.

Patriotism and "Pangels."—A novel prize has been won by a volunteer named Simms, of Wellington Street, Dalton, at a recent shooting competition there. It consisted of a pint of ale to be given every day of the year by the patriotic landlord of an inn situated in that village, and one of the conditions is that the winner shall attend each day and consume the liquor, which at the end of the year will have amounted to forty-five gallons.

Youthful Abstinence.—"My good Karl," said one German student to another, in profound admiration of his friend's capacity for beer drinking, "how do you manage to stow away so many pints?" "You see, my dear fellow," responded Karl, "I'm making up for lost time; for a whole year I drank nothing but milk." "You drank nothing but milk for twelve months! In what year, pray, was that?" "In my first year of existence," answered Karl. The explanation was satisfactory.

British Beer.—Wilkes, in his "Text Book on the Merry Patriot," issued between 1764 and 1769, states that "foreigners have framed divers absurd conjectures to account for the excellency of British beer and its superiority to that of other countries, even of Bremen, Mons, and Rostock. We may justly attribute the excellency of our beer to the quality of our malt and water, and the skill of our brewers in preparing it."

Temperance Preachers.—One sore scandal early impeded the Moderation Societies. Their professional advocates were, of course, exposed to all the peculiar temptations incident to their wandering mode of life, and were alternately goaded and puffed

up by their one restriction. The result was, that some of them demonstrated their zeal against ardent spirits by a liberal use of fermented liquor. One of them was interrupted in the midst of his public harangue by a zealous teetotaller, who exclaimed, "I think the meeting ought to be informed that the gentleman who is now speaking has, to my certain knowledge, had sixteen glasses of ale this very morning."

LEGAL ADULTERATION.—Several publicans being assembled at Malton, in Yorkshire, in order to renew their licenses to retail beer, the worthy magistrate addressed one of them (an old woman), and said he trusted she did not put any pernicious ingredients into the liquor; to which she immediately replied: "I'll assure your worship there's nought pernicious put into our barrels that I know of, but the exciseman's stick."

TRADE AGAINST LAND.—When the late Mr Whitbread's father, the brewer, first opposed the Duke of Bedford's interest at Bedford, the Duke informed him that he would spend £50,000 rather than he should *come in*. Whitbread, with true English spirit, replied, that was nothing; the sale of his grains would pay for that.

PATRIOTIC DRINKING.—"Now," says an enthusiastic American, "I ax you fellers who is the best citterzen? him as supports Guvernment, or him who doesn't? Why him as does, in course. We support Guvernment, we fellers. Every man who drinks beer supports Guvernment—that is, if he lickers at a licensed house. Every blessed drop of licker he swallows there is taxed to pay the salary of some of them 'ere great bigwigs. Suppose we quit drinking, why Guvernment must fail—it couldn't help it, nohow. That's the very reason I drinks. If I followed my inclernation I'd rather drink buttermilk or ginger-pop, or soda water. But I lickers for the good of my country, to set an example of patriotism and self-denial to the rising generation."

DRAWING IT MILD.—We take the following paragraph on the art of drawing beer from an American source:—It seems that the rate of profit in selling beer by the glass all depends on the drawing. The more rapidly the contents of a beer keg are drawn off the larger the profit, and the more slowly the smaller the profit.

In the outlying suburbs, on the unfrequented by-streets, where customers come in one at a time at intervals of half an hour, they get a glass of "solid" beer, while in the thronged saloons in the frequented parts of the city, where the faucet is opened every minute, the customer gets a glass of beer which is one-third to one-half froth. This makes all the difference in the world in the money drawer. The keg of beer which in the sleepy suburb yields only 150 glasses of "solid" liquor, will, in a frequented locality, yield 300 glasses of foam-capped beer—and this means an advantage of 150 nickels exactly in favour of the latter. Then there is an art in drawing the delicious and refreshing amber liquor which is never lost sight of. An expert artist will draw 100 glasses of beer from a receptacle which a clumsy drawer will extract only seventy-five from. It looks like an impossibility, but it can be done. Beer at 5 cents a glass is supposed to be cheap, but what would a St Louis imbiber of the brown beverage think, in Bavaria, where for three cents he gets a mug of the choicest beer in the world, the Munich mug holding three times as much as the treacherous glasses that prevail here.

This is a very old trick, as is shown in the lamentable complaints of Rulerost and Nick Froth the tapster.

Drinking.—A drunken fellow, taken home by his friend, was challenged by another: "Who is that? Where are you going?" &c. "Why, I think your friend has had too much; why, I think he had better have divided it fairly, half to-day and half to-morrow." A watchman came up. "How much has he drunk?" said a bystander. "A gallon at least!" "Then I take him into custody for carrying off a gallon of liquor without a *permit!*"

Half-and-half.—A German, on his passage from Hamburg to England, was asked by a fellow *voyageur* whether he should not drink porter on his arrival in London. "No," replied the German, "it will be much too strong for my head." "Ah!" rejoined the other, "you will change your opinion when you have once tasted it." A few weeks after, the German met his friend, who asked him whether he had not drunk porter as he predicted. "No," replied he, "I drink half-and-half." "But that is even stronger, being half ale and half porter!" "Oh," cried the

German with surprise, "I thought half-and-half was half porter and half *water*."

Discipline.—The Duke of Wellington once met, by accident, an officer in a state of inebriety. "Look here, sir," remarked the Iron Duke; "what would you do if you met one of your men in the condition in which I find you?" The Colonel drew himself up, gave the military salute, and replied, with great gravity: "I would not condescend to say a word to the brute." His wit saved him his commission.

Off-Duty.—Mrs Bimble: "Oh, look, Charles, dear—there's our Thursday beggar! How well he looks! I'll give him the usual threepence." To beggar: "Here, poor man, here's your weekly dole." Beggar: "Thankee, mum. I'm much obleeged; but I couldn't think of taking it. You see, I'm here on pleasure. But, if your kind gentleman would 'ave a drink with me, I should feel 'ighly honoured!"

Gleanings about Brewers.

(From old Newspapers.)

We hear that Mr Rush and Mr Maggot, the brewer, stand candidates for the borough of Southwark at the ensuing election, and that next week they are to give an extraordinary entertainment on that occasion.—Feb. 1722.

The Lord Mayor has nominated Thomas Tash, Esq., brewer, as a proper person to serve the office of Sheriff of this city.—April 1763.

In 1766 the consumption of malt in England, by brewers, innholders, and publicans (exclusive of private families), was computed to amount to upwards of 3,125,000 quarters annually.

Statement of the quantity of strong beer brewed by the first twelve brewers in London, from the 5th of July, 1803, to the 5th of July, 1804:—

	Barrels.		Barrels.
Meux,	136,836	Goodwyn,	54,611
Barclay,	130,388	J. Calvert,	49,227
Hanbury,	110,295	Elliott,	43,724
Whitbread,	102,687	Clowes,	36,543
Shum,	90,321	Cox,	34,187
F. Calvert,	71,946	Riley,	32,132

Ditto from the 5th July, 1804, to the 5th July, 1805:—

	Barrels.		Barrels.
Barclay & Perkins, .	152,500	Goodwyn & Co., .	71,100
Meux, Reed & Co.,	136,700	J. Calvert & Co., .	46,200
Truman, Hanbury & Co., ...	126,400	Elliott & Co., . .	46,100
Shum, Combe & Co.,	85,700	Cox & Co., . . .	34,200
F. Calvert & Co., . .	71,200	Clowes & Co., . .	34,200
		Riley & Co., . .	32,000

In 1835 there were in England 1,907 brewers, 53,207 publicans, 35,354 persons licensed to sell beer, 25,483 publicans who brewed their own beer, and 14,698 persons licensed to sell who also brewed their own beer. In 1834 the brewers used 15,837,409 bushels of malt; the brewing publicans used 9,373,206; the licensed beer sellers used 3,734,288. In Scotland there were only 217 brewers, who consumed in 1834, 997,771 bushels of malt; the licensed victuallers there (of whom there were 17,239) used 141,830 bushels. Ireland had 240 brewers, whose consumption of malt was 2,055,326 bushels. Total for 1834, taking the whole United Kingdom into the account, 2,364 brewers, 70,466 publicans, and 35,354 persons licensed for the general sale of beer; who altogether used 32,139,650 bushels of malt. In that year 71,418 barrels of beer were exported on which a drawback of £17,854, 10s. was allowed.

Thrale's Brewery was sold by Dr Johnson and his brother executor to Barclay, Perkins & Co. for £135,000. While on his tour to the Hebrides, in 1773, Johnson mentions that Thrale "paid £20,000 a year to the revenue, and that he had four vats, each of which held 1,600 barrels, above 1000 hogsheads." This establishment is now the largest of its kind in the world. The buildings extend over ten acres, and the machinery includes two steam-engines. The store cellars contain 126 vats, varying in their contents from 4000 barrels down to 500. About 160 horses are employed in conveying beer to different parts of London. The quantity brewed in 1826 was 380,180 barrels, upon which a duty of 10s. the barrel, or £180,090 was paid to

the revenue; and, in the last year, the malt consumed exceeded 100,000 quarters.—1835.

On the 6th of February, Mr Layton, of the Borough, entertained 200 friends in a new tub, made for Mr Meux, the brewer. On a side-table in the tub was a china bowl, on a mahogany stand with wheels, which contained 27 gallons and a half of punch. The tun will contain 10,000 barrels, the cost of which will be about £3000. Mr Layton gives security of £2000, to indemnify Mr Meux from any loss that may be sustained within the first twelve months.—1792.

We hear that porter will be raised to three-pence half-penny a quart, and on this account, for the convenience of change, twenty tons of farthings are ordered to be coined at the Mint, the whole of which it is said are to be delivered to an eminent porter brewer. They are coined from a dye of his late Majesty of the year 1754.—Feb. 1762.

Some evenings ago, while their Majesties were at Drury Lane Theatre, to see *The Winter's Tale*, as Mr Garrick was repeating the two following lines of the occasional prologue:—

> "For you, my hearts of oak, for your regale,
> Here's good old English stingo, mild and stale,"

a fellow cried out of the shilling gallery, "At three-pence a pot, Master Garrick, or confusion to the brewers;" which was so well received by the whole house, as to produce a plaudit of universal approbation.—1762.

A man who undertook to drink a butt of beer (108 gallons) in a fortnight's time at Wandsworth, accomplished it on Friday.—June 1762.

A brewer's servant, a few mornings since, to gain a small wager, ate 23 hard-boiled eggs, and three loaves, without being allow'd any drink; but not being able to eat three eggs more he lost the prize.—April 1730.

Thrale, Johnson's friend, was evidently a popular man, as well as a staunch politician, as is shown by his election address:—

Sept. 23, 1765.

To the Worthy ELECTORS of the Borough of SOUTHWARK.

GENTLEMEN,—Having had the Honour this Day, at a very numerous Meeting of the Inhabitants of this my native Borough, to be proposed to represent you in Parliament, in the room of Alexander Hume, Esq., deceas'd, I take the earliest opportunity of expressing my most sincere Thanks; and, relying on a Continuance of your Friendship already shewn me, do most earnestly solicit the Favour of your Votes and Interest at the ensuing Election; should I be so happy as to succeed, I shall make it my constant Endeavour, by a steady and disinterested Conduct in Parliament, to merit your future Favours. I am, Gentlemen, with the greatest Respect,

Your most faithful and obedient Servant,

HENRY THRALE.

In the year 1760 we find that the brewers of the metropolis had a meeting, and they unanimously agreed, that all beer that shall be started for the publicans from that time, shall not be sold under 26s. per barrel; and all store beer not under 27s. per barrel after the 18th instant. *Leidger.*. [But they were reminded that by the statute 2 and 3 Ed. VI., cap. 15, if any brewers shall conspire to sell their victuals, but at certain prices; they shall, on conviction in the sessions or leet, by witness, confession, or otherwise, forfeit £10 to the King, for the first offence, and if not paid in six days, they shall be imprisoned twenty days; for the second offence, £20 in like manner, or the pillory; for the third offence, £40 in like manner, or the pillory, loss of an ear, and to become infamous.]

A protest from the public had been previously issued in 1757:—

TO THE FIFTY BREWERS.

Perhaps, Gentlemen, you and the Victuallers may find yourselves mistaken in raising the Price of your Commodity. But of all People in the World you have the least Reason to complain. Have you not raised immense Fortunes; and all the Out

about one bad Year; have a little Patience; will Malt never be cheaper? when cheaper, will you reduce the Price? This Combination is a very arbitrary one; and, if we must be bullied into your Price, many thousands of us will curtail our Expenses in this Article, by drinking less, or perhaps otherwise provide for ourselves.—LEGION.

BOCKS.—The number of "Bocks" consumed in France represent, on an annual average, 386,000 hectolitres. It is not surprising that there should be so many breweries in Paris for the manufacture of "Strasburg" and "Munich" beer.—GALIGNANI.

TOO LATE AND TOO SOON. — John Russel of Greybrae was a canny Scotchman, but very fond of the barley bree. One night while coming home from the market he lay down on the roadside and fell asleep. A neighbour passing by tried to rouse him by saying, "John, John, it's time you were up; it's awfu' late." John—"What time is it?" Neighbour—"It's twal' o'clock." John—"Is twal chappit?" Neighbour—"Aye, lang syne." John—"And dae ye think ony honest man wid gang hame at this time o' nicht? Na, na, I'll stop whaur I am till it's dacent hours," and so he lay down again. On another occasion the same John, while going home in the same happy state, was startled by the farmer's dog barking and running round him as if trying to bite him. He looked at the dog, then said solemnly, "Rover, Rover, ye ken ye daurna bark at me when I'm richt. Ye mean doug that ye are, wid ye take advantage o' a drunk man?"

THE MODERN VOTER.—Lady Canvassers (recalling the episode of the Duchess of Devonshire and the gallant butcher of ancient fame): "Now, wouldn't you vote for Sir Charles if I gave you a—a—a—kiss?" Modern Butcher: "A kiss, mum! What's the good of a kiss to me? A pot o' four 'arf's more in my line!"

"SUCH VIRTUE WAS IN ALE!"—On a gravestone in the churchyard at Great Wolford, are these lines:—

"Here old John Randal lies,
Who counting from his tale,
Lived threescore years and ten,
Such virtue was in ale.

Ale was his meat,
Ale was his drink,
Ale did his heart revive,
And if he could have drunk his ale,
He still had been alive,
He died January 5, 1699."

"This epitath was ordered to be put here by Major Thomas Keyts of this place, a younger son of the Keyts of Ebrington; who was a person well-known for his good humour and hospitality, and was well beloved in his country."

There is a great similarity between this and the epitaph which appears on p. 278.

The following letter appeared in Hone's "Every Day Book," vol. i. p. 1487:—

"In addition to your account of Stourbridge Fair (page 1300), I send you the following, related to me by an individual of great veracity who attended the fairs in 1766 and 1767.

"Exclusive of the servants in red coats, there was also another person dressed in similar clothing, with a string over his shoulders, from which were suspended quantities of spigots and fossetts, and also round each arm many more were fastened. He was called '*Lord of the Tap*,' and his duty consisted in visiting all the booths in which ale was sold, to determine whether it was fit and proper beverage for the persons attending the fairs.

"In the account published at Cambridge in 1806, as given in your excellent miscellany, no notice is taken of this personage, and it may therefore be presumed the office had been discontinued.—J. N."

The Cost of Beer.—While the selling price of beer has been maintained, the cost of its production has been greatly diminished. Brewers have benefited, like the rest of the community, from the cheapness of coal, iron, &c., and in a very special way they have benefited from the fall in the prices of agricultural produce. Thus in 1885 the average price of barley was 30s. 1d. per quarter, as compared with 30s. 8d. in 1884, and 31s. 10d. in 1883; and turning to hops, the other staple article of consumption by brewers, it is found that the price last year was something like

£3 per cwt. less than in 1883. As to the exact amount of barley and hops consumed by brewers, we have no definite statistics. It is probably, however, somewhat near the mark to place the consumption of barley in the year at about 6½ million quarters, and that of hops at about 600,000 cwts. And taking these as approximate figures, the gain to brewers from the fall in prices, comparing 1885 with 1883, works out thus:—

	Quantity Consumed.	Drop in Price.	Total Saving.
Barley	6,800,000 qr.	1s. 10d. per qr.	£596,000
Hops	600,000 cwt.	£3 per cwt.	1,800,000
		Total gain	£2,396,000

—*Economist.*

Brewing Statistics.—The figures presented at the European Congress of Brewers, held in 1886, show that there are 40,000 breweries in Europe, producing annually nearly 2500,000,000 gallons of malt liquor. Great Britain produces nearly a third, then comes Prussia, Bavaria, and Austria. Bavaria consumes 54 gallons per head; Bavaria, whose beer is chiefly made in Louvain, where, too, is her chief university, 30; England, 29. Outside of Bavaria, where the very babes lap beer, the average consumption in Germany is 19 gallons. In Scotland it is 9; Ireland, 8½; France, 4, but steadily increasing. The past twenty-five years have seen an extraordinary increase in the beer production of Scotland and Ireland, where formerly whisky was the prevailing drink. The French have been recently making extraordinary efforts to cultivate the brewing business, but whether these efforts are inspired more from love of beer or hatred of Germans is uncertain.

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